

WORLD OF FURY

By Richard Paul

-*_ = Stressed Syllables

Upon a sister-world to one that must never be named,
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
Within a falling universe that cannot now be saved,
*_ _*_ *_ _*_ _*_ _*_
Come Hearts of War, those Demonesque Lords of good or evil,
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
Come the Angel Queens before their hosts, both good and evil.
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_

On land and sea, from darkest pit to highest peak,
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
The living and the lifeless, the victory do seek,
* _*_ _*_ _*_
And 'neath the starless sky, destruction do they wreak,
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
For there is nothing but the fray.
* _*_ _*_ _*_
There is nothing but to slay.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

The Queens and the Angels, unmatched in their magnificence,
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
Contend against their fallen kin, their skulking insignificance.
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
The hollowed Kings, and their beasts, all chained to their dark master's will,
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
In silence strike at their brothers, who fight for creation still.
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_

Shapes of foes fight side by side
* _*_ _*_ _*_
And 'gainst their fallen selves they vie
* _*_ _*_ _*_
As all around them all things die,
*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
Fury rules them all that day,
*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
Leading them all to the grave.
* _*_ _*_ _*_

Fast friends from old foes are made and lost in moments,
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
And come from new realities, the same relief is sent
* _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
To the trembling world of death, to fight till they are spent
*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
Till fury makes the surface quake,
*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
Until the world must break.
*_ _*_ _*_ _*_

Even more die to this Armageddon flame,
*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
The dead and all the deathless fare the same,
* _*_ _*_ _*_
On we fight beside the Queens and kings who remain,
*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_ _*_
For life's own wrathful sake,
* _*_ _*_ _*_
For life's last stand we make.
* _*_ _*_ _*_