

Aardvark, Meat

Scanning the crowd for a beauty
My vision's prepared by my lust
my senses are searching for signs
the only thing that I can trust
The scent of musk fills my nose
Hot eyes staring deep into mine
the steaming curves of her flesh
hit me right into my spine
Roaming through alleys in darkness
in search for pulsing blood
the smell of the living surrounds me
exciting my undead heart
The centuries building my memory
are wiped away by my greed
in the face of my paralysed prey
my cold brain is screaming for meat
Meat to feed my body
Blood to fill my vein
Carnal need corrupts control
just to keep me sane
Meat to cause existance
Flesh to please my soul
Carnal greed reflects the hunger
that I can't control
Feeling the hunger inside me
wakening savage desire
grabbing the fat-dripping pieces
roasted on hot glowing fire
biting and chewing the lumps
swallowing what used to live
achieving the sweet satisfaction
a well-filled stomache can give
Meat to feed my body
Blood to fill my vein
Carnal need corrupts control
just to keep me sane
Meat to cause existance
Flesh to please my soul
Carnal greed enjoys the hunger
that I won't control