

THE SONG OF WAR

By Blade Ta'var

Green and red lights shot off in every direction, intermingling with lit lightsabers of various colors swirling through the air with a deadly hum. The cries of men and women of all species filled the air with a macabre tone as two opposing forces clashed against each other. Sometimes it was friend versus foe, but other times it was Palatinaean versus Palatinaean. Intermittent explosions gave the symphony of war a final flourish. All of this came together into something worth more than its individual parts: the *Song of War*.

Blade Ta'var sat high in her perch atop a tall building, looking down upon the Battle of Teyr. She was clad in black form-fitting clothing, along with a dark blue robe. The setting sun cast shadows across the city of Teyr that hid her perfectly from any prying eyes. Keeping her hood up to obscure her face, the Sith watched the battle below through her macrobinoculars. Blurred images came into focus as she zoomed into individual battles, keeping an eye on several Palatinaeans she had learned to call friends.

She watched them carve through New Dawn soldier and sympathizer alike, doing their very best to protect Xen'mordin's precious empire. They didn't know where Blade, their Quaestor, was during this fight, but they didn't have much time to think about it. The New Dawn forces attacked relentlessly, sacrificing their own in their attempts to get an upper hand. One of Archangel's soldier's crumpled to ground, succumbing to the the enemies around him. A deep, loud yell rent the fading daylight as Archangel Palpatine erupted in a fury all his own.

Bodies went flying as the hulk of a man ran towards Sadon Teraah, whose men put up a valiant fight nonetheless. Archangel's men cleaned up behind him, unleashing a lightstorm of blaster fire and lightsaber blows upon the recovering enemy forces. The Sith's body tensed up ever so slightly as she watched the tank of a man fight against overwhelming odds.

"Get him. You can do it," she whispered under her breath.

The Zeltron tore her gaze away from the hulking giant and focused, each in turn, on Shadow Nighthunter, Alara Deathbane, Jorm Na'trej, Zehsaa Hysh, and Kylex. Each had their own battles to keep them busy, their lives in real danger. The Sith found herself wondering who fate would declare the winner. As for herself, Blade had chosen to sit this one out. This was not her war, nor had she engineered its creation. This was a gift from the Force, and she wasn't stupid enough to pass up on it. The conflict that was pre-ordained since the establishment of the dark side was finally taking place: the fight for power and victory.

Just let them destroy each other. It is their way, she reminded herself.

The Sith had promised herself that she would be a better person, but how did you save someone who believed in their cause and fought to achieve it? Their forces would inevitably collide and Blade could do nothing about it. If she was being honest, nor did she want to either. They had a choice, and they choose violence.

Maybe the bad guys will off themselves and save me the trouble...

The Zeltron immediately felt bad, a slight frown crossing her face as she thought of precious moments at the cantina. The drinks, the laughter, and Shadow's pup. She wasn't going to kill them, but her inaction wasn't helping them out either. All of them could be dead in the blink of an eye.

A strange troop movement caught her gaze and held it: reinforcements attempting to circle back around several buildings to surprise the Palatinaean forces from behind. In addition, it looked like her units were not faring as well as she hoped they would, especially against Sadon. The Sith's hand hovered over her comlink as she debated whether or not to interfere. A moment's hesitation lasted many heartbeats.

Decide now, she thought to herself, *or let them die*. After several calming breaths, she thought back to a old Jedi lesson: *Defend not Destroy*.

Blade sighed and picked up her comlink one last time: "Watch your left flank. They are trying to hit you from behind. I suggest you provide Archangel some backup."

For those that knew her voice, surprise and annoyance reigned supreme. "BLADE! Where are you? We need your help!"

The next words were heart wrenching but nothing else remained to be said: "I'm sorry. I can best help you here."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN "BEST HELP YOU HERE?""

"Focus on the fight. I'll alert you to enemy movements."

The Sith turned off her comlink again, and hid herself further into the shadows. As she watched the Battle of Teyr below her pan out, all she could think of was how hard it could be to save people. She couldn't do much for them without resorting to killing for a bad cause. Moreover, Blade still wished for their demise, one way or another. The difference this time around was simple: an ounce of compassion. Thankfully, there was one thing she could do for them all.

"May the Force be with you," the Zeltron whispered to the dead of night, as *the Song of War* played out in front of her. Only the Force could help them now.