

Feeding Time

Deeds of Flesh

A hungry pack
Of ferocious beasts
Only desires
Are that of meat

Something big
Is coming this way
With only two
It will surely be
Our nights prey

Stalking stealthfully
The smell is increasing
Seeing the victim
They soon will be eating
Pound of flesh
Standing there waiting

Moving under the tree
Attacked by two then three
Tearing at the back and neck
The gian releases a fit of sreams
Try to run away
But one has the leg

Ripping it down we have it now
Torn to pieces for the feeding

Go for the corpse
Scrapping for meat

Punching large teeth
Through the skin
Face soaked
With bloody chunks

Go for the corpse

Moving under the tree
Attacked by two then three
Tearing at the back and neck
The gian releases a fit of sreams
Try to run away

Tasting the fresh kill
Is turning him greedy
Only the largest eat freely