

# Feeding The Meatgrinder

Shadow Of Intent

Violent attrition  
Salivating for the kill  
Brutality is to be redefined  
They aim to dominate  
Hordes metastasize a vengeance indiscriminate  
Disregard for human life is in the nature of the business

Environmental deletion  
The lurking reaper aims  
Heaps of corpses maimed and scattered  
Only death now remains

This brutalizing reaches critical acclaim  
They are set – initiate the final phase  
Burst humans lined in trenches  
Burning limbs are commonplace  
There are bodies mutilated, faceless  
Gaping holes have now replaced this

Sanitizing the grounds of fecal footsteps  
Force-feeding a meatgrinder  
Aim to dominate

Scores of humans destroyed  
Laughter for the perished  
War is worse than hell  
We've seen to this

Stay and die  
Hunting to the last man  
Many men will meet their end

Live or die – the choice is yours  
Continue to bleed or feed  
You're feeding the meatgrinder  
Drawn and quartered  
Venture into the black  
Trudging onwards through ruination

The more they kill, the more commemoration  
Disheveled drones meander, locating lost bodies  
They soon will be the ones who die

Seize the urge to forfeit  
Broken, seeking to cower  
A stone's throw away from hell  
They meet the final hour

A place where men are either broken, destroyed, or made  
Made to fucking scream

They're hunted to the last man  
Many men have met their end there

To stay and die  
The choice is made  
Your body jamming the gears of the meatgrinder

Behold, the grand design  
The envisioned future of mankind

Caskets closed shall return home – with absent hosts  
Razors to the throats of the onlookers – they'll become ghosts

Walls begin closing in  
A death sentence from your own kin  
Final moment in your skin

Into the belly of the beast  
To feed the meatgrinder

Hug the ground  
Become one with the earth  
The faceless reaper shows its hand  
Retrospective admonishment  
The final moment you have feared...  
Has assimilated