

Scavenger of Human Sorrow

Death

What pain will it take
To satisfy your sick appetite
Go in for the kill
Always in sight-prey
The time always right-feast
Feed on the pain-taste
Sorrow made flesh-sweet
Live how you want
Just don't feed on me
If you doubt what I say
I will make you believe
Shallow are words from those who starve
For a dream not their own to slash and scar

Big words, small mind
Behind the pain you will find
A scavenger of human sorrow
Scavenger
Abstract theory the weapon of choice
Used by a scavenger of human sorrow
Scavenger

So you have traveled far across the sea
To spread your written brand of misery

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The time always right-feast
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