

May the Stars Resurrect...

Caskets of feathers...
the Little Service Sisters,
resting with swords face down.
Coffins of pillows...
the Little Service Sisters
hide golden hearts under silken gowns.

Once a gay series of lives,
now the shroud of demise.
Once smiling and roaring battle,
lifeless vibrancy in disguise.

Thrown into total chaos,
the girls have it their way.
Shrewd enemies fall before the blade
on the cusp of an eve of a darkened day.
The girls have it their way.

Oh, may the stars resurrect the
Daughters of War.
Gone up to join the Lighter Forces,
opening yet another heavenly door.

Lovely army marching out
to face the last of evil,
a mortal futile plague.
Takes the shape of Parlenks,
hench-disease of the fire,
facing them at face value and oh so vague.

Quicker than the fall,
blood rushing to an adrenaline place.
Dashing ladies as human shields
fuels the madness and makes the heart race.

May the men stand down with honor!
The women see it through.
By code of oaths and crests
for those who have seen too few.
The women see it through.

Oh, may the stars resurrect the
Daughters of War.
Gone up to join the Lighter Forces,
opening yet another heavenly door.

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