A Vulture Dies Alone

Arion

In silence
In darkness
A stalker hunts his prey
Those wounded
Those weakened
Will fall for his betrayal

Pour gasoline, fuel to the pyre
Come, feed the flames, let the fire be your grave

Welcome to your funeral
You're lucky to go
I'm happy to know
You'll reap all that you sow
Bow down to your destiny
With weathering wings
With shattering bones
A vulture dies alone

A vulture dies alone

Your shadow
An eclipse
The scavenger is near
No savior
Compassion
For such a hypocrite

Pour gasoline, fuel to the fire
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