

# THE WRAITHS OF INOS

*Poem By*

*Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu*

*#264*

Terror manifests in its purest form, evolving into the very face of death;  
The wraith foul and evil, dripping eradication from its steamy breath.  
Maleficent eyes illuminate like lanterns, enticing victims to their doom,  
Dragging countless prey into the depths of its nefarious gloom.

Sadowans transform into defenders of might,  
Coming to free the system from this dreary fright!  
Igniting their sabers and beckoning the Force,  
The wraiths consume all life upon their deadly course.

Engaging in epic battles, spilling blood across a planet some call home,  
The Sadowan is as always truly stoic, their visage set in stone.  
Countless wraiths full of contempt make futile strikes to garner a win,  
The Sadowan solidified within the Force, becoming a bane to the wraiths  
evil sin.

There is no cheer, nor no cries of jubilee upon the Sadowans return,  
Their steps become slow, some heads hung low, their very spirits tested  
and worn.

Only the echoes of continued screams permeate the air on this night,  
None noticed the Sadowans eyes beaming their newborn lantern light.