

# Death, Bite The Pain

Look down at the body  
You may see no trace of wounds  
But in the eye  
The eye of the beholder  
One cannot assume

Not a drop of blood is drawn  
But you know how it bleeds  
Beware of the sharp edged weapon  
Called human being

It is a shield of passion  
And strong will  
From this I am the victor  
Instead of the kill

I will not feed your hunger, Instead  
I bite the pain  
Looking not back, But forward  
I bite down hard  
Try to cover up the trail of deceit  
And daggers spawned from your soul

Acid, the tears of remorse  
Flow in vain, Too late for regrets  
Save it  
For the next ill fated game