

Cannibal vs. Cunning

Dead Poetic

I'm the [Incomprehensible] that reminds you of your blessing
And I'm reaper that takes them away
To a place where they can lay there
And wilt and rot away
Leave it to the cannibal now
Feed him what's left of us, the cunning wins again
Leave it to the cannibal now
Feed him what's left of us, the cunning wins again
I'm the glorified liar sending you sentiment
And then posing as the innocent
You don't know about ignorance or pain
But you said you could take it away
Leave it to the cannibal now
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You call this inspiration, I call this a charade
Driven by institution, hell-bent on having the stain
I should grab all these cannibals
Lay them all in a straight line
And deny their requests for more, more, more, more
Leave it to the cannibal now
Feed him what's left of us, the cunning wins again
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