

## Scavenger of Human Sorrow

Death

What pain will it take  
To satisfy your sick appetite  
Go in for the kill  
Always in sight-prey  
The time always right-feast  
Feed on the pain-taste  
Sorrow made flesh-sweet  
Live how you want  
Just don't feed on me  
If you doubt what I say  
I will make you believe  
Shallow are words from those who starve  
For a dream not their own to slash and scar

Big words, small mind  
Behind the pain you will find  
A scavenger of human sorrow  
Scavenger  
Abstract theory the weapon of choice  
Used by a scavenger of human sorrow  
Scavenger

So you have traveled far across the sea  
To spread your written brand of misery

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