A New Era of Scholae

The parades marched through the street

Everyone in Scholae was in for a treat

Hover cars and motorcades shook the duracrete

The civil war had shown no defeat

It was time for Scholae to take their seat

All came out to wave and cheer

The populace no longer had to feel fear

It was near a new year

A time for a new frontier

A new flag to symbolize with no tear

The house became a clan

As part of a new plan

A large goal that began

Across every and any span

With leadership of a good man

The cities were ready to decorate

For a well-deserved reason to demonstrate

And for the future generations to educate

Commotion that would resonate

As the masses gather to celebrate

With casualties of war that hampered forces and shrank

More came to fill the ranks

With more production out with a clank

Many were to thank

Everyone came together and drank

With a grand army and larger fleet

Our enemy at our feet

A house grown to a clan is now the elite