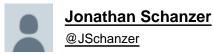
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'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the region Not a creature was stirring, but Iran's foreign legion;

The rockets they placed in the Mideast with care, In hopes that the Quds Force soon would be there;

The weapons were nestled all snug in their places, While visions of war put grins on their faces;

In Syria the bombs burst with a terrible clap, While the U.N. settles in for a long winter's nap.

The war grinds on, Russia spreads more confusion. More S400 sales are a foregone conclusion.

Trump from the White House tweeting "Syria withdrawal!" America's footprint grows increasingly small.

What Biden does next, nobody knows. But the fear is a deal that empowers these foes.

Then who to my wondering eyes should appear, But Esmail Ghani from the Republic of Fear. It used to be Qassem, so lively and quick. But American drones made quick work of that prick.

Now it's on Ghani to continue the game. In some ways he's different, but he's more of the same.

A bundle of weapons he brings in his sack, He's a peddler of death, and remorse he does lack.

But his eyes lack that twinkle. He's not quite as sly. Soleimani's the one for whom Supreme Leader does cry.

Still, the plan is in place and his control does expand, with the terrorist groups that Iran does command.

To fight for the cause, one by one they all came. Ghani whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Hezbollah! Now, Hamas! now, Shiite militias! Those Mahan air routes are so damn suspicious!

To the border with Israel! Through tunnels we'll crawl! We can also hit Saudi! Bombs away all!"

The refugees shiver amidst new-fallen snow, The Levantine land bridge, It continues to grow.

The IRGC plan, It's as clear as can be. It's precision munitions But there's nothing to see. It's all underground, It's all out of sight, Human shields will get hit But Iran gets off light.

It's Christmas tomorrow Nobody will talk of this plight HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!