

# Cannibal Vs. Cunning

## Dead Poetic

Im the [Incomprehensible] that reminds you of your blessing  
And I'm reaper that takes them away  
To a place where they can lay there  
And wilt and rot away Leave it to the cannibal now  
Feed him whats left of us, the cunning wins again  
Leave it to the cannibal now  
Feed him whats left of us, the cunning wins again Im the glorified liar sending you sentiment  
And then posing as the innocent  
You dont know about ignorance or pain  
But you said you could take it away Leave it to the cannibal now  
Feed him whats left of us, the cunning wins again  
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Feed him whats left of us, the cunning wins again Leave it to the cannibal now  
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Leave it to the cannibal now  
Feed him whats left of us, the cunning wins again You call this inspiration, I call this a charade  
Driven by institution, hell-bent on having the stain I should grab all these cannibals  
Lay them all in a straight line  
And deny their requests for more, more, more, more Leave it to the cannibal now  
Feed him whats left of us, the cunning wins again  
Leave it to the cannibal now  
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