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*Up to arms my bretheren, for the enemy is at our gate!*

### **1709 part II**

The light of the lord now shun upon them. Leading the lines of the damned towards a goal, only visible to that of the King. The canons afar hammered the lines of ever decreasing numbers. Farmer sons and fathers alike, ~~screamed in pain and agony, as their memory got quenched by their own blood.~~\_\_\_\_\_

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