

# Resurrection #9

## Lamb of God

Lay waste, torn asunder weak and lost in the past  
Obfuscates, the self mind ripped it away  
Cobwebs and motes in the eye of the sun God I think not, serpent get thee behind me  
Eradicated your somnambulant enigma  
This field has lain fallow, won't erode  
Won't soak up the sediment from your poisoned mind No, I won't soak up your misery  
Won't soak up your weakness  
Won't soak up your banality Taste vanadium, wide awake realizing what you've done  
Taste the frost, you chose your own death  
You know that you choose well  
I hate myself but not as much as I hate you  
Tear yourself down

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