

The Vulture

Showbread

I keep clawing at my ears and they keep on ringing
I keep filling them with dirt and still they go on singing
Where are you going and where have you been?
The voice, it wants to leap from me or take me from within

But I am not a robot and I am not a slave
I will not lick the feet of it that begs me to behave

I wrap the sound in silence until it cannot breathe
And trade the singing in for something horrible that suits me
Because I am my own, because I will decide
To pry apart the hinges that keep me blank
And waiting on the outside

It's easy to hear this voice, it's easy to turn it off
It's easy to make this choice, it's easy to turn yourself off
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I'm becoming something that I need to be
To bury this ringing in something deep and dark inside me
And in its place I hear a whisper powerful and new
Sweetly singing in my ear, ?Do whatever you want to?

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