

## Harvesting The Blood

Avulsed

I am the spreader of disease and sickness  
A harvest of flesh is what I need  
I thrive on human suffering  
Endlessly I submit them to my greed

Licking the blade before I slide it in  
Out pours memories, life and sin  
The fluid you leak is what feeds my desire  
Repeatedly I stab again and again

I'm the soul collector  
The usurper of lives  
I pronounce the sentence  
The sentence of death

A robber of time as your death is premature  
Ripping lives apart is what I'm living for  
The sweet stench of human decay  
As you fear my deed, resign and bleed

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Harvesting the blood  
The dreams I have are drenched in blood  
Festering the flesh  
Through in human form my acts are of god

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I pronounce the sentence  
The sentence of death