

## Lamb

### "Resurrection #9"

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Lay waste torn asunder weak and lost in the past.  
Obfuscates the self mind,  
Ripped it away. Cobwebs and motes in the eye of the  
sun god. I think not,  
Serpent get thee behind me. Eradicated your  
sommnambulant enigma. This field  
Has lain fallow, won't erode, won't soak up the  
sediment from your poisoned  
Mind. No, I won't soak up your misery, won't soak up  
your weakness, won't  
Soak up your banality. Taste vanadium, wide awake  
realizing what you've  
Done. Taste the frost, you chose your own death you  
know that you choose  
Well. I hate myself but not as much as I hate you. Tear  
yourself down.

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