

# A Life Once Lost, Vulture

I need a miracle to conquer this endeavor  
The imagery of song to portray the routine of life  
Maybe I'm neurotic or just wrong in general  
Maybe I should concede and put out the fire

Can you feel this uproar festering desire in my thoughts?  
I can promise you one thing; I will haunt you till die  
I can promise you one thing; I will hunt you till die

In absence of your favor I would rather choose death  
I'd prefer it would be executed only by you  
No legacy, fall short of understanding  
Maybe I should concede and put out the fire

I want you to bleed me of my misery  
Drained bled dry; hung up for all to see