

# Lies Of Autumn

## Lamb Of God

As the leaves fall yellowing like aged paper  
Thoughts turn acrid and curl like cigarette smoke  
    Rising from a butt ground out on my arm  
Step into this decay and experience dissolution  
    Crucified on a plank of cruelty  
    Crucified on a plank of apathy  
    Immobile for the cold duration  
Huddled in isolation, to sleep the winter away  
As the leaves fall yellowing like aged paper  
Thoughts turn acrid and curl like cigarette smoke  
    Rising from a butt ground out on my arm  
Step into this decay and experience dissolution  
    Crucified upon a plank of cruelty and apathy

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