

The Number Six

Lamb Of God

Sloth is the enemy of greatness
Reflection a scalpel to my mind.
We strive as you leisurely criticize
A free ride until you find that you've dug your own grave
Lie by lie.
Just a running mouth
Poison words you throw about
Drag you to your end
The number six
Leviathan.
You've dug your own grave with your spite
You've dug your own grave lie by lie
A cancer that needs to be cut out
Sweet slander the razor to your throat
Trim the fat
A loose end to be tied up and cast aside
Left to find that you've dug your own grave.
A relentless imposition by a self-fulfilling travesty
From one who is just rotting there
In slut's wool and zero history
Aesthetic condemning
Erratic condescending
An empty barrel always makes the most noise
And I begin to feel my hands around your throat.
You've dug your own grave with your spite
You've dug your own grave lie by lie
A running mouth and poison words will be your end
The number six
Leviathan.

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