

## Preying With The Mantis

Phantom

Plumes of smoke are rising from the city streets below  
Stainless steel and candle wax cast a sickly glow

Let us prey

Death will stalk the streets tonight in leather faded grey  
The echoed screams of agony ring in the canyon's break

Each and every night he pulls the sword out of the stone  
Preying with the mantis

Surgical precision but the work is never done  
So much sin and so much pain-  
Rise with the setting sun

Through darkened panes the silent eyes watch the canyon floor  
The hunter now the hunted when death slips out the door

Each and every night he pulls the sword out of the stone  
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Through the damp and silent streets past pyramids of light  
Keeping to the shadows-  
A creature of the night  
The crush of flesh, caress of steel, the sound of breaking bone  
As night fades into nothing the mantis stands alone

Each and every night he pulls the sword out of the stone  
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