

Lamb Of God "Black Label"

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The human condition is inherit claustrophobia
Compression of my space made complete
I would rip out my own entrails by hand just to be alone

Inanity rolls total through this sphere
Ostracized for clarity of vision
A dream unrealized of solitude that I should descend
into autonomy
And know the pain of fellowship no more

I feel nothing but a lack of space
Paradox of socialization results in duress
Rife with hostility, what has caused me so much hate?
Humanity, exterminate with extreme prejudice

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