

## Cryptic Wintermoon

### "Leach"

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Your thin lips, curl, into a smile,  
Which seems so bitter.  
Your eyes glitter, as the nectar flows.

Your foresight, must be, 20, 20.  
For your timing, is pristine.  
You seem to have, chosen, the right seat.

Consume, reap the benefits,  
Of your, hopeless ignorance.  
We have, nothing left to debate,  
You are, a fucking parasite.

You seem to find, satisfaction,  
Within, the affluence of all your na?ve kin.

Did you really think, we wouldn't see straight through  
this.  
Act which you, portray without a conscience.  
Could you please, constrain yourself within this,  
Shattered shell, where, you've hidden all, your  
integrity.

Seep it up, until your vain is fulfilled.  
Strain some more, or you will idle farther.  
For in this place, there is nothing further,  
Than to lie, in this relative darkness.

I, have witnessed, this suffering, your suffering,  
Has led, you to, cross that line, to cross the line. [x2]

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Strain some more, or you will idle farther.  
For in this place, there is nothing further,  
Than to lie, in this relative darkness.

Consume, reap the benefits,  
Of your, hopeless ignorance.  
We have, nothing left to debate,  
You are, a fucking parasite.  
Consume the benefits.

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Which seems so bitter

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