

To Bear The Brunt Of Many Blades

[Shai Hulud](#)

Nothing that breathes is above betrayal.
Nothing that breathes is divine.Out from the shadows, well-wisher.
The gleam of your blade gives you away.
Drawn from me, my smiling assassin,
Meet the blood that moved you-
The blood of encouragement
Spilling as common water.They will serve you...Long live the king.
Soak up to your arms in his blood.Long live the king;
They will serve you well.And you loyal friend, leave an ice pick in my neck as it were mine to keep.
How terribly cold.I breathe, and count my shallow breaths.
Add another edge: Be sure to twist the blade.If come one, come all of this, a celebration of treachery and
scissored flesh.
Fall in, stain your steel in festive red-
Here, where the sheep are butchers.A fresh patch of skin to pierce,
One cannot resist.Unsteady steps.
Each waning, determined for purchase.
I am he who falters, stricken with one thousand blades.
With unsteady steps, I find my balance in deception.
Step by burning step.Warm in the presence of malice.
Barefoot among a skulk of men.
Eyes ahead and taller still,
I never look back.
No.I knew not your names.
I knew your numbers.
I knew you all too well.Two blades for every inch of flesh.
Ensanguined.
This is that which did not kill me.There's always room for one more blade...Not much a sight for sore eyes,
The harrowed form of living will:
Bent,
And black,
And so terribly cold.There's always strength for one last breath.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>