

Blessed be the vulture,
Far from beauty, far from grace,
We so have pride a culture,
Out of time, and out of place.

Blessed be that bird of omen,
Not an evil, deals no death,
Please consider for a moment,
That he steals no final breath.

Blessed be the fowl of foul,
Who'd dig graves among the sands?
Raven's raiment, mind of owl,
Make use of death in barren lands.

Blessed be the vulture,
Little comfort, doomed to die,
When we insulate our culture,
From the Earth and from the sky.