

# Lamb of God

## "Terror And Hubris In The House Of Frank Polard"

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All the fucked up things trap and punish me I cannot  
explain my problem.  
Kill my hopeless life I cannot be hypnotized. You owe  
me.  
Push aside the veil to welcome in the visitors.  
Eyes like halogen illuminate the soma peering out of  
spherical night mask.  
Paleolithic subconscious icons lumber through  
dreamscape archetype of archangel.  
Terror and Hubris- infants painted gauze peer through  
murky jars;  
soon I'm wearing the skin of the morning star.  
Green locks my name fills an empty banner.  
Frank, what have you gotten me into now?  
I am not afraid to speak my heart and mind it cannot be  
saved sell me over.

Fuck your hopeless world, I am blacker than the sun.  
Tragedy. Have you seen the speedy, yes?  
Bleeds through the sleep onto the page. I'm sailin'...

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