

Throes of Perdition

Trivium

Blind-folded and gagged stood waiting
With the whole world my firing squad
At the edge of the world I'm faced out
Staring the sun right in the eye Vultures circle above, hyenas mocking the kill
Excrement drooling down their chins
Atop the cliffs I look down into the starving hell-mouth
The rabid foam crashes hard on it's teeth Their mouths salivate
Fantasizing my gruesome ending
This world looks down upon
A man who can stand on his own two feet As their feeding their guns "ready aim"
They say I'll live if i die for their cause
Living under the rule of fellow cro-magnon fool
They fear to look out to stay still Their mouths salivate
Fantasizing my gruesome ending
This world looks down upon
A man who can stand on his own two feet Without eating from their claws Life feels like hell should
This hell's so cold
Pull another knife out
Stick it with the rest of them
When my back is full
Turn me around to face it Such melancholy burning the stars from skies
As we melt drowning inside their bloodied eyes
Hope is ravaged running from lacerations
Sob so heavily we choke then we die.... Die... Die... Die... Die... GUITAR SOLO: Die... Die... Die... Die Life feels like
hell should
This hell's so cold
Pull another knife out
Stick it with the rest of them
When my back is full
Turn me around to face it Sob so heavily we choke then we die....

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