Pride of an Empire

War, war is never over, Though the treaties are long since signed, The bitter memories of the battles, Are eternally in our mind.

War is never with the enemy, So when you welcome our heroes home, Remember it is their destiny, To be locked with their memories alone.

War does not bring peace, Our veterans know this well, Memories of childhood friends never cease, Their cries for help, their own eternal hell,

> War turns the good men bad, Those who left home know this, Whose mothers are eternally sad, Who gave their farewell kiss.

> > By Lexiconus Qor