

Voracious Backpacker

Avulsed

(He was) Living in deep misery
His life was is ruin
Not even a family
With whom to share his life

No friends, no home, no job
Lost all hope and faith
Starvation was coming
Desperation ruled his life

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Had no choice but searching some way to feed
So then he took his backpack
Uncertain journey through unknown routes
Looking for victims without trace

Unwary partners in trip, were the best
Nobody would miss them at all
Keeping body parts in hermetic plastic bags
Saving food for the long run

Feet, arms gnawing the bones, tasting the flesh, hands, legs
Licking the fluids, chewing entrails

This way he moved around not being suspect
Eating and travelling for free
He knows there's not way back and he don't even want
His life is full for once and all

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