

Broken Prey

Immolation

Converging on us
With blood-soaked greed
Scouring the wastelands
On suffering they feed

The scent of death
Draws them near
The leeches take hold
Pick our bones clean

Scavengers
In a sea of human wreckage
Unfortunate souls
Left victim to the plight of man

As the tyranny of man is unleashed upon us all
We're cast into its dismal aftermath
A symptom of our gradual decline
Devouring all these broken lives have left

Beaten and ravaged they lay
The vultures circle their prey
Descending through smoke-filled fires
The vulnerable will not survive

Revel in misery
To bleed us dry
The vermin strike at will
Swift in their attack