

## Epicure "Vulture"

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Stressing the fracture  
Breathing brings pain  
Though infinity remains  
Strength is gone  
Provoke the confrontation  
Building strain burning combustion  
Everlasting stain

Hunt begins, over time  
Inching closer the pray am I  
Then divide, circle low  
Into the system vultures go

Lashing out at those who are pure  
You stare right through me  
The dull rusty edge  
That has become my mood  
You are sold you bought the mold  
And now your eyes see only  
The place you think I hold  
In the machine  
That owns your sold

I defy your sunken mind  
To judge me by your own design  
Hypocrite laughter, averted gaze  
You drift through life in robotic  
Haze

Breeding, slowly shaping  
Manipulating, twisted shape  
Conforms  
Now locked in motion of the blind

When did they start  
To mold your thoughts  
Trained to be one of many  
When did you shut off  
Questions in your mind  
Betray yourself and fall in line  
Where status now dictates the rule

Loss of all hope, failed source  
The hardened mold constricts  
What once was free  
Society's victim, you

You choke on yours  
I'll choke on mine  
To your hypocrisy you're blind  
Below the surface  
Who do you despise  
Your feeble self stripped of their lie

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