

Shai Hulud, Two And Twenty Misfortunes

Brilliance,
A heart of gold,
And a voice that whispers,
"I am wholly miserable."

He is the most miserable of men.
Every word he speaks reeks of failure.
He has failed where others
Have succeeded threefold.
This failure suffers

What is a man
That is the source of his own misery...
To face a lifelong nightmare
Of taunting dreams is unbearable.
What is this man,
A dark prophet...
A dark prophecy...

Suffering knows no end,
Nor does his appetite for it
Opt for the darkest corner and brood.
Keep closed your eyes.
Keep turned your back.
Tomorrow is dead.

Tomorrow is dead.
Today is the grave.
Yesterday he secured a tomb.

Time has been cruel.
Why should time be any different than life
When tomorrow is dead

His shame.

He will lie between
Resentment and regret.
He shed his grace.
As certain as a snake sheds its skin.
Laid waste to a wealth of talent -
His curse of being blessed with treasures
That just were not gold enough.

His endless misfortune