The Creation Ruin

Shai Hulud

Here's to you who would ruin creation.
Here's to you...See here blind men, we mean to bring you sight.
Gaze long upon your wasteland.
Into the eyes of the limbless, grieving and slain.
Pray you justify such suffering.
See here blind men.
You will see here.We will not mourn. Not this day.
Release the pallbearers. Quench the pyre.
We revolt by moonlight;
Bound by unrest, driven into lunacy.Maddened, mongering, guiltless, undiscerning...
The spear will silence the last of us.Farewell to breath and beating hearts,
Life drains into the soil.
Death is where men unite, after lifetimes of unrest.
And this is the folly of man,
Misspent fortunes of breath and beating hearts.
Death is where men unite. We unite only in death.
A union of corpses littered under a mourning moon.May the weight of the dead bring the burden of clarity.
In vengeance we are blind, masked by a black veil
Obstracting the vision, the heart, and the mind.
Exact reprisal and be damned.
Only unveiling brings deliverance from this,
Our familiar and cyclical fate...From the womb with warm blood on our faces;
To the grave with cold blood on our hands.Here's to you who would ruin creation...Here's an end to you.

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