

# The Howl

## Samhain

There is a human slaughterhouse  
Up on the hill, the road is red  
And those who ignore  
And those who pretend  
It does not exist  
End up in its hallMy blood goes to work  
I hear the howlThere is a grove of bleached bones  
Where lupins vomit children's limbs  
Taking all their liberties  
With parts of human anatomyAnd in the hollow of a restless soul  
Lies no remorse and no disgust  
Every kill is clean and pure  
Every thought is cleansed in growls, yeahThere is a grove of tortured forms  
Where all is dark and deeds are foul  
And those who ignore  
And those who pretend  
That the howl is a joke  
Their children lie deadMy blood goes to work  
I hear the howlAnd then my blood just goes to work  
And then I hear the howl  
(There is a human slaughterhouse  
Up on the hill  
The road is red)And then my blood just goes to work  
And then I hear the howl  
(And those who ignore  
And those who pretend  
It does not exist  
End up in its hall)And then my blood just goes to work  
And then I hear the howl  
Blood just goes to work  
And then I hear the howl  
Blood just goes to work  
And then I hear the howl  
Blood just goes to work  
And then I hear the howl  
And then my blood just goes to work  
And then I hear the howl

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