

Human Jackals

Those Poor Bastards

Jackals
Human jackals
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If you're wounded they will hunt you
When you're dying they will feed
Gnawing on defenseless bones
In your time of greatest need

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Laws of vast archaic knowledge
Only they know all the rules
Draining fast your tiny fortune
Trust them not oh helpless fools

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Call for some sane intervention
No one comes they don't exist
Try to fight them they will scoff
And crush you slowly 'neath their fist

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