

Ruin

Lamb of God

The knowledge that seeking the favor of another
Means the murder of self.
This is the resolution
The end of all progress
The death of evolution
It bleeds all life away.Silence speeds the path to the streams of solace that run so few and narrow.
Brooks that babble the sounds of torture.
Sounds of torture
You will one day rise
To flood the banks of the chosen.
This is the art of ruin.This is the resolution
The end of all progress
The death of evolution
It bleeds all life away.It bleeds all life away.I will show you all that I have mastered
Fear.
Pain.
Hatred.
Power.
This is the art of ruin
This is the art of ruin
This is the art of ruin

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