

# Scavenger Of Human Sorrow

## Death

What pain will it take?  
To satisfy you  
Your sick appetite  
Go in for the kill Always in sight, prey  
The time always right, feast  
Feed on the pain, taste  
Sorrow made flesh, sweet Live how you want  
Just don't feed on me  
If you doubt what I say  
I will make you believe  
Shallow are words  
From those who starve  
For a dream not their own to  
Slash and scar Big words small mind  
Behind the pain you will find a scavenger  
Of human sorrow  
Scavenger Abstract theory  
The weapon of choice used by a scavenger  
Of human sorrow  
Scavenger So you have traveled far  
Across the sea  
To spread your written brand  
Of misery Always in sight, prey  
The time always right, feast  
Feed on the pain, taste  
Sorrow made flesh, sweet Live how you want  
Just don't feed on me  
If you doubt what I say  
I will make you believe  
Shallow are words  
From those who starve  
For a dream not their own to  
Slash and scar Big words, small mind  
Behind the pain you will find a scavenger  
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Scavenger

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