

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 relieve 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.