

# Feed On Me

## Gomorrah

They are dying on the dance floor  
They are lying in debris  
They are fading with exhaustion  
From the mortal injuries They are hungry and need feeding  
They've resigned themselves to fate  
They are desperate men  
Death's written on their face When your will to live is almost gone  
And you're left alone but you need someone  
Feed on me  
Feed on me They're out gunned and they're outnumbered  
But they'll never turn to run  
And in name of freedom  
Is written with their blood Some would call them mercenary  
But they always knew the pain  
Inevitably far outweighs the gain When your hunger strikes you down again  
And you feel your inner strength has drained  
Feed on me  
Feed on me Feed on me  
Feed on me, I got what you need  
Feed on me  
Feed on me, don't accept defeat They are dying on the dance floor  
They are lying in debris  
They are fading with exhaustion  
From the mortal injuries Some would call them mercenary  
But they always knew the pain  
Inevitably far outweighs the gain When your will to live is all but gone  
Let your heart be straight to drive you off  
Feed on me  
Feed on me Feed on me  
Feed on me, I got what you need  
Feed on me  
Feed on me, don't accept defeat Feed on me

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