

# Sundered Brethren

We blacken our boots on ashen soil  
while walking the field of hatred's game.

Bloodied generals pilfer the spoils  
While our sundered brethren lie in flames.

Mothers weep in their dark, quiet homes  
From whence we came with our banners high.

Their sons now sleep in a bed of loam,  
Their faces locked in a tearless cry.

Another mile of dead, broken land  
Adorns the map of a hungry king.  
Nameless we fall to death's calloused hand;  
Perhaps one day our names they will sing.