

# Three Neuron Kings

## Disillusion

A battle, state and inconvenient,  
A battle fought so acute in pride.  
A curse or rather plague, a fever,  
Nailed me to the fireside. At a crackling wood's spark flight to the skies,  
The tempest king, he claims the throne.  
But halts in stride as equal legions  
Melt into the leader's tone. An elder king arose  
From blood soaked fallow battlefields  
With orders calm at urgent voice  
And reasoning as iron shields. And dreadful words it were  
As he spoke of abandonment  
Thus I shivered as the Tempest,  
As his fever came upon my hand. Then swords were risen by the brave  
As for me I rose a twig towards the skies. And no one would withdraw  
One's eyes were as the fiend's.  
All men in flames and zeal.  
As ire filled to burdening air. While two in brawl for the throne  
A third with grins on stainless cheeks  
In bushes watching in conceal  
Delighted of the bleak. At sudden startled,  
Dismay had dropped my twig  
I turned down the fireside  
And the last sparks of the night  
Lit the my paths with golden wings  
Sensing me and my Three Neuron Kings.

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