

Shai Hulud, The Consummate Dragon

It is truly the perfect being:

Its armor is tenfold sheilds.
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 sheilds,
And from its tongue, fire.

Could any being verily bask in malevolence?
As if its indifference might pardon it.
This Tyrant.

He is the fatherless.
With 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.

When 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.

Cover may the everymen,
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 sheilds.
My teeth to swords.
My hands to claws.
And fire...

Now we can make war.

A titan against a titan.