

Vulture

Zyklon

Throbbing; The vast deceiver
Underdog, god of all men
Crushing; bone and skin to the ground
Dying, but still vital
Where would it head me? Fresh, yet rotten to the core
Would you ever join me?
Howling; heresy to the end
Tribe and unit; one of a kind
Searching; but nowhere to find
Does that make sense to you?
Walk alone or all fly
One watching the other die
Simple, cold and awaiting
You'll never stop hating
Hell on earth
Was it what I wanted? A peaceful mind
Rejoice with me
Vulture - may I take your shape?
Vulture - tell me of my fate
Vulture - your kingdom come
Vulture - take me home