

## Lamb Of God

### "Flux"

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The sore on the edge of your mouth it  
Mirror the ones on your arm of black tar  
You've known the ripping

And I've seen you pissing your condition into the dirt  
I know you don't want to live in the dirt  
You want to know nothing but dirt

You know you can't beat weakness  
Kill the flux, stretched to breaking an obscene canvas  
On a stretcher of parasitism

You piece of shit I won't say your name but I will say this  
Fuck off and die, sooner the better  
You've shot out your eyes but I'm seeing  
That you cannot feel anything of worth

Know that you've pissed life away  
Lost in your narcotic dreams  
Heart pumping futile shit through your veins

Why does it bother? I want to punch in your  
Sunken face and see your dusty blood smear through  
The air in a polluted crimson arc  
Splattering in a useless pattern on the concrete,  
moribund

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