

The Consummate Dragon

Shai Hulud

It is truly the perfect being

Its armor is tenfold shields
Its teeth, swords
Claws in the guise of greeting hands

How does it sleep at night
This tyrant?
Heaping slaves on the pyre
Just to watch ambition burn

It is truly the perfect being

It's armor is tenfold shields
And from its tongue, fire

Could any being verily bask in malevolence
As if its indifference might pardon it?
This tyrant

He is the fatherless
With the arrogance of a being that insists it created itself

What can it create?
This uninspired muse rules only barren lands
It cannot create a thing

When the public speaks the truth
Simply tear it down

Dissent, and smolder

Your thoughts are law, great dragon
Just spare me and mine
While I bide my time
Knowing you well
The enemy

Cover may the every man
I show no recoil for
A would-be dragon

The common man is the consummate dragon
The poorest excuse of a man

My chest to shields
My teeth to swords
My hands to claws
And fire...

Now we can make war

A titan against a titan