

# Tales of Woe

Vulture Industries

Came howling through the night  
With righteous bombast  
Claimed to be chosen to chase off the darkness  
Said in possession of that singular light  
To be a beacon in such times of starkness

Through such times of starkness (x2)

Showed us the devil and his vicious gang  
Beneath his gloomy canvas overhang  
Told us the tales of woe  
and tribulations we would undergo

Came barging through the dusk erected his dome  
Claimed the anointed task of being our warden  
To chase the horror out from every nook  
And set the sacred house right back into order

But as the dawn came you could spot his fangs  
The sun cloaked by his shadow overhang  
And in that shadow lived  
the devils it told us not to forgive

Under a worn canvas skin  
within a circle of sin  
There dance two terrible twins  
Dressed up in different skin, set to win  
control of our hearts and minds  
to rule over every kind

control of our hearts and

Wide open eyes  
empty mesmerized  
Follow into perdition  
With every step  
Goes another neck  
A fair price of admission

Wide open eyes  
empty mesmerized  
Follow into perdition  
With every step  
Breaks another neck  
A fair price of admission

No room between  
here every colour is clean  
control of our hearts and minds

No room between  
here every colour is clean  
control of our hearts and minds