

## **The Banner "Devilhawks"**

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Night falls like a guillotine  
On the living tonight, hoods up an knives out for the  
terrified.  
Ugly, broke, broken hearted losers hear the cry,  
Split the belly and spill out into the night.  
Black eyes, bloody knuckles and broken bones.  
Carving cryptic epitaphs into the stone.  
Feeding on the screaming like it's their last night alive,  
Peeling back the skull's flesh as the blood fills their  
eyes.  
Burn away the beautiful in fire red skies,  
Burying the living as the devilhawk flies.  
Moonlight's a green light, for the devilhawk.  
Sidestep into switchblades, and nail your hope to a  
cross.  
Locking up the children as they howl at the door.  
Sweaty hands clutching pistols on the bathroom floor.  
Rusted silver crucifixes held tight in hand.  
Remembering religion as you pray for an end.  
Face us, face death, shallow graves.  
Hoods up knives out, end of days.  
The sun rises on mass graves and the hawks feed the  
vultures for another day.

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