

I Hope You Rot

Parkway Drive

From crooked faith, the darkness flows
From hallowed halls, through broken homes
To prey upon the weakest lamb
The cruellest heart is truly man And when the judgment came, they told us: "Turn away"
As their laughter whipped the halls like cracking bones
Small words and hollow gestures, the rats are closing ranks
They paint themselves as angels, oh, so wrong Libera nos, libera nos
Deliver us from the blackest of mass
Libera nos, libera nos
Deliver us justice for the lost
Straight down, I see their wings are burning
But it's a shallow fall
Straight down, I see their wings are burning
There are no halos to be found
There are no halos to be found
So save your breath Nothing here is sacred, nothing is divine
If heaven's gates are open, then I think I'll wait in line
Nothing here is holy when every faith is blind
So save your breath, I don't need more excuses Libera nos, libera nos
Deliver us from the blackest of mass
Libera nos, libera nos
Deliver us justice for the lost
But it's a shallow fall, it's a shallow fall
Straight down, I see their wings are burning
But it's a shallow fall
Straight down, I see their wings are burning
There are no halos to be found I'll never see through the eyes of your lord
But I have seen through the eyes of a child
I'll never see through the eyes of your lord
But I have seen through the eyes of a child
I hope you rot Straight down, I see their wings are burning
But it's a shallow fall
Straight down, I see their wings are burning
There are no halos to be found From crooked faith, the darkness flows
From hallowed halls, through broken homes
To prey upon the weakest lamb
The cruellest heart is truly man

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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