

Forsaken Carousel

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A thousand years they've rode the earth
Round and round and round.

Heads were piled...hands all bound,
bodies stripped of armor, and
bleached bones the only clues of war ever found.

By dawn they were buried.
Bashed broken losers of the battle...
skulls chocked with soured-mud in shallow ground...
Victors fled in to the eons.

No one remembers the-why of it all.