

March of the Daleks

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A tribute to one of the greatest sci-fi villains ever. May have some forced rhyme, so please bear with me on this one.



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Placed in your metal cage,

From birth to death.

Injected with dark rage.

Devoid of all breath.

Cold and cruel.

Your shells reek of hate.

Regarding life itself, a fool,

You screech,

EXTERMINATE.

Finding comfort in power,

You strive towards perfection.

Bathing in the blood shower,

Showing others your rejection.

Sadistic and insane,

You feel nothing but anger.

Lunatic and deranged,

You place all things in danger.

Yet you can also feel fear,

For you loath the Monster.

Can you see? Can you hear?

Heâ s coming.

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The Doctor.

Your very presence has turned others

Stone cold dead.

Your sheer might and malice

Has filled their hearts with dread.

But destruction and violence

Will not save you.

Your black cores will be silenced

When the Storm has broken through.

You cannot stop the Monster.

You are not what you seem.

Here comes the Doctor.

Perhaps that is why you scream.

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