

Death

"Scavenger Of Human Sorrow"

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What pain will it take?
To satisfy you
Your sick appetite
Go in for the kill

Always in sight, prey
The time always right, feast
Feed on the pain, taste
Sorrow made flesh, sweet

Live how you want
Just don't feed on me
If you doubt what I say
I will make you believe
Shallow are words
From those who starve
For a dream not their own to
Slash and scar

Big words small mind
Behind the pain you will find a scavenger
Of human sorrow
Scavenger

Abstract theory
The weapon of choice used by a scavenger
Of human sorrow
Scavenger

So you have traveled far
Across the sea
To spread your written brand
Of misery

Always in sight, prey
The time always right, feast
Feed on the pain, taste
Sorrow made flesh, sweet

Live how you want
Just don't feed on me
If you doubt what I say

I will make you believe
Shallow are words
From those who starve
For a dream not their own to
Slash and scar

Big words, small mind
Behind the pain you will find a scavenger
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