

Lamb Of God, Another Nail For Your Coffin

At a loss for something different to say,
I've said everything, we've said it all before.
An extra nail for your coffin.
I'm going to ride that horse we've beaten to death,
And deliver its stinking carcass to your doorstep.
A gift from all the dead children,
That are the progeny of your ballistic union.
Borrowing from Peter to rape Paul,
No news is good news, but I've got some news for you.
Fetch me a rope, lynch mob of one.
An extra nail for your coffin.
Certain blood has been shed for uncertain reasons.
You will never quiet this storm,
A cold wind to chill your bones.
I bring the hammer down.
Borrowing from Peter to rape Paul,
No news is good news, but I've got some news for you.
Fetch me a rope, lynch mob of one.