

The Jackal

Fit For An Autopsy

Just like a curse.
A walking plague of gluttony.
Ripping through the stomachs of the needless greedy.
The rotting apple that we consume every day.
The decomposing flesh that serves as armor for the hungry.
We are ravenous, starving for tragedy.
We are war and peace.
We are self destruction.
We are life and death.
We are suicide.
No one gets out alive.
You are nothing but an empty, wasted life.
You'll never fucking make it out alive.
Prisoners to our own pathetic lives.
Existing only as guiltless parasites.
Dead man walking in desperation.
Waiting for a change.
Begging for the end, while you make your peace with god,
I wage war with the rest of the world.