

Shai Hulud, When One Bests Defeat

The vigor in my soul won't stand for this anymore
The potency that is my being is far ruin
Far from silenced
And far from death
With Severed legs
I'd walk with intent to prosper
A body plagued with sickness and still I'd dare to dream
For I can
Breathe my blood is fire and I bleed life
The defeatest is dead
No remorse for that man who dies
A sad bitter man whose contempt for himself exceeded his contempt for the world
No remorse for those who chis spirit
A sad bitter lot whose lack of insight left a man broken Left many broken
The disenchanting led by the frightened only blessed
With the absence of respect
A world enslaved by itself but one was reborn to conquer
I climb to the crest and strive to climb higher
At the core of my being is vitality that will not die
My blood is fire and I bleed life
My blood is fire