

Whose smoke I see up on the burning bow?
I squint my eyes but I still don't know
I've been smelling fear on you
Burning buildings, morning dew

Who swings the sword of the violent night?
Poor baby didn't put up a fight
Now they're hungry for our blood
Elbows deep in fetid mud

Creature crawling in the morning light
Belly dragging, oh, what a sight
Awfully swollen, eyes askew
No more human hunter do

Slide down deep, baby, in its lair
Laying among the bones and hair
This evening begins anew
Creature, come on, slay a few