

Solar Dawn, Vulturous Need

Another soul to dehumanize
Another spirit to deprave
Reaching out
With the worst of intentions
Veiled intervener of demise
Breathing fire deep down
Dissembled with a cringing smile
Remorseless inmost nature
Still undefiled

Wolf in sheep's clothing
Snake in the grass
Immersed up to the neck
In underhandedness

Convocation of candle-ends
On the hunt for recognition
Grasping at straws by instinct
Over and over again
Sightless views
Blind in every sense
Still fumbling for the sweetness
Of observance