

“Echoes of Fraternal Shadows: A Lament in War’s Embrace”

In civil strife, where brother blood doth spill,
Upon the field where kin ‘gainst kin do fight,
A heart doth break, for loyalty doth kill,
When brother’s face in war’s harsh glare doth light.

In armor clad, our bond doth fade to naught,
As swords do clash, and fate its hand doth play.
In sorrow deep, a dreadful deed is wrought,
For in this war, fraternal love doth sway.

Yet through the din, a piercing truth doth ring,
That blood of kin is thicker than the cause.
In death’s cold grip, regret doth sharply sting,
For in his eyes, our shared youth gives me pause.

O cruel war, that tears the soul in twain,
Where victory’s cost is measured in such pain.