

Lamb

"An Extra Nail For Your Coffin"

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At a loss for something
Different to say
I've said everything, we've
Said it all before.
An Extra nail for your coffin.
I'm going to ride that horse
We've beaten to death
And deliver it's stinking carcass
To your doorstep.
A gift from all the dead
Children
That are the progeny of you
Ballistic union.
Borrowing from Peter to rape
Paul
No news is good news, but
I've got some news for you
Fetch me a rope, Lynch mob of
One.
An extra nail for your coffin.
Certain blood has been shed
For uncertain reasons
You will never quiet this storm
A cold wind to chill your bones.
I bring the hammer down.

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