

## Crucible

Solemn eyes and sewn wills,  
Insignias turned like twisted windmills.

They ride far into this crimson night,  
Baptising those sick with military might.

His voice rung and thrashed in their collective mind,  
Individual freedom hung alone for all to find.

They listen and serve, subdued by his venom,  
Top of the ladder they questioned him seldom.

And again and again they march, night after night,  
Silencing all and all in sight.

They stormed day and night,  
From Death to Berlin they would always fight.

And as the fascist front crashed and crushed,  
These walls that broke were rebuilt with trust.

The power was granted, not to a man but a people,  
As the lands healed in its democratic crucible.