Chorus Of The Dissimilar

Shai Hulud

Gather all we cynics and outcasts-
Bastard line of the insensate kindred.
Monolithic, we are what won't sway in the wind.
We do not fall.As we feel deeply and think long,
We give rise to compassion-
This is how we trouble ourselves.
In the mockery of flesh this is dissimilar.Here malcontents are made,
Wrought forth in the hammering of the human spirit.
A rising of iconoclasts to disunite those bonded in apathy.
Here malcontents are made,
Skeptical of the ascension of man.All embattled we cynics and outcasts,
Raze and reshape the accepted social ordered for total rehumanization.

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

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