

Shai Hulud, Let Us At Last Praise The Colonizers

Without pretension.
With a sweet chill down my spine...

For a time the clouds lift. And what I have resigned to thinking barren
Does bear fruit.

If I am to die - If I must die.
I must inspire while I live,
Alongside the dreamers.

Let us at last praise the colonizers of dreams.

I surrender all. All I have give:

To those who survived life's thorns
And provided escape.
To those, whose creations live forever.
To those that wrote the words.
Though my knees become weak.
I will cause my foot another step.
To carry the task.
And to those that understood

There is a need for faith
And a need for hope.

Let us at last praise the colonizers of dreams.

As with the brightest and the wisest,
I know the need of
Faith,
Hope,
And
Dreams.

I burn for visions and inspiration, for this is life.

If perchance I am dreaming,
Please, let me sleep,

To spend my time in great Atlantis,
In search of Camelot.
I drink from the grail, and war with the immortals,
Rather than suck in the ruins of a fallen sky castle.

Amidst the remnants of once
Mighty Colossus.
Comes this call:
Where are the builders?

I clearly see the slayers and the hope they destroy.
I clearly see the thieves, and the wonders they deprive the inspired.

Where are the builders?

If I am to die - If I must die.
I must inspire while I live.
Alongside the dreamers.