

Death, Primitive Ways

Go against the ways and experience pain
Leading a life which one might call insane
Bathe in the blood of the one you killed
Slaughter to survive, Your needs are fulfilled

Using horrid waste
Some of them will taste
Removing deadly disease
With such primitive ease

Cannibals practising the art of butchery
Emotions don't exist, Pain you can't resist

Primitive ways

Conducting ceremonies to meet the ancient ones
While having an outer body experience
Celebrate the kill of the day
Then walk among the guts of the fallen prey

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Some of them will taste
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