

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.