**War Maiden's Lament**

The visage of an end day  
What hath ended was but the fall with each drop  
Life bleeding from the fingertips of the fallen  
More that bleeds from the eyes of the one  
Silent, invisible, unseen, unshed tears   
Feelings laced with iron weights  
Gauges that find their means around the heart  
Not the ventricle, but the honor ridden part that beats  
Metaphysical weights that shall remain  
Never will there be an end for what has been done  
Instead carrying their weight  
For every lost one is thee to be remembered   
Know thyself well from within  
If only she will be sure to remember  
For thine image is Mewblade.

~Quentix Starwing