

Looking Forward

by Spader Volsung

The hour grows late, the day turns to night
Seeing the future ahead, one shudders with fright
Fall turns to winter, plenty to bare
The impositions of shadowy villains snug in hidden lair
Yet the storm is not without dividend and opportunity gold
If only you can build, in a truly new mold
The frontiers, banished, appear on the horizon once more
A time is coming when anything is possible to those who go full
bore
So embrace the chaos, European man
For victory and homeland can be once more achieved if we plan