The Lamb

Harry Christophers

You go west
Where they won't find you
With your mother's breast
And the poison arrows
'Cause you see black
And I see shadows
I am the lamb
And I'm a dead man
They'll take my name
And feed my children
With my remains
In the holy temple
'Cause I am the lamb
And I'm a dead man
I am the lamb
And I'm a dead man

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