

# 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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