

## Incisor

## English Dogs

teeth grind down the last bite  
the victims last breath drawn tonight  
the biting the tearing of the flesh  
the moment he's ready to strike

eyes of hatred, jaws of fear  
now that your end is so near  
attacking and mauling, screaming in pain  
no one around you can hear

the incisor strikes  
upon you  
biting right down to the bone  
weapons of steel  
devour you  
throat torn out so you cant moan

the bodies just remains  
what evil creature could do this?  
stomach torn out, head has no brains  
the curse of an evil black witch

town lives in fear of revenge  
the creature that howls in the night  
stalking and waiting for his prey  
selecting the time that is right

devil is the beast that roams in the dark for sundown to come  
terror of the town that waits for the mark of the deadly black  
sun  
surviving and watching in fear of the creature  
that makes death a reality  
no one can sense that the killing the devil, the creature, the  
evil is me