

Titans' Fall

Panic

Lights blare and whistles blow
The keys turn, buttons glow
With that final word, that final press
All are thrown in a deep distress
For that great death bell has been rung
And this final fate can't be unsung

Upon vast lands and towers tall
Those grim titans now quickly fall
As a mother strokes her son's thin hair
And tells the tale of past lands so fair
Where drills had no need to be taught
And war was not for child's thought

Dust and ash form dunes so grand
And trees of dark char cover the land
Tales of old invoked anew
The darkest peace we ever grew