

Preaching to the Converted

Lamb of God

The Public wants what the public gets.
Lazarus himself wouldn't rise into this world.
Decry relativity damned petulant for seeing through a
Trojan horse full of zyklon while Judas' coffers overflow.
What? New world disorder is nothing new.
Choking on poison air pouring whiskey into
Crescent moon lacerations.
Time to bite the hand that beats.
Teach ourChildren well, teach them to kill.
Global jihad for a thousand years.
Sanctified our blood spills, sutured with commodities.
Iron fist in silken
Glove ripping away autonomy,
Replacing with a placebo.
Realize that our wounds will never heal while Judas' coffers overflow.

Songwriters

BLYTHE/MORTON/CAMPBELL/ADLER/SPEARPublished by

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