

Crowning The Cycle

Vulture Industries

Now listen man:

There's no good to be found in this mire
The muck's just deeper and the further you dig
The more it sticks to your soul and skin
Slowly settling the taint within

When all is said

We'll be amongst the practical dead
Cut off from the way ahead
Picked as the world colludes
To see the circle conclude

Now listen man:

There's just filth to be found in this mire
The more you struggle, the faster you sink
So abandon your search
If you're stuck in hell
You're worse off if know it was well

When all is said

All blood is bled
We'll be amongst the practical dead
Cut off from the way ahead
A broken, battered brood
Casualties of the general mood
Picked as the world colludes
To see the circle conclude

Hear the mob calls my name

To quench its bloodlust again
One final glorious act
To end this dismal, this dismal sinister pact

Our sentence, the crowning of the cycle, our final closure

Our sentence, the crowning of the cycle

One final time to stand before the howling hundreds
Blood surging like thunder, our final closure