

## Feed on the Fallen

Defleshed

We lurch over sprawling dead  
Pain them not, but crush their heads

Front's no longer far  
Explosions ceaseless are

You're going down

Following order  
to bring disorder  
once we have crossed the border

It has cost a thousand men  
yet we form and strike again

We feed on the fallen  
We weed out the weak  
We prosper on the fallen  
and the feebles we do seek

We practise proxy warfare

Rapidly the warriors decrease  
Soon alone and living is a breeze

Following order  
to bring disorder

It has cost a thousand men  
yet we form and strike again  
Blood is easily sold  
for the price of solid gold

We've killed them all then  
empowered by the fallen