

The Thirst Comes First

[Bradley Tatum](#)

The law of the land that you'll come to understand
is the thirst comes first and it is second to no man
All have their way to seduce their prey
The worst will come first but then the best will stay
The hunting of the hearts, that beat with utter life
Is something of an art almost like the sharpening of a knife
It's high above the heads of men, our prowling eyes are found
To satisfy the need again from those that walk on ground
We fly with guile in the glow
of the watching moon that sighs with woe.
The blood of life can free us not,
From eternal laws imposed.
It runs with spite against us hot, in the veins of all of those.

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