

Fed To The Dogs

Visceral Bleeding

Nervous twitching, panic rising, heart is pounding, hard to breathe
Running, fleeing, there's no way, to overpower these mad beasts
Feel them gaining, getting closer, soon they'll have my scent
Turn, run another way
Sudden moves, sudden spin, have to make them go the other way
Make them lose my scent, predators, running, hunting me
Wants my blood, want to sink, their razor-sharp teeth into me
Craving blood imagining, teeth in me
As I turn, I scratch my arm, blood from the wound will fuel the
inner rage
Eyes are burning, from the sweat, running down my white pale face,
In the corner of my eye, I see them, they have run me down

Gnawing, chewing, tearing ripping flesh
Their grizzly wrath unleashed upon me
I'm ripped to pieces
Stare, with their blood shot eyes, ready look, empty gaze, only
driven, by their lust for blood

Hear awful crunching sounds, as their jaws sink down hard, crushing my bones, tissues gets revealed.

Gnawing at my face, chewing at my arms
I can feel the flesh give in to them, to their grizzly wrath.

Eaten by these predators,
I'll be a pile of bones,
Nothing can stop these furious flesh craving bastards
Disgusting mix of blood and drool
Smearing on my face
Filling up my mouth, makes me sick

Empty staring blood shot eyes
Running, fleeing, there's no way to overpower, these mad beasts

Feel them gaining, getting closer, soon they'll have my scent