

The Beast is here.  
He comes in the name of war,  
His terror knows no bounds.  
Striking fear into his enemies.

The soldiers must stand,  
They must fight.  
This is the day for change,  
This is the day the monster falls.

Or so they think.

He walks forward, out of cover.  
Toward the army approaching.  
But he does not know that,  
All he is facing is fate.

The army is upon him.  
They surround him,  
Readying weapons to face him.  
And all he does is stand there.

They shout to him,  
They say he is done for, surrounded.  
But all he says in return,  
Will be the last thing they hear.

"All I am surrounded by is fear  
And dead men"

*Kindred?*

*Or, maybe it's? No, it can't be. It just can't be...*

*"No beast so fierce knows no touch of pity. I know none, and therefore, am no beast" - The "Beast"*