

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 their 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