

# Buckeye

## Lamb Of God

Turn on all the lights and punch them out  
All four burners going, pile it on fire  
Metal sparks in the nuclear box  
Fist through a window pane  
And our broken coffee cups litter the kitchen floor  
Smoke rolling across the ceiling  
Suck down the bride's champagne  
And swallow a few more sleepy ones  
Pass the bottle to none and swing from the gate  
Speak in the name of suffering as loud as it gets  
Knuckled holes in everything spittle  
And love fling into a crying eye that runs away  
A dead dog in the street nothing brings a slain king back  
You'll never know the bittersweet smell  
Of leaving this world of your own volition, so jacked up

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