

# Luddite Clone, Arthropod

Isn't this enough to feed your lust does the blood not  
satisfy your tongue it used to kill the cravings it used to soothe the beast  
I used to chant the  
suicide mantra and it was all that I could hear and you waited for the endge  
so you could be  
the vulture so you could feast away but now you grow impatient and the hymn  
is not enough  
you're begging for the symphony and calling for the maestro to strike up the  
band and cut my  
feeble throat isn't this enough isn't this your ride playing with the  
handgun painting with my  
blood and constructing ugly portraits to make me burn the brushes