

Mercenary, Alternative Ways

THE HUNTING SEASON BEGINS

ONLY WHEN THE SPIDER SPINS A WEB
ITS UNPROTECTED FROM THE STALKING GRIP
OF PREDATORS LURKING DESCRETE IN THE TREES
THEIR NIGHTSIGHT LIGHTS UP THE SKYLINE IN GREED
THE HOWLING FAR AWAY CAN BE HEARD
A WOLF SHOT DOWN BY A HUNTER IN THE DIRT

EXPLODE THERE MUST BE ALTERNATIVE WAYS
AND IF SO THERE WILL BE ALTERNATIVE DAYS

NATURALISTIC WAY OF THE NATURE THROUGH TIME
THE HARSH DIM REALITY EXISTS DONT DENY
SURVIVAL OF THE STRONGEST NO LONGER IS TRUE
WHEN TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN IS ME AND YOU

DECORATING YOUR DOMICILE WITH PRECIOUS DEER
SHOOT DOWN BY YOURSELF AND HUNG UP HERE
THE BLACK SKIN TORN OF AND SOLD AS FUR
THE REST IS THROWN OUT TO THE STARVING EARTH

AND AS FOR YOUR PRIDE
IT'S ONLY FICTION
REALITY BITES
IN DESPERATION

STILL YOU DECIDE TO REAP WHAT YOU NEVER SOWED
STEAL WHAT YOU CAN WITH BOTH HANDS THEY'LL NEVER KNOW
UNTILL THAT DAY COMES WHEN YOU'VE STOLE IT ALL
IT'S CALLED EXTINCTION THAT'S THE WORD IGNORED BY
US AND ONLY US

EAGLES HAWKS AND FALCONS COULD THRIFE
WITH NO BLOOD RED SKIES IN THE HORIZON

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