

## 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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