

Tristan Tzara

"Vulture"

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Birds of prey are soaring higher
Baiting their hooks
The more they fade
Dangling their lines
The grimmer it looks

Transparent creatures
Pollute the blue sky
Slowly falling
Towards the cold ground
Desperation has turned the eagles
Into vultures

We're all betrayed
You preen your ruffled feathers
At the end of the day
You chose to stray
Allured by gold and silver
We will end it our way

Stumbling giants
Crave existence
They'll never make it through
Their desperate swarming
In restless blindness
Turns old words into new

You've had your fill
And emptied every chalice
From the brim to the dregs
Stay ill, you will
You'll plummet from your mountain
You'll descend, you will fail

So you thought you could break my back
Did you think you could make me crack
Try harder
Dig deeper
You're facing a steep hill that cannot be climbed

