

Shai**"The Consummate Dragon"**

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It is truly the perfect being:

Its armor is tenfold shields.
Its teeth, swords.
Claws in the guise of greeting hands.

How does it sleep at night,
This tyrant -
Heaping slaves on the pyre
Just to watch ambition burn

It is truly the perfect being:

It's armor is tenfold shields,
And from it's tongue, fire.

Could any being verily bast in malevolence?
As if it's indifference might pardon it.
This tyrant.

He is the fatherless,
The arrogance of a being that insists it created itself.

What can it create?
This uninspired muse rules only barren lands.
It cannot create a thing.

Why the public speaks the truth,
Simply tear it down.

Dissent, and smolder.

Your thoughts are law, great dragon.
Just spare me and mine,
While i bide my time
Knowing you well,
The enemy

Cower may the everyman,
I show no recoil for
A would-be dragon

The common man is the consummate dragon -
The poorest excuse of a man.

My chest to shields.
My teeth to swords.
My hands to claws.
And fire...

Now we can make war.

A titan against a titan.

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