

Scornful Of The Motives And Virtue Of Others

Shai Hulud

Rest assured
This is sincere
This is true

Let this be my writ of misanthropy
To a thankless world of men
Who have perfected nothing
Save the art of accusation

Woe is he that feels compelled to pen
Even one word of hatred
I know the hate within passion
With which I love is a travesty
Let this writ acknowledge these facts

How I miss the warmth of red blood
The color of pitch is cold and hard
And it's merciless to the tenderhearted

How I miss the strength of red blood
Its susceptibility to burn jet
And the might to withstand a brutal scorching

How I have learned to wield this scorched, jet blood
To the gross advantage
This blood must not go to waste
All is not yet lost

Take these words of blood ill-tempered
Take these words and
Cut deep
Lacerate the soiled flesh
Impact the brittle bone

And we all will bleed together
May this blood pave the way to solution

We have all been so wrong
Conditioned to accept and approve of substandard
Communication and behavior
Reason is clouding
Hearts are hardening
And the result is murder
This age is grave bound
Likewise, its aging successors
Aging, all the while, descending
Developing an even more insatiable thirst for chaos
Life among hyenas and asps under vultures
That pick at the corpses of the fallen

And man will continue to suffer unto itself
Until some stand to rally the fray by firm example

Chaos must succumb to order
Lest these days be numbered

I cannot contribute to disarray

I simply cannot relate

Let this be my act of defiance
Let this be my refusal to fit in
Let this be my writ of anthropy