

Legacy

Ascendant

In ancient times
A child was chosen
He was the youngest of brothers Chosen and anointed
Raised to be King
Him, the legend,
The slayer of goliath Troubled times
Presented by the treasures
Of this World
He was a king
With reverence
And a King of Human measures In spite of absence
From the giver of life
The treacherous king
The wounded soldier
He welcomed and dressed
In robes of white Embedded in the future
We must ask our selves
How will we contribute? Kept in his legion he remains
Fights side by side
With thousands of his kind
With all of us This is the legend
Reminding us
How we are chosen
That we are most loved This is the legacy
Of all who fought before
Of all our brothers
That are no more

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