

Dead Poetic, Cannibal Vs. Cunning

Im the sadist that reminds you of your blessing,
And the reaper that takes them away
To a place where they can lay there,
And wilt and rot away.

And this cells just as cold as you left it,
And Im scratching the walls to escape it.

Leave it to the Cannibal now.
Feed him whats left of us, the rest of us.
Leave it to the Cannibal now.
Feed him whats left of us. The Cunning wins again.

Im the glorified liar sending you sentiment,
And then posing as the innocent.
You dont know about ignorance or pain,
But you said you could take it away.

And this cells just as cold as you left it,
And Im scratching the walls to escape it.

Leave it to the Cannibal now.
Feed him whats left of us, the rest of us.
Leave it to the Cannibal now.
Feed him whats left of us. The Cunning wins again.

You call this inspiration. I call this a charade.
Driven by institution. Hell-bent on cleaning the stain.

I should grab all these cannibals, lay them all in a straight line,
And deny their requests for more, more, more.

Leave it to the Cannibal now.
Feed him whats left of us, the rest of us.
Leave it to the Cannibal now.
Feed him whats left of us. The Cunning wins again.