

Shai Hulud

"The Consummate Dragon"

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It is truly the perfect being
It's armor is tenfold shields
It's 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 its 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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