The Sting of Betrayal

Rhyming Verse by 4856 Macron Sadow

Fighting each other really sucks

Before, we didn’t give two fucks

To be enemies, we simply were not

Now all the dead just lay there and rot

Former drinking buddies now gone

Shot, stabbed, or eaten by spawn

Red Fury jerks have torn us apart

We drift away like an ancient fart

Thrown to the winds of familiar strife

Bonds of friendship cut with a knife

Trade routes now severed and torn

Thus ends our racket on Dark Jedi porn

The days of boozy songs have now passed

No more to share the sweet Tibanna gas

Many shots of Corellian whisky were lost

This conflict has taken a terrible cost

Over us all a rift, on each side

This terrible strife I can hardly abide.

Can we not get back to our game?

Beer pong is just not the same.