

## **Tacit Fury**

### **"Biomass"**

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I'm the slaughter, I'm the beast  
With the rise of moon I go  
To the fields on the feast  
Cruelly shooting my flame-thrower  
Burn the bodies, Take the life's  
With the smell of rusty bones  
I enjoy their poor cries  
Crushing heads with heavy stones

Who were that people?  
I don't know  
Now it's a bloody  
BIOMASS

I need nothing, I want deaths  
It's my job to paint scenes  
Of artistic bloody mess  
How much for me it means  
Cut the fingers, smash the face  
Place the parts on pentagram  
Make inside it burning haze  
That will be my future theme

What for I killed them  
I don't know  
But it's a pretty  
BIOMASS

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