Be Winged

Shai Hulud

Show suffocation beneath the clouds,
The crusade for humanity is nearly lost.
Fumes of fould temperament thicken the air,
Envenomed by beings of inborn aggression.
If the wicked are never to rest,
Surely they will not be saved.
And so the hopeful drown in the hopeless.A glimpse of life in the midst of death,
The side of romance and delusion, always dies.
You, so selfless and concerned are no exception.There are only those who do not care,
And those who would cause you harm.
The remains of salvation lies in graveyards,
Where the soulful have since been absorbed by the soulless.Suffer the small truth,
In laboring for human redemption you are asking brick to be glass...Repeating lies to yourself just to keep your faith.
You lie to yourself to maintain your sanity.
We all lie to ourselves when we feel the hopelessness.
Of a grim tomorrow.Be winged, free from the mire of men.
Be winged, leave the dead soil to the dying.
Inherit the wind, soar from the coils that asphyxiate you.
Be winged and climb high, with a wingspan to humble mankind.

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