

# Shai Hulud, If Born From This Soil

This world is a burden  
And it disgusts me.  
I want to deny it,  
Its inhabitants and their possessions.  
I'm embarrassed to know  
This soil produced me.

I'm dying to be elsewhere,  
Trying not to belong in a nature  
Of impulse and self indulgence.

A brother to none,  
my kinship lies elsewhere.  
I am separate and loyal to no one,  
If born from this soil.

I'm embarrassed to know you;  
you do not represent me.  
a likeness only in structure,  
Not in mind.

I vow to never belong to anyone  
Born from this soil  
A people that follows blindly  
Will not reprimand me.