

# Ending The Perpetual Tragedy

Shai Hulud

Hear my words that I might teach you  
Take my arms that I might reach you  
That I might reach  
Straight for your throat

This is madness  
Will we not be satisfied  
Until we sit drenched in each other's blood?

The shame of only two appalling options:  
A taker of life, or a dead man  
This is why the wives, the mothers, and children are mourning

Love, as vital to life  
As blood to heart  
Conquers pain  
Lest death intrudes by means of its  
Flawed emissary, man

On this day, saints will be sinners  
There will be no victors, only bereaved  
This is why we mourn

Leaving the world blind, eye after eye

Disease inhabits the environs  
Famine feeds our gardens  
Flesh is predisposed to die  
Death needs no aide

We bear blood to where we rest  
And still we are not sleepless

And we will live such tragedy in perpetuity

Her loved one is dead  
His loved one is dead  
My loved one is dead  
Your loved one is dead

This is a tragedy