

Carnivore

Body Count

Carnivore!
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I roam the streets at night, stalk my prey
Watch your back, nobody's safe
You will make it to the grave
You can scream, you won't be saved
Just the echos of cries and moans
All I leave is blood and bones
Corpse of the dead considered fresh
I crave for the taste of flesh
Carnivorous, it is God's will
For me to live, I have to kill
Sacrifice is made each week
Strip the carcass, eat the meat
Digest meat, kill, repeat
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As savage as this all may seem
I am called a human being

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Bloodthirsty, some may say
I have always been this way
Watch my mother clean a fish
Gut a chicken, make a dish
I eat life to stay alive
Even plants are still alive
Carnivorous, I don't lie
Beware of me, I will survive

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City streets are my domain
Gut the victims, bleed the veins
Nightly news gives my report
Sometimes I just kill for sport
Black or white, I have no race
Double barrel to your face
Leave you lying on your back
I am known to roam in pack
Ever since the birth of man
Humans died by human hands
Swords, bullets, guns, and knives
Armies, countries, gangs, and tribes
Barbaric wars of mega-death
Animals that stand erect
Murder, and we lust for more
Yes, I am the carnivore