

The Wolf

Fit For An Autopsy

Stalking the herd with a rapid sense of purpose. The desperate
hunter
Smells the fear in the fleeting cattle. Driven by survival, and
the
Sound by the children crying. Surrounded by flies, maggots, and
Parasites. Waiting to feed on the bodies of the dying. The old
wolf
With silver in his eyes, hears more than you see and knows it i
s him
Who is not truly blind. The cracked teeth never fail to chew tr
ough
The bone. Guardian of nothing. The rotting earth is his throne.
Convulsing in final word conversations. Indulging in last suppe
r death
Bed invitations. The vultures tear at barren life. Scavengers p
ick at
The chalk lines of dry corpses disgust for all that's breathing
and
That's living. Decomposition of the wretched failure we call ou
r
Lives. Watch them feed, a colony of fools. Scraping at the plat
es of
The lesser beings. Insatiable impatience. The wolf is foaming a
t the
Mouth. The flock turns into a frenzy. Bloodthirsty Appetite.
Devolutionized through carnage piece by piece, bite by bite. Pr
ocess
Of human extermination. Progress by impending elimination. The
Wretched failure we call our lives.