

Dead Soul Tribe, Feed, Part I: Stone By Stone

A skeleton made of houses
Something out of the nothingness
Will be born
Asleep for a thousand years
Taking form
Stone by stone
Stone by stone

Something is starting to breathe
Something is coming alive
What which should never be
Spawned by the demon seed
Don't let the fetus survive

Spine that is twisted
Winded and withering
A mouth full of war
Contorted and gibbering
Fist full of promises
Cracking and splintering

Her Claws will be made of missiles
Machine guns and aeroplanes
Blood stains and honest faces
Stone by stone

Veins will be made of highways
Telephone wires
Entangle the mire below
Stone by stone

Something is starting to feed
Something beginning to thrive
Don't set the demon free
Don't let it ever be
Don't let it eat us alive

Bullets and war faces
Twisting and tattering
Towers are shaking
Unmaking and shattering
Gears of the gold machine
Quaking and clattering

Feeding on hate
Feeding on innocence
Feeding on weakness
Feeding on violence
Feeding on hope
Feeding on need
Feeding on charity
Feeding on greed
Feeding on lies
Feeding on tears
Feeding on bad intent
Feeding on fear
Feeding on you
Feeding on me
Feeding on everyone
Feeding on everything

The grand tribulation
Elation of misery
The devils gestation

We tend through the centuries
A surrogate sanctum
In spiraling entropy