

Scavengers

Thrice

Overhead, are those angels or vultures?
Heavy wings and the hum of decay
They seethe and hover
Skew and smother the light of day
Every word is a dissonant whisper
They've got you wearing a smile like a mask
And all you're left with is every question you're scared to ask

I will find you in the black light
Of that cold, dry land
Never mind who held you last night
Come and take my
Come and take my hand

Every tether is tangled and twisted
They slowly sever your heart from the whole
Iron shackles, hungry jackals with eyes like coal
Underfoot, as you steal past the gallows
Brittle branches or pieces of bone?
Feel your chest heave
Are you ready to come back home?

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