

Of Branded Blood

Vulture Industries

I lie here listening to sounds of this insane city
Twisting and turning for hours, still not able to sleep

Stray dogs they bark, bark and and howl like wolves outside my window
Bark, unkind, grind, evil, malign, villainous kind
Bark, unkind, evil, malign, never, ever, kind

Chasing shadows each of other like that rabid kind I call my kin
Villainous kind, bark, unkind, grind, evil, malign, devilish kind
Evil malicious minds

The stench of gutters blends with smog from hulking chimneys...
Dark, unkind, grind, evil, malign, villainous kind
Bark, unkind, evil, malign, never, ever, kind

... forming a thick dark mist allusive of our souls
Villainous kind, bark, unkind, grind, evil, malign, devilish kind
Evil malicious minds

For hours I have been twisting, turning for sleep
But terrified of what awaits

For days now I have been yearning for relief from this time and space

From the depths of limbo I hear calling, still I strive to cling
To the shards of a broken realm to maintain my essence, save my soul from hell
In the depths of Somnus my trial awaits me to deliver my plea
A scornful mob of the justly dispatched to hand me my verdict with sentence attached

The moist, stale air grows thicker, hotter, smothering me
Like the unwanted child of a deluded self-righteous mother
That abomination for long I have served

From the depths of limbo I hear calling, still I strive to cling
To the shards of a broken realm to maintain my essence, save my soul from hell
In the depths of Somnus my trial awaits me to deliver my plea
A scornful mob of the justly dispatched to hand me my verdict with sentence attached

No peace, no glory gained, just transient relief from worldly strain
Lo' there's no eluding those mental chains, of a soul pawned for a crock of gold
For the broken subject not of thought but of told, like a broken statue cast into the mould
Still as change might occur, forced or change from stir
The mind still retains some quintessence remains
Some essence maintains its grip on the broken man
To pull the soul from the iron hand
To cleanse, to purge, to wash away that bloody brand

Please don't weep for me sister for I have done much wrong
Don't despise me my brothers what's done is done
I've been lost on a cold night, been gone far and long
And for my deeds I'll repent there on my electric throne