

Fit For An Autopsy "The Wolf"

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Stalking the herd with a rapid sense of purpose. The
desperate hunter
Smells the fear in the fleeting cattle. Driven by survival,
and the
Sound by the children crying. Surrounded by flies,
maggots, and
Parasites. Waiting to feed on the bodies of the dying.
The old wolf
With silver in his eyes, hears more than you see and
knows it is him
Who is not truly blind. The cracked teeth never fail to
chew trough
The bone. Guardian of nothing. The rotting earth is his
throne.
Convulsing in final word conversations. Indulging in
last supper death
Bed invitations. The vultures tear at barren life.
Scavengers pick at
The chalk lines of dry corpses disgust for all that's
breathing and
That's living. Decomposition of the wretched failure we
call our
Lives. Watch them feed, a colony of fools. Scraping at
the plates of
The lesser beings. Insatiable impatience. The wolf is
foaming at the
Mouth. The flock turns into a frenzy. Bloodthirsty
Appetite.
Devolutionized through carnage piece by piece, bite by
bite. Process
Of human extermination. Progress by impending
elimination. The
Wretched failure we call our lives.

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