

Shai**"Scornful Of The Motives And Virtue Of Others"**

Visit "[Scornful Of The Motives And Virtue Of Others](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rest assured...
This is true.
This is sincere.

Let this be my writ of misanthropy
To a thankless world of men
Who have perfected nothing.
Save the art of accusation.

Woe is he that feels compelled to pen.
Even one word of hatred.
I know the hate within passion
With which I love is a travesty.
Let this writ acknowledge these facts.

How I miss the warmth of red blood...
And it's merciless to the tenderhearted.
The color of pitch is cold and hard,

Its susceptibility to burn jet,
How I miss the strength of red blood...
And the might to withstand a brutal scorching.

How I have learned to wield this scorched, jet blood
All is not yet lost.
To the gross advantage...
This blood must not go to waste.

Take these words of blood ill-tempered.
Lacerate the soiled flesh.
Lut deep.
Take these words and
Impact the brittle bone.

And we all will bleed together.
May this blood pave the way to solution..
We have all been so wrong

Conditioned to accept and approve of substandard
Communication and behavior.
Reason is clouding,

Hearts are hardening,
And the result is murder.
This age is grave bound,
Likewise it's aging successors.
That pick at the corpses of the fallen.
Developing an even more insatiable thirst for chaos.
Aging, all the while, descending -
Life among hyenas and asps under vultures

And man will continue to suffer unto itself
Until some stand to rally the fray by firm example.
Chaos must succumb to order

Lest these days be numbered.
I simply cannot relate.
I cannot contribute to disarray.

Let this be my act of defiance.
Let this be my writ of anthropy...Let this be my refusal
to fit in.

Visit [Shai](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.