

# **Erm... i couldn't think of a title for this so i**

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Submitted: August 18, 2004

Updated: August 18, 2004

*Just some (serious) poetry about a battle and whats wrong with people, etc. kinda intense!*

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**Chapter 1 - No title, im afraid!!**

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## 1 - No title, im afraid!!

Hey, it's in the wrong category isn't it! how dya move em cos it ain't anime/manga!!! i just thought it meant original writing! oh goddamn!! sorry but i'm kinda new and just tryin 2 find my way around!! Anyways, this is some serious poetry, and please comment wether its good or bad. i no its long but please read cause i like it and also it was going to be longer so technically you are lucky, lol!!! ^\_^

They marched towards each other,  
Faces set in stone,  
Not revealing the fear,  
The feeling of being alone.  
As the moment grew closer,  
For the battle to begin,  
Their confident exteriors,  
Quickly began to thin.  
Their solid faces began to quiver,  
Their clammy hands to shake,  
Most of those once confident men,  
Were feeling they had made a mistake.  
The time had come to draw their weapons,  
To begin the brutal fight,  
The men were preparing for the massacre,  
Soon to break the silent night.  
Memories from happy times,  
Flooded the soldiers minds,  
Bringing regretful tears to their eyes,  
But too late they soon would find.  
All of a sudden the teams jerked into action,  
Their eyes wide open with fear,  
The began to run towards each other,  
The time was drawing near.  
Two waves of men crashed against each other,  
With a tremendous noise it did begin,  
As all the fighting and killing started,  
There was no smile chuckle or grin.  
The first seconds seemed surreal,  
It wasn't really happening,  
They clutched their swords in their hands,  
Lifted it up and swing.  
But all of a sudden reality dawned,  
There was a good chance of death,  
And as the battle progressed into the night,  
Each man held his breath.  
Every minute a man stayed alive,

He counted as a blessing,  
But over the hours, days, and nights,  
The numbers were finally lessening.  
Finally it was over,  
The field scattered with the dead,  
Everything stained with blood,  
Everything stained with red.  
As the one surviving man,  
Stumbled away from that field,  
He thought silently as he sobbed,  
"It's terrible what hatred can yield..."