

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 awayLeave 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 againIm 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 awayLeave 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
Feed him whats left of us, the cunning wins againYou call this inspiration, I call this a charade
Driven by institution, hell-bent on having the stainI should grab all these cannibals
Lay them all in a straight line
And deny their requests for more, more, more, moreLeave 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 againLeave it to the cannibal now
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Songwriters

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