

**AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.**

Dread as a blazing pyre may be Judeas' rulers then,  
And re-enacting feats of old, achieve renown again.  
But must the city fall once more be sacked and filled with slain;  
Two parts to perish in defeat, and one alone remain?  
Occurred not this when eagles flocked within its gates of old,  
When Benjamin the third forewarned, went forth from woes  
foretold?  
And two were left, two thirds were left. There Judah, Levi fell  
In fearful contests with a foe they stemmed but failed to quell.

Was that the awful day of doom, the very day foretold  
By holy prophets of the Lord, who published it of old?  
But now the expected era plumes its thousand years of peace,  
When the satanic-fettered earth exults in wide release.  
When unto David's Throne appealed, the basking world will rest  
Full in the smiles of Jacob's God, of every good possess.