

MARCHING ORDERS

Willing recruits are responding, having heard a familiar Voice;
these volunteers are determined, they have enlisted by choice.

A sounding alarm has awakened them, and they put on their weapons of war.
They cover themselves with their armor, and take up the shield and the sword.

The music that they were accustomed to, no longer is cheerful and sweet.
War drums are calling to battle, to rouse them up out of their sleep.

They abandon the partying multitudes, uncertain of what lies ahead,
leaving apostate assemblies, to train with the soldiers, instead.

Soldiers depart to the wilderness, outside of the camp they will go,
embracing the rigorous training, away from the world that they know.

They practice their drills and maneuvers, from sunrise and into the night,
to prepare for the battle ahead of them; all must be ready to fight.

Warriors press through the hardship, and challenges that they will face.
And after a season of training, they are strategically placed.

A Commander-In-Chief gives the orders, and no enemy stands in His way.
Inspecting the troops and their readiness, nothing escapes from His gaze.

The brethren do combat together; in unity, progress is made.
If any should fall or is wounded, another one comes to his aid.

They carry their measures of oil, along with their rations of meat.
Provisions arrive supernaturally; all of their gear is complete.

They know the ways of their enemy, who plots to destroy every one;
he continually tries to distract them, but they have refused to succumb.

Marching in place as a cavalry, a trumpet is blowing aloud;
they follow procedure and protocol, no dissention in ranks is allowed.

Sentries are stationed and watchful, interpreting language and codes.
Regiments stand operational; everyone carries his load.

Faces turn pale with conviction, when the Judge and His armies appear.
Spies and deserters will tremble; the Day of His Vengeance is near.

