

Divine - Appalling

Vulture Industries

We came offering our souls. In search of light it's easy to find shadows. At first all was clear as night. But this would prove to fade. As we pressed on deeper still, we found the land you sold as golden meadows. A blight ridden ashen ground and there we killed the truth. Then compassion died too. I know my death has a face. It is an image of you, and you're plentiful.

There we would build our mounds. On these scared cold plains, where dawn had turned to ashes. Amongst men with empty eyes grace can't be distinguished. In our quest for light we would advance and leave our wake in tatters. Just like death on a rampant ride on our zealous quest for you.

There hung a rag for our wounds at the end of the line. It meant death to go back; it was a crime of the mind. When that whistle blew it was once more our time, to show our spirits were primed and our bodies were ripe. On the day we killed the truth and compassion died too. My death is an image of you in its grandeur and grace; divine, appalling!