

dynamics

a saccharine sound turned sour
a soft melody is turned into an ear-piercing harmony
the sound of marching sets the pace
horns play to the beat of feet thumping on stones and dirt
vicious undertones take the place of a once kind rhythm
the ones hidden in the crowd make their move
silver shines so bright before it's stained with red

blood makes the ground slippery and slick
the cracking of bones enters the already horrific symphony
pitched shrieks of the fallen drill into the ears of the listeners,
a symphony of pain that matches far too well with the unsheathing of blades

a melody only lasts so long
each phrase must come to an end for another to start
terror comes to a lull as the dynamic changes
strength comes to a close as softness opens a new door

the sounds of calm create a blanket over the battlefield
moments of stillness give way to a bell
a bell that rings out to bring a whisper of hope that holds such a stark contrast to a such an offensive
symphony
hope brings courage, and with courage, comes a savior

but a savior is worthless without a meaning
an orchestra stuck on a fermata with no conductor
someone has to complete the phrase
and with that
an end will come

it crescendos from an attack into a fight from both sides
arms to swords and chords to chords as a harsh mix of sounds gathers in the air
metal screeches against metal
a newfound urge to win turns the once deafening and discordant drums into a harmonious
ensemble of horns

and when it's all over, a suffocating silence will fill the air
a picturesque scene of serenity if not for the atrocities that were once here
the song of the dead plays heavy in our heads
the destruction here will forever throw the metronome off it's beat