

A Path Of Infamy

Vulture Industries

My troubled journey began,
Some 15 days past with the death a man
Of his crimes I know nothing nor know I his name,
But still his demise would blemish my name.
And he haunts me still
With his vulture eyes,
Piercing my lies
At my moment of glory
And his of defeat
I thought I'd find silence
But I was deceived

My troubled journey went on,
Crafty deception made a hazardous road.
Even I lay traps for my self
As ominous thoughts sowed seeds of discord

Towards my own mind,
Or was this one of his tricks
Still he stalk me grasping my shoulder
Tearing at me with his vulture beak.
So with teeth, claws and frenzied I voiced my anger,
once more hoping to rid me this pest.
Blood red chaos, intent on destruction,
I saw the unseen, felt claws pierce my flesh.

What is this vague, familiar smell?
The remnants of some dear old hell?
My blood is boiling, as if to tell,
A tale of why and where and when
Your wounds are bleeding!
Mine as well,
Your limbs are trembling,
Loosing strength
What have you done?
Which face is yours?
The one upon the pale skinned horse?
Now I remember,
Heed my words!
I tell you all.
This blood is cursed!
I can not fall,
Whilst lying down
I've found my spot here on the ground.

My troubled journey would end.
My back had been broken,
my life had been spent.
He had gained his revenge,
From within his own tomb,
made my fragile mind into his dying womb.
So he haunts me still
With his vulture eyes,
Piercing my lies
At my moment of glory
And his of defeat
I thought I'd find silence

But I was deceived

I tried
To shake these demons from my hide.
I never sought
To live a lie
My train has gone,
And I will not get there on time.
To be redeemed,
But left to die.