

Remorse Is for the Dead

Lamb of God

The dirty Lord of the manor surveys his filthy domain
Too many nights raising hell, worked a little all too well
Constructed a monument to denial and excess
Sunk so low, crawled so far back there's nowhere left to regress
If these walls could talk, they would tell a
horror story
Never-ending winter, violence and infidelity
Shadows fall through broken panes
Careless words that are filled with hate
Just enough to keep it together, never enough to make it work
All the tongues here are forked
We are a hailstorm of broken glass, follow the path of least expectance
A huge stinking pile of sick
Pile it higher and higher
Light the match, start the fire
Level this place until nothing's left,
And take us with it
Surroundings are irate
Crack of dawn brings naught but pain
Resentment steadily grows, laughing in the gallows
Full throttle determined to fail, pedal to the metal asleep at the wheel
We are the lucky ones, welcome home
Pile it higher and higher
Light the match, start the fire
Level this place until nothing's left,
And take us with it
Poisoned nerves and bloody antidote
Violence is not an aberration, it's a rule dying beyond the pale
Your beatings will continue until my morale improves
I don't hate you, I'm just removing an enemy
Remorse is for the dead
I'm just removing an enemy
Remorse is for the dead, my enemy
Remorse is for the dead, for dead, for dead, for dead

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