***No Place Like Home***

***A New Dawn Poem***

Exert by Battlemaster DarkHawk

#264

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After every war

a vessel has to sanitize the battlefield.

The aftermath to an untarnished state,

the consequences of carnage left behind,

only brings more torment to the beholder.

True purity must push the rubble aside,

so that corpse filled chariots can pass

to lay our fallen warriors to their eternal rest

The chosen one has to get stained

with blood and ash of our departed.

The spirits of the fallen

imploring the chosen for peace.

Your darkness is not my darkness,

Your purge is not my purge.

Remember our real eminence rests

in the victory of our Dark Brotherhood.

Not those of singularity…