

Throbbing; The vast deceiver  
Underdog, god of all men  
Crushing; bone and skin to the ground  
Dying, but still vital  
Where would it head me? Fresh, yet rotten to the core  
Would you ever join me?  
Howling; heresy to the end  
Tribe and unit; one of a kind  
Searching; but nowhere to find  
Does that make sense to you?  
Walk alone or all fly  
One watching the other die  
Simple, cold and awaiting  
You'll never stop hating  
Hell on earth  
Was it what I wanted? A peaceful mind  
Rejoice with me  
Vulture - may I take your shape?  
Vulture - tell me of my fate  
Vulture - your kingdom come  
Vulture - take me home