

Purified

Lamb of God

Can the pestilence
Within you be bled out
May I have the honor
Of this amputation? Know that you have made an enemy
To show you the meaning of indignity
I live now solely for the pleasure
Of your slow decay Feel the pain of vengeance burn you
Soon you shall know silence, silence With trembling hands
You'll beg for mercy
I'll show you none
I'll show you none Purified by my hand
In this my world in this my world It is salvation Your futile existence draws to a close
A cloak of lies drops, the lies drop, the lies drop

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