

## Shai

### "To Bear The Brunt Of Many Blades"

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Nothing that breathes is above betrayal.  
Nothing that breathes is divine.

Out from the shadows, well-wisher.  
The gleam of your blade gives you away.  
Drawn from me, my smiling assassin,  
Meet the blood that moved you-  
The blood of encouragement  
Spilling as common water.

They will serve you...

Long live the king.  
Soak up to your arms in his blood.

Long live the king;  
They will serve you well.

And you loyal friend, leave an ice pick in my neck as it  
were mine to keep.  
How terribly cold.

I breathe, and count my shallow breaths.  
Add another edge: Be sure to twist the blade.

If come one, come all of this,  
A celebration of treachery and scissored flesh.  
Fall in, stain your steel in festive red-  
Here, where the sheep are butchers.

A fresh patch of skin to pierce,  
One cannot resist.

Unsteady steps.  
Each waning, determined for purchase.  
I am he who falters, stricken with one thousand blades.  
With unsteady steps, I find my balance in deception.  
Step by burning step.

Warm in the presence of malice.  
Barefoot among a skulk of men.

Eyes ahead and taller still,  
I never look back.  
No.

I knew not your names.  
I knew your numbers.  
I knew you all too well.

Two blades for every inch of flesh.  
Ensanguined.  
This is that which did not kill me.

There's always room for one more blade...

Not much a sight for sore eyes,  
The harrowed form of living will:  
Bent,  
And black,  
And so terribly cold.

There's always strength for one last breath.

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