

## Feed, Part I: Stone By Stone

Deadsoul Tribe

A skeleton made of houses  
Something out of the nothingness  
Will be born  
Asleep for a thousand years  
Taking form  
Stone by stone  
Stone by stone

Something is starting to breathe  
Something is coming alive  
What which should never be  
Spawned by the demon seed  
Don't let the fetus survive

Spine that is twisted  
Winded and withering  
A mouth full of war  
Contorted and gibbering  
Fist full of promises  
Cracking and splintering

Her Claws will be made of missiles  
Machine guns and aeroplanes  
Blood stains and honest faces  
Stone by stone

Veins will be made of highways  
Telephone wires  
Entangle the mire below  
Stone by stone

Something is starting to feed  
Something beginning to thrive  
Don't set the demon free  
Don't let it ever be  
Don't let it eat us alive

Bullets and war faces  
Twisting and tattering  
Towers are shaking  
Unmaking and shattering  
Gears of the gold machine  
Quaking and clattering

Feeding on hate  
Feeding on innocence  
Feeding on weakness  
Feeding on violence  
Feeding on hope  
Feeding on need  
Feeding on charity  
Feeding on greed  
Feeding on lies  
Feeding on tears  
Feeding on bad intent  
Feeding on fear  
Feeding on you

Feeding on me  
Feeding on everyone  
Feeding on everything

The grand tribulation  
Elation of misery  
The devils gestation  
We tend through the centuries  
A surrogate sanctum  
In spiraling entropy