

Ashes

[Midnight] Phase 3 Poetry

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Blood pooling gutters
Copper scent, haunting the senses
Fallen enemy
Broken bodies at our feet
Lives lost, too many our own.

The cost set so high
So much blood spilled is our own
Hearts stopped, their lives lost
Currency for our revenge
Too late to hold the price back.

Remorse, tears left unshed
Splintered hearts, friends torn from us
Was it all worth it?
Victory carved from the lost
The price was set far too high.