

# The Mean Spirits, Breathing

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Welcome to the new age where wealth is weighed in spirit.

And only dead men beam.  
There is no light in the loam.  
Sparks in the ash

Exhume the light  
Entomb breathing hate.

Vicious hearts are alive.  
The noble are dead.  
The earth thrives on the substance of its corpses.  
Mean Spirits, breathing, befoul the air.

Above ground tread the wretched.  
Destiny has been careless in how it's filled our tombs.

What rots underground,  
the remains scattered,  
was a godsend to mankind:  
Gentle hearts once nourished with hope and compassion.

As flesh judges flesh, bury the bodies bred in malice:  
Spite will smother in soil.

And I would trade 1000 lives for you.  
For one more moment in farewell.  
One more mere moment.  
1000 lives.  
For you.