

Torches

Lamb of God

The soul of the nation slowly withers (in the howl of the empty wind)
As the spring lays, crushed beneath the hammer (the invisible flame)
My vision sears the crowded square (as the mouth of injustice grins)
This routed place (fire runs through my veins)
I choose to expire
You're all on the brink of compromise (as the steel in my nerve sets in)
Mass concessions in defeated eyes (I carry the cries)
A terrible kindness to break the thrall (in my end a new world begins)
I strike the match (it's not me who dies)
And let it fall
Oppression, injustice, self-immolation
I am the inferno I am legion Oppression, injustice, self-immolation
I am the inferno I am legion I am
I am
I am
I am the inferno
I am
I am
I am
I am
I am legion Some run screaming
Some sit silently
An agonizing gift of charred humanity
My footsteps
They will echo through eternity
A seismic scorching outcry of indignity
I write my blackened name, carved into the wind
I fill your hearts with rage
I leave you ash and legend
Fire runs through my veins
Fire runs through my veins
A terrible kindness to break the thrall (fire runs through my veins)
I strike the match
Fire runs through my veins Oppression, injustice, self-immolation
I am the inferno I am legion
Oppression, injustice, self-immolation
I am the inferno I am legion I shall lay charge I am legion
I am the inferno I am legion

Songwriters

DAVID RANDALL BLYTHE, MARK MORTON, WILL ADLER, JOHN CAMPBELL, CHRIS ADLER,
GREG PUCIATO
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