

Scornful of the Motives and Virtue of Others

Shai Hulud

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 anthropy

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