

Ash Hopper

*By Qor Palpatine / #13880*

Put your statistics away, those numbers and figures,  
As our troops race to victory, fingers nervously on the triggers,  
Ships and speeders flying over head,  
Soon they'll crash into the ground, buried and dead,  
Men and women, those who are able to stand,  
Are you ready to steal from the Meraxis hand?

This island once held as the jewel of this planet,  
Now stirs with blood and war, streets lined with panic,  
Blooms of orange and white, and screams wake us in the night,  
They are drawing closer, their boots clunking left and right,  
Where do we go? Our family was taken for slaughter,  
It was a game to these politicians, I can barely stomach this water.

I can see something in the distance, among the blasts of light,  
A woman walks closer, her blade glowing, she's a knight,  
Her swings cut down the evil, they cannot defeat,  
I see her face now, that soft smile, there's no need to retreat,  
She took my hand and held it tightly,  
My daughter, the Jedi, so just and rightly.