

Ruin

Lamb of God

The knowledge that seeking
The favor of another
Means the murder of self
This is the resolution
The end of all progress
The death of evolution
It bleeds all life away Silence speeds the path
To the streams of solace
That run so few and narrow
Brooks that babble
The sounds of torture
The sounds of torture
You will one day rise
To flood the banks of the chosen This is the art of ruin
This is the resolution
The end of all progress
The death of evolution
It bleeds all life away
It bleeds all life away Setting the path of Philadelphia I will show you, all that I have mastered
Fear, pain, hatred, power
This is the art of ruin
This is the art of ruin
This is the art of ruin

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