

It's all about the basking in the perfect calm
The storm is finally passing - You can't admit you're wrong
We all have our silent unspeakable memories
That we do not choose to share but with a few
Today's inspiration comes from you

I feel the discontent - But it's about to end
Open up a vein and bleed - This mourning of a friend
It's all about the basking - In the perfect calm
The storm is finally passing - You can't admit you're wrong

Digital girl with an analogue heart
Vultures are waiting to tear us apart
Times like this I remember when
It's easier to forgive an enemy than a friend

I feel the disconnect - They'll be no going back
The art is obvious - The silence is a stab
It's all about the basking - In the perfect calm
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The line is thin and red
Between the love and hate
The Sky is far and wide
To London from LA
Where there's a carcass there's a vulture
Picking bones of flesh and minds
The devils drawing in the details
Where friendships go to die

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Where there's an artist there's a vulture
In the picture is the proof
Art of illusion is ironic
The art of friendship is the truth

Your pretty picture's lie - Your pretty pictures hide
Nobody knows the real vulture who lives deep inside of you