

# Origin, Manimal Instincts

You are helpless to me, hunting my prey, smelling my blood  
I am hungry you see, nothing to eat, stomach empty  
Your poor victim to be, take your clothes off, give yourself up  
I am physically stronger than you, what can you do?

You're my prey, my next kill, put you inside of me, time to feed  
Hung and bled, stripped and ripped, start to eviscerate  
Man of beast, beast of man  
Quench me of my hunger, satiate my thirst  
One more bite of flesh, just one more drop of blood

You are dead, used up, rot in the ground for me  
You are dead, used up, you are dead  
Devoured your blood, sipped it real slow, lived all it's pain  
Tasted so good, when it ran fresh, straight from the wounds  
Pouring out the red, thick, rich and warm, into my mouth  
Blood has gone bad, when it runs black, I drink of it's death

Manimal of mankind, ancient lycanthrope  
Feeding on the blood of man and his mortal flesh  
Territorial beast, born to kill and feed  
Awaken from sleep, bring forth your wretched horror  
Eyes gaze deep into yours, frozen in fear, shitting your pants  
I have instincts to feed, ardors to treat, sweetness to taste  
Tongue swells, oozing with spit, gritting my teeth, ready to bite

Earth's blood wolf comes for you, there's nothing you can do  
Death's waiting here for you inside my sturdy ribcage  
Fangs dig in deep, pierce your flesh, bleeding bestial atrocity  
Claws grasp your pain, squeeze your life  
Gasping, spitting out a pool of blood  
Jaws locked on tight, crushing bone, screaming, animal ferocity  
Strength to kill man, feeding on man bleeding, manly inhumanitans