

Lamb Of God "Suffering Bastard"

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Shorn of apocryphal pride
The locks falls predicting strife
Cranium exposed
Denial of aesthetic

Push it [Incomprehensible]
All of this burnt to ashes
All of this torn to rags

I don't know what the fuck have I become?
Synapses snapping mortality decimated
Breakdown whiskey shifts hate into overdrive
Realizing it's murder, murder, murder of self so clean

I don't know what the fuck have I become?
Hand reaches out, desecrates impunity
Ripping away foundation's identity
Replacing with shame

Transgression mythologized
Indiscretions immortalized

Anger inflamed with dry rot
Pushing towards severance
What a bloody mess
Visiting dark sites unknown

Grief lands like a ton of brick
All of this burnt to ashes
All of this torn to rags

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