

To Bear The Brunt Of Many Blades

Shai Hulud

Nothing that breathes is above betrayal.
Nothing that breathes is divine.

Out from the shadows, well-wisher.
The gleam of your blade gives you away.
Drawn from me, my smiling assassin,
Meet the blood that moved you-
The blood of encouragement
Spilling as common water.

They will serve you...

Long live the king.
Soak up to your arms in his blood.

Long live the king;
They will serve you well.

And you loyal friend, leave an ice pick in my neck as it were mine to keep.
How terribly cold.

I breathe, and count my shallow breaths.
Add another edge: Be sure to twist the blade.

If come one, come all of this,
a celebration of treachery and scissored flesh.
Fall in, stain your steel in festive red-
Here, where the sheep are butchers.

A fresh patch of skin to pierce,
One cannot resist.

Unsteady steps.
Each waning, determined for purchase.
I am he who falters, stricken with one thousand blades.
With unsteady steps, I find my balance in deception.
Step by burning step.

Warm in the presence of malice.
Barefoot among a skulk of men.
Eyes ahead and taller still,
I never look back.
No.

I knew not your names.
I knew your numbers.
I knew you all too well.

Two blades for every inch of flesh.
Ensanguined.
This is that which did not kill me.

There's always room for one more blade...

Not much a sight for sore eyes,
The harrowed form of living will:
Bent,

And black,
And so terribly cold.

There's always strength for one last breath.