



Selected Value: Unity

## The March

The squad marches through the swampy land  
Whistling as they journey in their little band  
Marching as the territories became their new nest  
Marking their milestone as they scrape

They came to hunt  
They came to feast  
Their claws are not blunt  
Their prey see them as a crowd of beasts

Oh! How intimidating these little critters are  
Trekking all the way to their destination  
Territories claimed as they venture together  
Embracing their new land as they dance  
Ready for their next hunt in the stormy weather