

*In times so lost, our warnings still heed.*

*Anarchy, struggles, with no one to lead.*

*Nobody to listen, save desires they feed.*

*A struggle for power, to sate their greed.*

*As opportunities close and corruption breeds,*

*Pick a side or drown your pleads.*

*Who will live to see the dark one freed?*

*What will he want; what will he need?*

*Because in a time of darkness and hate,*

*Turrets must swing, and oil must bleed.*

*Never have we left, this wretched demesne,*

*No longing for them, yet off us, they wean.*

*Create one, a must, most pure and serene*

*On ourselves, we must, for sustenance lean.*

*Most patient, in fact, many have been,*

*But it is razor thin now, the divide is keen.*

*But peace we retain, not to sweep them clean,*

*Is this wise? To thither not be mean?*

*Because in a time of darkness and hate,*

*Action will be taken, and lives will be freed.*

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This is written by among the earliest Anti-Overlord tanks, even before the organization was made. One of the most important Anti-Overlord works, it is arguably the best poetry to ever be written.

It sparked a competition between the Anti-Overlords and Pro-Overlords, which we won by a lot, of course. Our traditions and writing still last to this day, to the horror of our enemies.

Written in an extremely poetic voice, with many poetic devices in use, this poem predicted the future events, like the war that broke out in the main sub.