

African Devourers

Sadist

No sound in the warn mornin' hours
Risen and awaken at the sound of heavy hooves
Them, the huge animals of the African land
Towering trees whisper to the sky
In the blink of wings, which is a terrible certainty
You are my sentinel amongst the white clouds
Fly, ride in the sky , your echo in the mountains
There is a tired and sick heart, today is no longer beating
Still rides, the angel of darkness,

Winged monsters, carnivorous eyes of stone
We are African devourers

Climbing on the saddle, I know the way
Along the trail, within a buffalo skull
And a four - legged motherless puppy
Take me to that still warm body
I'll satisfy my thirst for blood
Monster... Monster... Monster...

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