

Lamb Of God, 512

Six bars laid across the sky
Four empty walls to fill the time
One careless word, you lose your life
A grave new world awaits inside.

Lycanthropic survival instincts
Embrace the beast and shun the weak
Awake the primal one that sleeps inside
Or feel the shiv(er) running through your spine.

The time is slipping by no peace in sight
But the teeth of time still hold their bite.

My hands are painted red
My future's painted black
I can't recognize myself, I've become someone else
My hands are painted red.

Schizophrenic amnesia
Bid goodbye to all you knew and loved
Forget the only life that you knew outside
They bought the ticket, now you take the ride.

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But the teeth of time still hold their bite.

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My future's painted black
I can't recognize myself, I've become someone else
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Another number quickly learns the rules
A hidden burner waits to point at you
A subtle gesture and you're ventilated
Talk isn't cheap here, bleed out in payment.

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