

# Shai Hulud, Scornful Of The Motives And Virtue Of

Rest assured...  
This is sincere.  
This is true.

Let this be my writ of misanthropy  
To a thankless world of men  
Who have perfected nothing.  
Save the art of accusation.

Woe is he that feels compelled to pen.  
Even one word of hatred.  
I know the hate within passion  
With which I love is a travesty.  
Let this writ acknowledge these facts.

How I miss the warmth of red blood...  
The color of pitch is cold and hard,  
And its merciless to the tenderhearted.

How I miss the strength of red blood...  
Its susceptibility to burn jet,  
And the might to withstand a brutal scorching.

How I have learned to wield this scorched, jet blood  
To the gross advantage...  
This blood must not go to waste.  
All is not yet lost.

Take these words of blood ill-tempered.  
Take these words and  
Lut deep.  
Lacerate the soiled flesh.  
Impact the brittle bone.

And we all will bleed together.  
May this blood pave the way to solution..

We have all been so wrong  
Conditioned to accept and approve of substandard  
Communication and behavior.  
Reason is clouding,  
Hearts are hardening,  
And the result is murder.  
This age is grave bound,  
Likewise its aging successors.  
Aging, all the while, descending -  
Developing an even more insatiable thirst for chaos.  
Life among hyenas and asps under vultures  
That pick at the corpses of the fallen.

And man will continue to suffer unto itself  
Until some stand to rally the fray by firm example.

Chaos must succumb to order  
Lest these days be numbered.

I cannot contribute to disarray.  
I simply cannot relate.

Let this be my act of defiance.  
Let this be my refusal to fit in.  
Let this be my writ of anthropology...