

# Purified

## Lamb Of God

Can the pestilence  
Within you be bled out  
May I have the honor  
Of this amputation? Know that you have made an enemy  
To show you the meaning of indignity  
I live now solely for the pleasure  
Of your slow decay Feel the pain of vengeance burn you  
Soon you shall know silence, silence With trembling hands  
You'll beg for mercy  
I'll show you none  
I'll show you none Purified by my hand  
In this my world in this my world It is salvation Your futile existence draws to a close  
A cloak of lies drops, the lies drop, the lies drop

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