

## **Caleb Lionheart** **"Vultures"**

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What will become of us?  
We're the first of a dying breed.  
What will become of us?  
We've got worn and calloused feet  
What will become of us?  
But we're still searching  
What will become of us?  
For some space to breathe

This day will end  
This life will end  
The vultures will fly away  
And someday our good friends  
Won't even be acquaintances  
We won't know each other then  
Somehow this day will end

We're living just to fill a martyr's grave  
What will become of us?  
Leaving broken ships left in our wake  
What will become of us?  
The end is but a risk we'll have to take  
What will become of us?  
The end is but a risk I'll have to take

Connect the dots where the heartstrings perforate  
Tear down the walls that cleave from your embrace  
Somehow you won't recognize my face  
The sands of time can and will be washed away.

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