

The Breathing Process "Vultures"

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Legion arise your weary head, my martyr, my martyr
Broken battered in sacrifice, my martyr, my martyr.

Scars burns in black eclipse my opaque skin.
The sun sets fire to the sand, through this I walk
diligent.
Savoring every flesh searing moment.

I obey the never ending beckoning of my muses songs.
I cannot bide my time in the toils of death.
My muse, my love, I hear your song
Give me strength to overcome.
I cannot bide my time in the toils of death.

The scars burned in black... eclipse my opaque skin.
This is a world of ash.
The clouds succumb to dust
I see you've lost my dear, on the path to exile.
My reach is beyond eternal, but you're lost.

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