I was the king of a beauty more radiant than the stars themselves,

But the settlers who were in my care were murdered brutally,

Tiny, metal stones pounding them into the never ending depths of death,

The killers? Pale, hairless creatures that walk on two legs, The reason? Shear joy. Those sick, twisted creatures, Banishing all the brothers of the wild from life.

Who am I?

They were the impossible creatures of nature,
Living free and enjoying all the beauties of life,
Only killing for the cycle to go on as all knew it must be
done,

Lolling in the sun beaming down from up high,
They lived life to the fullest, knowing true happiness,
But then... I try not to remember...
Who am I?

I used to be so proud and lively,
But then the 'humans' came,
They stole everything important to me,
Such as the lives of my brothers,
Now fear and death has caught me by my throat,
I had and lost, once the predator, now the prey,
And - Ow, I'm hit, a sharp pain, darkness flooding my eyes,
death coming to greet me,
What now?