

Forgotten Glory

Divided into two, facing sardonic remark,
Analyzing the future that might become dark.
Either to surrender to cruel forces,
Or to be an exemplary for others.
A thought too provoking,
Resulting in a pain that is too excruciating.

Devils laughing, feeling strong,
Demonic bonding, a chain too long.
Thin, fat, tall and short,
All united to defeat the noble cause.
Saints suppressed getting aghast,
Witnessing feebly devastating thoughts.

A lean figure battling alone,
Fighting constantly not to moan,
All ready to be lapdogs,
Light vanishing into the fog.
An army of minions waiting quietly,
Ready to kill, working silently.

Suddenly I see a flash of lightning,
Due to thundering storm the devils start sweating.
The dark gets defeated succumbing to death,
The savior rejoices over the eternal source of mirth.
Contentment prevails restoring the glory of past,
Leaving the Satan annihilated and aghast.

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