

Suffering Bastard

Lamb of God

Shorn of apocryphal pride
The locks falls predicting strife
Cranium exposed
Denial of aestheticPush it [Incomprehensible]

All of this burnt to ashes

All of this torn to ragsI don't know what the fuck have I become?

Synapses snapping mortality decimated
Breakdown whiskey shifts hate into overdrive

Realizing it's murder, murder, murder of self so cleanI don't know what the fuck have I become?

Hand reaches out, desecrates impunity
Ripping away foundation's identity

Replacing with shameTransgression mythologized
Indiscretions immortalizedAnger inflamed with dry rot

Pushing towards severance
What a bloody mess

Visiting dark sites unknownGrief lands like a ton of brick

All of this burnt to ashes
All of this torn to rags

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