

## **I sing of arms**

I sing of arms  
and women  
with hair of gold  
of voices that lay silenced  
in the stories of old.

I sing of mothers  
and warriors  
who fought for their land  
of trials and triumphs  
overlooked for their hand.

He writes of a woman  
spurned by the Great city's founder  
enslaved by her wanton and shame-stained repute  
drowned by her mercury madness  
engulfed by a fire that raged  
to the depths of her passion

I sing of a saviour  
a leader of fortitude  
bearing kindness to match her craft  
a sacrifice undeserving  
victim to cupid's deadly shaft

He writes of a wife  
waiting and weaving  
a shroud of deception and desperation  
enclosed by temptation and dishonour  
lying at her threshold  
waiting for her purpose to return

I sing of a queen  
that eluded time  
outwitted him and all those who desired her crown  
resolve as steadfast as an Olive tree  
whose mind to her equal would never bow down

He writes of a whore  
that massacred a thousand ships  
the dice cast and weighted by the gods themselves  
the great bronze-clad warriors slain  
in pursuit of the fatal beauty  
of a woman who loved too freely

I sing of a girl  
promised as prize of contest  
betrayed by the one who proclaimed himself guest  
demonized by resent of fallen soldiers who  
condemn her to a life crueller than death

I sing of mothers and daughters  
those who bore families and those who outlived them  
all who fought for their glory  
seeking the right to own themselves  
consigned to stay speechless in their stolen story

I sing of goddesses and sorceresses  
warriors of forest  
moon and fire  
triumphs eternally stronger than the reputation  
written by the men that proclaim them liars

I sing of heroes whose lives  
history's witnesses from the epic tore  
their purpose diminished  
their potential extinguished  
I sing for those  
who can sing no more.

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