

Vulture

Artichoke

I need a miracle to conquer this endeavor
The imagery of song to portray the routine of life
Maybe I'm neurotic or just wrong in general
Maybe I should concede and put out the fire Can you feel this uproar?
Festering desire in my thoughts
I can promise you one thing
I will haunt you till you die Can you feel this uproar?
Festering desire in my thoughts
I can promise you one thing
I will hunt you till you die In absence of your favor I would rather choose death
I'd prefer it would be executed only by you
No more legacy, fall short of understanding
Maybe I should concede and put out the fire Can you feel this uproar?
Festering desire in my thoughts
I can promise you one thing
I will haunt you till you die Can you feel this uproar?
Festering desire in my thoughts
I can promise you one thing
I will hunt you till you die Till you die
Till you die I want you to bleed me of my misery
Drained bled dry, hung up for all to see Can you feel this uproar?
Festering desire in my thoughts
I can promise you one thing
I will haunt you till you die Can you feel this uproar?
Festering desire in my thoughts
I can promise you one thing
I will hunt you till you die Till you die
Till you die
Till you die I will haunt you
I will hunt you
(Till you die) I will haunt you
I will hunt you I will haunt you
I will hunt you
(Till you die) I will haunt you
I will hunt you

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