

# The Shape Of Things

Sanctity

As I watch this creature grow  
It starts to take a look  
Just under it's own being

And what it finds  
Will be the nothing it has sought  
Lost for all time, this prize

When will it bite the hand that feeds it  
First taste of flesh it is so pure  
The shape of things so twisted

With one quick strike  
The master turns to slave  
The beast has grown from it's bonds

And what it finds  
Outside the gates of it's own mind  
For all time unkind

When will it bite the hand that feeds it  
First taste of flesh it is so pure  
The shape of things so twisted

As I watch this creature grow  
It starts to take a look  
Just under it's own being

When will it bite the hand that feeds it  
First taste of flesh it is so pure  
The shape of things so twisted  
No longer recognize this nightmare