

Lamb Of God, Choke Sermon

Sermon sung me slow to sleep
Faster if I had a choice
With every breath another death
Still so in love with your own voice

Idle threats to hide regrets
Excuses serve to bide the time
Cover tracks, double back
We summon silence so divine

Greeted with a thundering absence of applause.

Choke on your own words
Lies are venom in your veins
Burn from the inside
And never speak my name

Jesus complex, gag reflex
Trigger happy redundancy
No thrill, no chase, no saving grace
Hypnotic in monotony

Loaded with a salt rock shot
You say you're everything you're not
What might have been is all you've got
From here and now you're dead to me

Greeted with a thunderous absence of applause

Choke on your own words
Lies are venom in your veins
Burn from the inside
And never speak my name

Nothing will ever erase
Or undo your disgrace
A lonely self-embrace
They've long forgotten you
Still cling to what it was
A lost and hopeless cause
Forever mourning your loss
They've long forgotten you

Murdered slowly in minute increments of time
Pissing up a rope
Another moment passes by

Choke on your own words
Lies are venom in your veins
Burn from the inside
And never speak my name