**War**

 This is war.

 We, the down-trodden, poor, impoverished, dead, oppressed, exploited, and forsaken, declares this war on our oppressors, our killers, our superiors; those living comfortably; those exchanging warm words near a fireplace.

 The war has been started centuries ago – Spartacus, Chen Sheng, Muntzer, all our comrades, all our fighters. Our force stands undefeated, wherever it goes, the fire of war warms our hands, the blood of our enemies quells our thirst. In such a war, our barbaric soldiers commit the worst of crimes as defined by God – be happy as an average person, be fulfilled in a selfless duty, and be content knowing the benevolent ends to which their blood will be spilled.

 Barbaric – I say so as the war defy the morals our society promoted for millennia, the system that our world operates upon. Barbaric was the term used, and still being used, by the civilized people. Butcherers, as they call us, since we have done the unforgivable – give justice to our people. Any system in which the oppressed is no more shall be barbaric, any morals that does not justify the wealth of minority and the poverty of majority is corrupted, any law that helps the people become better is dictatorial. Sit back and watch, as they kindly offer, watch the people suffer and turn a blind eye like us civilized people – how simple, how easy!

 But we are barbarians. Barbarians are not civilized. Barbaric warriors can never, and will never become civilized. For the blood of barbarism runs in their veins, through their warm, pumping hearts, and burst through their gunshot wounds, staining the ground near them, cleansing their dirty, smiling faces.

 Barbarians find no joy in this world. As such, we take up our hammers and break through its core, smashing it apart, and using its corpse to create a new one.

 All ye civilized people – abandon hope! May but a fragment of our despair, long endured for centuries upon centuries, be rained upon you! May the blood of our compatriots, our countrymen, and our dead comrades, stain and wet your hands, so you cannot hold your guns against the living! May you see the faces and hear the crackling of the bones of the dead, of the barbarians, whenever you sit next to your fireplace! May your tanks, your guns, your swords, your cannons, your ships, and your planes shred us into pieces, make us one with the ground, then may you celebrate your hard-earned victory against the defenseless barbarians with a nice cocktail, or gin, or champagne – but beware, oh beware! Therein lies the barbaric blood and gore of our comrades, ready to attack your intestines, your stomach, and your brains! May you fall onto the ground, clasp onto your hands, and argue – argue that you deserve to live, argue that your life is worth more than mere barbarians, argue that the chaos of war shall not ensue, as is outlined in the Bible, in the Book of God!

 Then you shall see light. A different light, perhaps, than the one you saw at the table of your dinners, within the flames of your fireplaces, or beyond the last hole at your golf course. A light of calmness, and peacefulness, and unrest, and violence, and good-will, and malice, and anger, and anger, and anger, throughout generations, and generations, and generations, wherein our land is taken; wherein we are left to starve; wherein we are exploited; wherein we are stripped of all our wealth; wherein our people are killed; wherein we have nothing to our name; wherein you alienated our wills; wherein we believed your lies; wherein… wherein…

 Quite enough.

 May God be with you.

 We hereby declare this war on you.

 This is war.