

# Culling

## Lamb of God

Bearing westward, hell-bound on Old 66  
I'm out for answers, wind up with just bloody kicks  
A pocket Jesus to light your path  
A techno-messiah, enraptured crash I couldn't make this shit up  
The truth is bad enough  
Out in the heartlands a smoking wreck  
Of ill-raised children and lost respect Let me sell you illusions of concern  
An endless loop of drown and burn  
Worship while we tell you lies to your face  
The bottom line a cheap disgrace Electro-lemmings line up to storm the cliff  
The paying victims create a rapid shift  
To empty commerce and wasted words  
A celebration of the thinning herd I couldn't make this shit up  
The truth is bad enough  
Out in the heartlands a smoking wreck  
Of ill-raised children and lost respect Let me sell you illusions of concern  
An endless loop of drown and burn  
Worship while we tell you lies to your face  
The bottom line a cheap disgrace It's a fucking disgrace

Songwriters

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