

# Suffering Bastard

## Lamb Of God

Shorn of apocryphal pride  
The locks falls predicting strife  
Cranium exposed  
Denial of aesthetic  
Push it [Incomprehensible]  
All of this burnt to ashes  
All of this torn to rags  
I 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 clean  
I don't know what the fuck have I become?  
Hand reaches out, desecrates impunity  
Ripping away foundation's identity  
Replacing with shame  
Transgression mythologized  
Indiscretions immortalized  
Anger inflamed with dry rot  
Pushing towards severance  
What a bloody mess  
Visiting dark sites unknown  
Grief lands like a ton of brick  
All of this burnt to ashes  
All of this torn to rags

Lyrics provided by

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