

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 aloneInanity 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 moreI 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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