

# The Ocean, Queen Of The Food Chain

You sure know the rules  
To turn all heads to your menu  
For this is all you show  
... For this is all you have to offer  
As she grows pale and old  
This color was never your own ever since you bought the security of control  
With then feet of soil on your chest to choke any whiff of animation  
Bury all risks forever  
Walk on blood-red sands  
Soaked with the grief of coveting docile hands  
Crushed by your own rocks  
And this is what you draw upon:  
Feast on the purity of breathing organic matter  
No need to cut off her wings:  
Your words lay like stones in her stomach  
She takes everything  
She's the queen of the food-chain  
The last one to starve  
The first one to bleed into oblivion