

# Remorse Is For The Dead

## Lamb Of God

The dirty Lord of the manor surveys his filthy domain  
Too many nights raising hell, worked a little all too well  
Constructed a monument to denial and excess  
Sunk so low, crawled so far back there's nowhere left to regress  
If these walls could talk, they would tell a horror story  
Never-ending winter, violence and infidelity  
Shadows fall through broken panes  
Careless words that are filled with hate  
Just enough to keep it together, never enough to make it work  
All the tongues here are forked  
We are a hailstorm of broken glass, follow the path of least expectance  
A huge stinking pile of sick  
Pile it higher and higher  
Light the match, start the fire  
Level this place and take  
Level this place and take us with it  
Surroundings are irate  
Crack of dawn brings naught but pain  
Resentment steadily grows, laughing in the gallows  
Full throttle determined to fail, pedal to the metal asleep at the wheel  
We are the lucky ones, welcome home  
Pile it higher and higher  
Light the match, start the fire  
Level this place and take  
Level this place and take us with it  
Poisoned nerves and bloody antidote  
Violence is not an aberration, it's a rule dying beyond the pale  
Your beatings will continue until' my morale improves  
I don't hate you, I'm just removing an enemy  
Remorse is for the dead  
I'm just removing an enemy  
Remorse is for the dead, my enemy  
Remorse is for the dead, for dead, for dead, for dead

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