

Titans Fall

Panic; lights blare and whistles blow.
The keys are turned, 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 blaring lands and towers tall
Those grim titans quickly fall.
As a mother strokes her son's thin hair,
And tells 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 char cover the land.
Tales of old invoked anew.
The darkest peace we ever grew.