

## Fictional

# "Hunting Machine"

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Rows and rows of teeth  
As sharp as a razor blade  
Laying by the river bank  
Waiting for his prey

Along comes his prey  
With no sense of fear  
The hunter takes his chance  
And bites off his ear

He's the hunting machine  
King of his land  
He takes opportunities  
That falls in his hand  
He's the hunting machine  
An ancient dinosaur  
One thing you don't want  
Sitting by your door

As night turns to day  
He lays in the baking sun  
Building up his energy  
And thinking about his tum

A sorry soul comes along  
As blind as night can be  
Has no chance to take a breath  
And the hunter has his tea

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