

# Black Label

## Lamb of God

The human condition is inherit claustrophobia  
Compression of my space made complete  
I would rip out my own entrails by hand just to be alone  
Inanity rolls total through this sphere  
Ostracized for clarity of vision  
A dream unrealized of solitude that I should descend into autonomy  
And know the pain of fellowship no more  
I feel nothing but a lack of space  
Paradox of socialization results in duress  
Rife with hostility, what has caused me so much hate?  
Humanity, exterminate with extreme prejudice

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