

Suffering Bastard (Burn The Priest 7 inch)

Lamb of God

Shorn of apocryphal pride, the locks falls predicting strife. Cranium
Exposed, denial of aesthetic. Push it a little farther. 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 of the self so clean. Hand reaches outDesecrates 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 bricks. All of this
Burnt to ashes, all of this torn to rags:

Songwriters

BLYTHE/MORTON/CAMPBELL/ADLER/SPEARPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>