

Two and Twenty Misfortunes

[Shai Hulud](#)

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

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