

Scavengers

Silence The Messenger

Lay your head upon this pile of rotting flesh until you see the truth.
Vultures have their way with your carcass after you pass.
A fucking meal for these scavengers, nothing more.
In death, as in life, you are used by those who care for nothing,
other than their own personal gain.
They are bottom feeders. They are vultures, a waste of life.
They feed off the corpses, they pick at the bones.
They are the deceivers.
Your fears tower over you like pillars of shame.
Your guilt weighs you down, it has become your backbreaker.
A house of regret has become your tomb.
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Scavengers.