

# Omnivore

## Madder Mortem

Oh, little figures that toil under weather and sun  
Your backbreaking labor is earning you nothing but hopes undone  
Here nothing is sacred; what pride there is left will not hold  
The price of your failure is shown in the trinkets that weigh you downI'm swimming in obscenity that gives me  
not one second's peace  
Mirror all my faults and flaws, crack jokes at all that I'm made of  
Weeping in our restless sleep, we're dreaming of lucidity and peaceAll good withers and dies  
We seized it all, only to let go  
The empty winners drowning in the flow  
We are all forlornRiddle is solving itself as I kneel and devour  
The strength of the terror will never relieve you of crawling on  
Small voices are prying at secrets I don't want to share  
Pathetic and sweet, all remorse is cut off with the leech that bleeds meAll good withers and dies in our hands  
We seized it all, only to let go  
The empty sinners drowning in the flowI'm swimming in obscenity that gives me not one second's peace  
Mirror all my faults and flaws, crack jokes at all that I'm made of  
The silent heartstone at my feet: we're gagged and bound and incomplete  
Nothing holds in what we are, our filth and greed has come too far  
The great deceit, the greater made by truth well hid in words and shades  
Ten letters on my stony bed to witness every mouthful fed  
'Cause I am the one who will rip you apart  
So die

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