

Those Who Lie Beneath "As The Vultures Circle"

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Knowing you are going to die
Is a hard thing accepted at first
Laying in a pool of your own fucking blood
As the vultures circle over your fucking head

With a bullet in your gut
This is a slow and painful death

Millions of things run through your mind
Too many "what ifs" to count

As I lay in a pool of a blood I can't help but think
Will I be remembered The answer is probably not
I try to make it to my feet to no prevail

EVERYTHING IS GOING BLACK.

EVERYTHING IS GOING BLACK.

I think I have died only to wake up
as if this is some sort of sick fucking joke
This is not a dream still bleeding
Still filled with all of this pain
TRYING TO MOVE TO MY FEET I DO NOT PREVAIL

I watch as the vultures circle over my head.
Life blurs as I try to make things out Yelling will Do me
no good
So I lay and wait for fucking death.

I watch as the vultures circle over my head
Yelling will do me no good so I lay and wait for death
As I lay in a pool of blood I can't help but think
Will I be remembered The answer is probably not
I try to make it to my feet I do not prevail

Life blurs as I try to make everything out
Yelling will do me no fucking good
So I lay and wait for death

When I die, will I go anywhere?
Or am I doomed to sit and fucking rot?

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