

Phantogram

"Praying With The Mantis"

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[Taylor, Green]

Plumes of smoke are rising from the city streets below
Stainless steel and candle wax cast a sickly glow

Let us prey

Death will stalk the streets tonight in leather faded grey
The echoed screams of agony ring in the canyon's
break

Each and every night he pulls the sword out of the
stone
Preying with the mantis

Surgical precision but the work is never done
So much sin and so much pain-
Rise with the setting sun

Through darkened panes the silent eyes watch the
canyon floor
The hunter now the hunted when death slips out the
door

Each and every night he pulls the sword out of the
stone
Preying with the mantis

Through the damp and silent streets past pyramids of
light
Keeping to the shadows-
A creature of the night
The crush of flesh, caress of steel, the sound of
breaking bone
As night fades into nothing the mantis stands alone

Each and every night he pulls the sword out of the
stone
Preying with the mantis

