

## Fur and Claw

## Thy Art Is Murder

Human parasite  
Burn in the body bag  
Stuff the sacs with disease and filth  
Homicide to purify  
A world of wither and wilt  
We are the human parasite  
Slaves with no masters  
Human parasite  
Global infliction  
Global disaster  
The ravens turn their eyes from the land  
And take flight towards the sea  
Where they finally collapse in exhaustion  
And sink to the abyss and algae  
And the slugs burrow into soil  
Channeling through timber and vine  
Where they finally wain and wither  
Beneath weeping pines  
And the wolves lead the flocks to the hilltops  
Where they hurl unto plains below  
Twisted and broken by rock  
They sink to the catacombs  
Oh wrath of man  
Fur and claw  
Now flee the land  
Blind to the failures of the flesh  
Nothing to return  
Nothing is left  
Human parasite  
Human parasite  
Conscience settles into comfort  
Still bound by tragedy  
To an earth that heaves with ruin  
Contempt in suffering  
Look now upon your brother  
The vessel of foul will  
You will see the face of another  
Complacent with the blood that spills  
Servants with no masters  
Masters with no soul  
Man is a plague swallowing all he beholds  
Oh wrath of man  
Fur and claw  
Now flee the land  
Burn in the body bag  
Human parasite  
Burn in the body bag  
Human parasite