

# 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