

The Internal Truth

Power is one drives us all
Some claim it is in many forms
Is can make many before you fall
It is like a thousand overwhelming storms
For a Sith, it has always beckoned the call

Many crave it for lust
Others crave it for knowledge
Like an angry and potent dust
Power never fails its own acknowledge
A dangerous feeling that some fail to trust

Sith alike embrace it like a heavenly brew
Power with a Sith feels no boundary
A power that a true Sith would master but a Jedi never knew
A feeling that allows Scholae to sleep soundly
For a Sith, it is too good to be true