

# 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

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

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