

# The Vulture

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Standing in the ruins  
Of another Black man's life,  
or flying through the valley  
They're separating day and night.  
"I am death," cried the Vulture.  
"For the people of the light."  
Charon brought his raft  
and came from the sea that sails on souls,  
And saw the scavenger departing,  
taking warm hearts to the cold.  
He knew the ghetto was the haven  
for the meanest creature ever known.  
In a wilderness of heartbreak  
and a desert of despair,  
Evil's carrion of justice

shrieks a cry of naked terror.  
He's taking babies from their momas  
and leaving grief beyond compare.  
So if you see the Vulture coming,  
he's flying circles in your mind,  
Remember there is no escaping  
for he will follow close behind.  
Only promised me a battle,  
battle for your soul and mine.  
He taking babies from their momas

And he's leaving

Leaving

Leaving

Leaving

Leaving

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