

RISING

We write with pseudonyms
About the death of white kind
While other races mastermind
Our destruction.

Ragnarok

Mocks

The androgenous white boys
Who coyly
March in liberal convoys
With renegades and parasites.

Can we rise

Out of this

Pacifist bliss?

We will have to do more
Than merely deride
Our racial suicide.

But perhaps it is too early
To try to liberate
Our people.

It seems that we must wait,
If we wish to win,
Until we establish
Racial discipline.

Yet the sober fact remains:
We are ordained
To become warriors again.