Prisoner Scavenger

Crisis

I am not what you think you see. one of the hunted.
I am a ghost living in this walking death. one of the hunted.
I am game to the most vicious prey. one of the hunted...
sunrise and deathset, mind rots in to capture the soul.
cage (ing) me, suck the life from my veins.
swallow your own breath, this is my fist in your gut.
collapsing now, this is the sound of my cracking bones.
no insides left in this body - I've let 'em all slip away.
can't find the right sustenance - don't need it anyway.
I sleep in this bed of misery.
and I wake paralyzed underneath the shadows.
I have no face, only the scar of your hatred.
this womb leaves me as one of the hunted.
I am the fire burning in the hollow land.
I walk in the battle underneath your empty pretense of pain.
and I'll wear to the world my gravestone...
this womb leaves me as one of the hunted.
I am one of the hunted.

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