

# The Starving Beast

Benighted

Silent crowd staring, aligned in a deadly regularity  
Pride of place, sense of solemnity  
A taste of sweat, funeral atmosphere  
Gathered to feed the lion with impure  
It's happening again  
All the bloodthirsty witnesses waiting for fluids to get spilled  
Barbaric admiration

Stitched mouths and dead eyes with cruel glances  
The alpha-male untied  
Reach satisfaction, where the world ends  
Every tension gone only remains the shame  
Surrounded by emptiness

Again, darkness settled upon the place in a hoarse rumbling  
Majestic beast appearance, freed from its unspeakable dark, in  
its glorious height

Harmonious moves, vice dancing in violence  
Chaotic rhythm of the strong grip  
Reflections of deformed grimaces

Echoes of the untold  
While mute witnesses are stained with fluids  
And time comes to turn off the lights  
The starving beast