Ending the Perpetual Tragedy

Shai Hulud

Hear my words that I might teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you
That I might reach
Straight for your throatThis is madness
Will we not be satisfied
Until we sit drenched in each other's blood?The shame of only two appalling options
A taker of life, of a dead man
This is why the wives, the mothers, and children are mourningLove, as vital to life as blood to heart
Conquers pain
Lest death intrudes by means of it's
Flawed emissary, manOn this day, saints will be sinners
There will be no victors, only bereaved
This is why we mornLeaving the world blind, eye after eyeDisease inhabits the environs
Famine feeds our gardens
Flesh is predisposed to die
Death needs no aideWe bear blood to where we rest
And still we are not sleeplessAnd we will live such tragedy in perpetuityHer loved one is dead
His loved one is dead
My loved one is dead
Your loved one is deadThis is a tragedy

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