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Im anune Hayasten e (My Name is Armenia)

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Im anune Hayastene (My Name is Armenia)

The forgotten, unheard of, deaths
of over a million, saw deportation,
devastation,
death marches of civilians.

Butcher battalions liquidate—
Christianity strong enough to equate
to a threat bigger than actuality.

Children drop one by one,
rays of sun deliver deathblows.
How far can someone go when
stripped naked, on display?

Bodies laid out in rows of hate
all dripped, in a fluid state
they scream and

blood lakes cover ground.
Numb to sound,
pounding hearts fall.

Classified a Genocide.
Clarified by the Crucified.

[Enter me]

feel the heat,
feel the sorrow of my people.