

Death, Scavenger Of Human Sorrow

What pain will it take
To satisfy your sick appetite
Go in for the kill
Always in sight-prey
The time always right-feast
Feed on the pain-taste
Sorrow made flesh-sweet
Live how you want
Just don't feed on me
If you doubt what I say
I will make you believe
Shallow are words from those who starve
For a dream not their own to slash and scar

Big words, Small mind
Behind the pain you will find
A scavenger of human sorrow
Scavenger
Abstract theory the weapon of choice
Used by scavenger of human sorrow
Scavenger

So you have traveled far across the sea
To spread yor written brand of misery