

Okile "Vultures"

Visit "[Vultures](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

With hanging dreams a man with his head high with
pride
As he has nothing more to live for

And the memories slowly vanishing behind the door
Of History
Mixing with the un-fulfilled
Hope of death
Darkness grimly smiling upon his despair
He grimly smiles back
But with hope in the air

Come on
Come and take me
I am ready
To pay my dept
Darkness, the starving vulture of god
I am ready to devoure any form of joy
The toy of destiny

To be forgotten by the people who thought they knew
him
To be forgotten by the people who pretended to love
him

For nothing will ever break away
Nothing will go free from this state of mind
Time to rig up the rope
Death is the way
Death is the way of the free
Death, his only choice

Time to rig up the rope
Death is the way of the free
Time to rig up the rope
Death is the way of the free

Visit [Okile](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

