

O.D.H.G.A.B.F.E

Lamb of God

Hate. Falling three feet to the ground.
Face down on the cold floor of a well-oiled SF pigsty I met my one true love.
Feel youth crushed somewhere between concrete & boot, another victim of the lower hate.
You are not my god. You think this is funny don't you pig?
How the helpless freak squirms beneath our state sanctioned soles, but what is he laughing at?
There was nothing padded about a wagon full of mace.
Rotator cuff hyper extends behind my back ribs cracking beneath a rain of sticks & heels
falling down like the rain outside.
Oh yeah bitch, I'm gonna remember your face your name your number;
and when I crawl out of this hole I'm going to make you all mine.
Auschwitz Kent State Chi-Town 68 Tianamen Waco

Songwriters

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