Ode to an Imperial Hero

There was and imperial hero,
he was brave and strong.
This hero led the men into battle,
against a ruthless throng.

The throng new not what hit them,
they fell swiftly to dark jedi blades.
The scions of Cocytus were many,
but weaklings there were plenty.

Xen’mordin is our emperor,
he leads us night and day.
Against the evil zhan,
the fighting dragged on past dawn.

Through hells hot we stab at the darkness,
the enemy shall fail to defeat us.
Always they will try,
but always they will die.

In the end the emperor lives,
he lives through day and night.
The enemy will always press,
but our hero we cant deny.