

Gentle Touch of a Killer

Vulture Industries

Bound for land shrouded by haze
A distant calling draws the blind deep into the maze
Thousand, upon thousand of forms
Some prance, some dance (along in) ignorant bliss
Some crawling like worms

They have eyes but they do not see
They know the sounds but do not grasp
the words that I speak

This is my body it is my blood
A carcass washed off by the flood

I, a myriad faces and frames
Whatever you might whisper it is not my true name

This is my body it is my blood
A carcass washed off by the flood

If I tore out my tongue would you remember my voice?
If I broke every bone would you recognize the noise?
Should I tear out my eyes, would you sense my gaze?
If I tore off my cheeks would you recognize my face?

If I... (x4)
If I pulled every tooth would you see me through the grin
To find... (x4)
Digging past the flesh to find what's hidden within
If our... (x4)
If our colours changed
would you (then) count me as a friend?
Or would... you leave...
Or would you leave me to an untimely end

Bound...
Bound for land shrouded by haze (x2)

To some an army
To some a flock
To some the devil has come to knock

Bound...
Bound for land shrouded by haze (x2)