

Resurrection #9

Lamb of God

Lay waste, torn asunder weak and lost in the past
Obfuscates, the self mind ripped it away
Cobwebs and motes in the eye of the sun God I think not, serpent get thee behind me
Eradicated your somnambulant enigma
This field has lain fallow, won't erode
Won't soak up the sediment from your poisoned mind No, I won't soak up your misery
Won't soak up your weakness
Won't soak up your banality Taste vanadium, wide awake realizing what you've done
Taste the frost, you chose your own death
You know that you choose well
I hate myself but not as much as I hate you
Tear yourself down

Songwriters

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