

Predator

Ella Red

I am the slyly stalking fox
I am the bitter bite that locks
I am the shark with forty-seven rows
Of teeth between my jaws
I am the silence on the wind
I'm full of venom for your skin
Something's there, it's just a twinge
A bit of blood along my grin

Mind to muscle
Function failing
I am what remains

You better run, I've got the gun, already won
I am the parasite under your skin
I am the predator hiding within

I'm what your churches call a, "Saint" (Ahh-ah)
I am the serpent from your faith
I am the reason you feel faint and all
Your blood has been replaced
I am the greed in all your Kings
I am the famine during spring
I am the crown - the President's ball
I am the war where everyone falls

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(Predator)
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