

Vultures Over Golgotha

Wizzard

Laughter and joy up on the hill
Where the soldiers lift up the cross
No more disciples to the wanna-be-king
The gathering darkness does no augur well
To the son of god they said he was
His bones will end up sunbathing on the hill

Hear the Metal thunder, birds with hunger
At least your life wasn't in vain
Circling above, their hunger grows
Your flesh will disappear like down a drain
Feel the Inferno burning your bones
If you're a god c'mon and save yourself now
Birds of prey, beasts from Hell
Awaiting their feast are the vultures over Golgotha

The foreboding fluttering and croaking ends
When his head leans down with his last words
No help from his father sure was a shock
When the first beak picks out his eye he screams
"Father why had you abandoned me?"
Because your father lies dead as a fucking rock