

## Lang K.D. "Diet Of Strange Places"

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Starving, I've got this hunger  
Growing from deep within  
Carving an internal thunder  
Oh a craving that wears me thin

Well, it's hard to ingest  
So many faces  
I get my fill but still  
Those passersby  
Leave me empty  
On a diet of strange places  
It all should enhance my senses  
Tell me why  
Does the spice of loneliness  
Seem all but tasteless  
And lays there  
To haunt me from inside  
And leaves me...

Many a trap  
Are set and baited  
From tension  
Of temptation of the game  
But ones who are fed  
Are those who waited  
Takes...  
Leaves it curbed and tame  
Only time I'll find me home  
And safely set  
But until that time I'll remain

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