

## The Red Chord

### "Embarrassment Legacy"

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In a dark room, rows of text.  
Alien to the outside world.  
Fear of contact by steel will.  
Embarrassment revealed.  
Hunger for a sterile feast.  
My needs are scorned.  
By insect blood I am born.  
Twist of fate, dealt a hand of improbability.  
Reborn.  
Temple of elemental evil awakens a need in my soul.  
Forced to crumble in my true form.  
As the need begins to control.  
Mental hunger sated but not for long.  
Legacy of triumph collapse.  
Of all the things that have disgraced me you're the one  
that hurt the most.  
Traded like cards, treated like garbage.  
Traded like coins, treated like garbage.  
I'll define what's left.  
Forgotten, disgraced, worthless.  
Your life and dreams are no match for reality.  
Life's work forgotten. My life's work is forgotten

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