

Takao

Chthonic

Vultures fly, circling the dark skies
Plucking carrion from the ground
Blood red sun, territory incise
Marching forward without sound

Carved into flesh, written in blood
Symbols burned so deeply in the mind
Gathering clouds, threatening skies
The sun's rays left me blind

Ghosts of the past bound and tied
Honor's scars fade, glory dies

Vultures fly, circling the dark skies
Plucking carrion from the ground
Blood red sun, territory incise
Marching forward without sound

Deep within you, souls of the past bound and tied
Bright sun burning, the lines melt as glory dies

Carved into flesh, written in blood
Symbols burned so deeply in the mind
Gathering clouds, threatening skies
The sun's rays left me blind