

Lamb Of God, Confessional

Intrinsic rot. Traces of future. Your past will rise haunting you again.

Tounging the glue stamp seal of your fold.

Cased in forests of black steel rod.

Vines of nerve float downstream. Sections of horror.

This is something you must never do again.

Falling spiral down. You know not what you are looking for but it will find you anyway.

I've confessed this disease to you. Handed you a key to control.

Fuel for your malicious intent.

Punish me for my failure. Dissect my faith. Twisting my trust.

Never, no more, I'm alone.