

Vultures

Northlane

Set fire to an icon
Set fire to the lie
Set fire, bid farewell
I'll be a martyr to myself
Where do I go
If every turn there's a vulture waiting
To pick at my bones
And bury me alive?

My lungs are whitewashed
A million thoughts on the tip of my tongue
I can't keep hiding
My guts in tight knots
Abandon who I've become
Or fight for what's inside me?

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It's me against the world
It's me against the world
It's me against the world

I feel their claws sinking in
As the life spirals out from my inner self
Let the earth where I carved my name burn
Burn

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