

Fur and Claw

Thy Art Is Murder

Human parasite
Burn in the body bag
Stuff the sacs with disease and filth
Homicide to purify
A world of wither and wilt
We are the human parasite
Slaves with no masters
Human parasite
Global infliction
Global disaster
The ravens turn their eyes from the land
And take flight towards the sea
Where they finally collapse in exhaustion
And sink to the abyss and algae
And the slugs burrow into soil
Channeling through timber and vine
Where they finally wain and wither
Beneath weeping pines
And the wolves lead the flocks to the hilltops
Where they hurl unto plains below
Twisted and broken by rock
They sink to the catacombs
Oh wrath of man
Fur and claw
Now flee the land
Blind to the failures of the flesh
Nothing to return
Nothing is left
Human parasite
Human parasite
Conscience settles into comfort
Still bound by tragedy
To an earth that heaves with ruin
Contempt in suffering
Look now upon your brother
The vessel of foul will
You will see the face of another
Complacent with the blood that spills
Servants with no masters
Masters with no soul
Man is a plague swallowing all he beholds
Oh wrath of man
Fur and claw
Now flee the land
Burn in the body bag
Human parasite
Burn in the body bag
Human parasite