

Pagan's Mind

"The Flesh"

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Eaten by the victors
Reduced to a pile of bones
A source for those who conquer
To draw strength from your soul

As the spear ended your life
You became the fountain
The well of power and nourishment
For the warrior that took your life

By knife, by sword, by bullet
Throughout history
The fallen is devoured
By those of victory

The flesh and the power that it holds
Suck the marrow from the bone
The flesh and the power that it holds
Gain straight from the fallen soul

Eaten by the victors
Reduced to a pile of bones
A source for those who conquer
To draw strength from your soul

By knife, by sword, by bullet
Throughout history
The fallen is devoured
By those of victory

The flesh and the power that it holds

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