

# Lamb Of God, Lies Of Autumn

As the leaves fall yellowing like aged paper, thoughts turn acrid and curl like cigarette smoke rising from a butt ground out on my arm. Step into this decay and experience dissolution. Crucified on a plank of cruelty, crucified on a plank of apathy to sleep the winter away. Immobile for the cold duration. Huddled in isolation, to sleep the winter away.