

## Lamb Of God

### "Digital Sands"

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A thousand Romes are set aflame  
A thousand Neros sing their own refrains  
Narcissus improved & enhanced  
He gloats while backing in his arrogance  
Conceit & pride are going viral  
A globe that's reached it's critical mass  
A pixilated downward spiral  
Fixated on the looking glass

An endless temple, a shrine to your vanity  
To worship yourself in the cult of me (in the cult of me)

Just squeaking wheels in a fuck machine  
High resolution lies fill the screen  
The lowest common dominator  
Propaganda pitched by petty

An endless temple, a shrine to your vanity  
To worship yourself in the cult of me (in the cult of me)  
You worship yourself, in the cult of me

So what's the measure of a man  
(We are the end)  
Lost in shifting digital sands?  
(We are the end)  
And what's the standard supposed to be  
(We are the end)  
When nothing is as it seems?  
We are the end

You've trapped yourself inside this temple  
Enraptured by your vanity  
A sacrifice to your own image  
A prisoner of the cult of me.

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