

# 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