

Dagon

"Wave Of Predation"

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May I tell you of my passion for the dead?
Erotic only in its subtext
Experimental fantasy, realized just recently
Gourmets, but only of a subset

Beware ye paupers
Likewise ye men of power
We hunters roam the sea
Seeking whom we may devour

We drifted on...
Till starvation struck and decency was gone...
And now we have changed...
We gleefully embrace a life deranged...

The finest wines, like vinegar, fall bitter from my lips
Like soot and ash, the choicest roasted game
The taste I crave, a scarlet flow in transit to the crypts
Each meal I savor had a name

We butcher the flesh of the living
To consume the flesh of the dead

Our legend grows as empty vessels drift into the ports
No sign of crew save the blood stains on the deck
All men shall quake at the mention of our names
A plague in every tongue and dialect

When winds do blow
Cold enough to chill your very soul
And when the tempest wails
Keep one eye on the sea for scarlet sails

Explanation:

This song is written from the perspective of a sailor on a lost ship. The vessel "drifted on" aimlessly until the crew nearly starved and was forced into cannibalism. As a result of this ordeal they have "changed". Embracing deep evil and adapting to an all-human diet, they now sail the seas seeking ships to capture

and crews to devour.

Meanwhile, on the mainland, empty ships drift into the bays. No crew can be found. They seem to have disappeared. Only the cannibal crew know exactly what happened. They are the wave of predation.

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