Lamb Of God, Grace

Broken, Bones and the will.
Capacity to disappear in misery saves

Soaking, Pain as a thrill, Hate to instill
Compassion's a cage.

Forgiving the father
Read the story on my skin
I'll be the martyr
Falling from his grace again

Sunken, sooner or later
We crawl our way back into our favorite hole
Drunken, swallow the savior
And follow him to hang from the highest pole

Forgiving the father
Read the story on my skin
Tell me more about the man I should have been
I'll be the martyr
Falling from his grace again
This is where the end begins