

When One Bests Defeat

Shai Hulud

The vigor in my soul won't stand for this anymore
The potency that is my being is far from ruin
Far from silenced And far from death
With Severed legs I'd walk with intent to prosper
A body plagued with sickness and still I'd dare to dream
For I can Breathe
my blood is fire and I bleed life
The defeatest is dead
No remorse for that man who dies
A sad bitter man whose contempt for himself
exceeded his contempt for the world
No remorse for those who
chis spirit A sad bitter lot whose lack of insight left a
man broken
Left many broken
The disenchanted led by the frightened
only blessed
With the absence of respect
A world enslaved by itself
but one was reborn to conquer
I climb to the crest and strive to climb higher
At the core of my being is vitality that
will not die
My blood is fire and I bleed life
My blood is fire