

# Vieshkryl Feasting Song

By Richard Paul

( \*- = Stressed Syllables)

Hunger shrieks and hunger howls and hunger drives us to your jowls,  
Toothsome meat, flesh to eat, flesh is sweet, fresh and sweet.

Father sends us to your door, your eyes to fry, your bones to gnaw,  
So much meat, so much meat, need to eat, need to eat.

For your crimes we'll see you dead but won't much care until we've fed.  
Guilty meat, filthy meat, hateful meat, much more sweet.

Fight or flee for either's fine, our teeth are stronger than your spines,  
Stout or fleet, you're still meat, we shall eat, toothsome meat.

Once we're done with all we've cleft, not one skin fleck shall be left.  
Need to eat, waste no meat, waste no meat, waste no meat.

None will mourn your wretched bunch and none shall begrudge us our lunch.  
Unloved meat, un-mournd treats, flesh is sweet, need to eat.

The last thing you will ever see is smiling nightmares come to feed,  
Farewell meat, farewell meat, farewell meat, toothsome meat.