

# Whether To Cry Or Destroy

Shai Hulud

The salt from my eyes burn  
As does the acid of my tongue.  
Might I unearth the hatchet

And put it to proper use.  
Might a tempest releive me of sound and sight.  
My hand is poised, and in fury.  
Only thunder gives me rest.  
Dare me to breathe

When I cant catch my breath.

Sway my temper's balance.  
Only thunder gives me rest.