

# Lamb Of God, Black Label

The human condition is inherit claustrophobia.  
Compression of my space made complete.  
I would rip out my own entrails by hand just to be alone.  
Inanity rolls total through this sphere.  
Ostracized for clarity of vision.  
A dream unrealized of solitudethat i should decend into autonomy  
& know the pain of fellowship no more. I feel nothing but a lack of space.  
Paradox of socialization results in duress.  
Rife with hostility, what has caused me so much hate?  
Humanity. Exterminate with extreme predjudice.