

# The Tower

## Vulture Industries

It soars  
With its massive trunk breaching the clouds  
It soars  
Its shadow stretches across the land.

Its dominion from shore to shore,  
Its spell creeps in under every door.  
Its dominion from shore to shore,  
The tower needs more.

Rule number 1  
Each man is what he owns  
Whether or not one truly exists is a question of having things  
Rule number 2  
Things have purpose while the only purpose of flesh is to possess them  
Rule number 3  
What one does not possess it is mandatory to land  
Rule number 4  
The bond is the marrow of your bones  
Rule number 5  
Debt is inherent and the birthright of the young

See it rise in the distance,  
Massive mammoth made of stone  
Contorting and expanding  
Blood upon brick, brick on bone.

And it all leans down  
Sloping heavily towards a shattered end on barren grounds.

Why did we build it?  
Because they hate us.  
Why do they hate us?  
Because we built it.

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The tower needs!  
The tower is more!

As one draws closer to the spire beckoning you,  
The crookedness straightens out dispelling each trace of doubt.  
It is perfect in every seam  
This divine gracious beam.  
To the heavens up from the ground, a cable bound.

As one reaches further up,  
Drawing closer to the top,

Of that divine gracious beam,  
So perfect in every seam,

One will lose sight of the ground.  
On ones journey heaven bound.  
One will lose sight of the ground.  
While one is heaven bound.  
While one is heaven bound.  
While one is heaven bound.  
While one is heaven bound.  
While one is heaven bound.