

Vultures

Power Trip

I went face to face with death and I escaped with my life
Returned from hell to see black vultures in the skies
They have familiar faces, and they sing familiar lies
They want what little I have left
They want to take me for my insides

These cowards prey on the wounded and the weak
When did this struggle to survive become so bleak?
Their instincts speak: feast on the flesh
Take all you can and leave nothing left
Bastard beasts of mindless indulgence have wrapped their claws
of influence upon us
But if death refuses to ride than those God damn vultures won't
be taking me alive

I see their black wings overhead
They want to take me for all that I have
I see them circling around again
But they'll never get me unless I am dead