

Apex Predator – Easy Meat

Napalm Death

A stampede to rush forward,
yet I'm in retreat
Far horizon greedily
sucks in the keen
Descend down the scale
on drooping stumps
I've wished to shear
Come, the predatory to luckless
Spread-eagled, I am easy meat

A mound for a quarrel,
none more austere
A lebensraum in landfill
I had once pieced (together)
Tail the higher caste and shovel
whatever foulness they excrete
Come, the predatory to luckless Razed to the ground, I am easy
meat

Tenderise chunks of a weakling
Claim on bare bones for bleaching
Thousand-yard stares
for the meeting

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