

Pariah

Lamb of God

The sore on the edge of your mouth it
Mirror the ones on your arm of black tar
You've known the ripping And I've seen you pissing your condition into the dirt
I know you don't want to live in the dirt
You want to know nothing but dirt You know you can't beat weakness
Kill the flux, stretched to breaking an obscene canvas
On a stretcher of parasitism You piece of shit I won't say your name but I will say this
Fuck off and die, sooner the better
You've shot out your eyes but I'm seeing
That you cannot feel anything of worth Know that you've pissed life away
Lost in your narcotic dreams
Heart pumping futile shit through your veins Why does it bother? I want to punch in your
Sunken face and see your dusty blood smear through
The air in a polluted crimson arc
Splattering in a useless pattern on the concrete, moribund

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