Incisor

English Dogs

Teeth grind down the last bite
The victims last breath drawn tonight
The bitting the tearing of the flesh
The moment he's ready to strikeEyes of hatred, jaws of fear
Now that your end is so near
Attacking and mauling, screaming in pain
No one around you can hearThe incisor strikes
Upon you
Biting right down to the bone
Weapons of steel
Devour you
Throat torn out so you can't moan
The bodies just remains
What evil creature could do this?
Stomach torn out, head has no brains
The curse of an evil black witchTown lives in fear of revenge
The creature that howls in the night
Stalking and waiting for his prey
Selecting the time that is right[Lead break]
Devil is the beast that roams in the dark for sundown to come
Terror of the town that waits for the mark of the deadly black sun
Surviving and watching in fear of the creature
That makes death a reality
No one can sense that the killing the devil, the creature, the evil is me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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