

## **Lamb Of God**

### **"O.D.H.G.A.B.F.E."**

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Hate, falling three feet to the ground  
Face down on the cold floor of a well oiled SF, pigsty I  
met my one true love  
Feel youth crushed somewhere between concrete and  
boot  
Another victim of the lower hate  
You are not my God, you think this is funny, don't you,  
pig?

How the helpless freak squirms beneath our state  
sanctioned soles  
But what is he laughing at?  
There was nothing padded about a wagon full of mace  
Rotator cuff hyper extends behind my back  
Ribs cracking beneath a rain of

Sticks and heels falling down like the rain outside  
Oh yeah, bitch, I'm gonna remember your face, your  
name, your number  
And when I crawl out of this hole I'm going to make you  
all mine  
Auschwitz, Kent State Chi-Town 68, Tianamen, Waco

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