

My Father's Blood

by Spader Volsung

Pines overtop, head lifted high
Aryan Man, Born Under the open sky
Lord of the beasts, lands, and sea
His dominion from mountaintop to tiny bee
Steward of an eden ever growing weeds
Astride a white horse, noble his deeds
His enemies, dark, bitter and grim
Cannot understand him, grandiose yet prim
They rage, scheme, and bite
Yet their killstroke is ever blunted by his might
Dark are his days ahead, minority on his own soil
Yet enemies still sweat at the power generated from his toil
Chosen by God, clinging to faith
Always to struggle, always to conquer is his fate
This is my father's blood, and this is also mine
And someday, my son shall continue this vine