

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE VICTORY!

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Tw'as the night before victory when through all Nordic lands,
The Patriots were stirring in their cities, homes, and clans.
Dreams were hung on victory, they wondered, did they dare,
Hope that deliverance and freedom soon would be there?

The Nordic children were nestled, all snug in their beds,
While visions of freedom danced in their heads.
And Mama with her prayers and I with my Glock,
Had been preparing for years while we now watched the clock.

Then finally it arose, the trumpet call for action!
We sprang to our feet, there would be no distraction.
We gathered our gear, in a moment prepared to dash,
Hail Heritage and Race! To the conflict we flew like a flash.

For too long our People had suffered, Zionist boots on our throats,
The enemy controlled our lives, our banks, media and votes.
For decades our Kinsmen labored under oppressive Zionist rule,
But most Whites lived in apathy, being played for a fool.

Yet scattered here and there were a brave, hardy bunch,
And tonight was the night, Mama and I had a hunch.
We would take back our lands, shake off the yoke of oppression,
Our People needed us, as for the fooled, we would gather without them.

Mama and I marched to the battle, would we live, would we die?
What did it matter, our Kinsmen needed us, we had to try.
As we drew nearer, what to our wondering eyes should appear,
But hundreds of thousands of our People, from far and from near!

They came from the hills and the valleys, from the cities and towns,
From the four corners of the earth, they came from all around!
Our Kinsmen arrived with a twinkle, a prance and a pounding of feet,
They were finally ready for freedom and tonight they would not be beat.

The White man at last realized, they finally discovered,
That it's their Heritage and Culture which are to be treasured.
Our Kinsmen came with courage, they came without fear,
They knew that this was the night to claim what was dear.

Tell us, who opened the eyes of this vast, gutsy group?
Was he a General? A President? No! He was a Duke!

The man who never gave up, the man who was brave,
The man who loved his Heritage, who would not be a slave.

Duke was ridiculed, Duke was taunted, they tossed him in jail,
Yet Duke fought on for his People, he worked without fail.
His courage never slacked, faith in his Kinsmen you could not rob,
When the time finally came, Duke was the man for the job.

When his Kinsmen caught sight of him, the crowd roared with joy,
With Duke there was no question, their enemies they would destroy.
He raised his hands, and with a hush the crowd became tame,
Then Duke whistled, and shouted, and called his People by name:

“Now Aussies and Swedes! Now Norwegians, Danes and Brits!
On Germans, On Americans, all our Kinsmen with true grit!
Join in our struggle, quickly, for the time is now here!”
A huge roar filled the sky as each White man gave a cheer.

“We’ve waited far too long and this is the night!
Victory is here and now for all People of White!
We’ll save our Heritage, our culture, the future of Man
Come, join with me now!” And Duke laid out his plan.

And then, in a twinkling, when the speech was complete,
Mama and I heard the marching and stamping of ten thousands of feet.
They came! Our People came, from far and from near,
They came to defend our shared Heritage, they came without fear.

Mama and I ran to join the throng, and when we turned around,
Duke came toward us so lively and quick with a joyous bound.
He was dressed like a common man, no different than us,
And his clothes they were simple, no frills, no fuss.

His eyes proved his Heritage, they were blue as the sky,
His cheeks were like roses, his White skin did not lie.
His whiskers and hair graying, yet he was spry as he ran,
And his smile was so catching, a true Nordic man.

“We did it!” He exclaimed, “Our People finally came through!
Your determination and patience helped, your courage too.
I’m so proud of our Kinsmen, they really came through!
And we couldn’t have done it without Patriots like you.”

“Our enemies cowered and fled before the one weapon we held,
Our enemies fled when they realized we had this weapon to wield.
Not a punch was thrown, no one fired a shot,
Our enemies ran like the brave Jews they are not.”

Confused, Mama and I looked at the vast Nordic throng,
What weapon could they possibly hold that would scare away wrong?
Turning back to our leader, Duke saw the question in our eyes,
“Truth,” he joyously exclaimed, “Truth won tonight, not lies.”

By L. R. O.