

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 and 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
Ribbs cracking beneath a rain of
Sticks and 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

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