

Lamb Of God, Blood Of The Scribe

All of this comes crashing down. Cornerstones gone
Sleepless. Hopeless. No end in sight
Ink well has run dry, fill it with blood of the scribe
Rest comes easy to the guiltless
The vampire laments as he prays for the sun
Doom, despair, tragedy are the tools of the trade
Cut to the bone, rob the grave
Unearth the stone, lay to waste
Defile the tome, rip the page
Strip mine the vein, lay to waste
Frayed at the edge, flat lined. The anvil cracks
The hammer relentlessly comes down
A new pariah is born
Chastisement lays you down to sleep
Tucks you in with bloody kisses
Gifts of nightmares bitter sweet
Type A negative shuts me down
Catch phrase will be the death of me
Is this not what you came to see?
What, are you not entertained?
Climb the walls, 'til nails bleed
Rip the hair, tear the seams, break the glass
Head in hands, bell tolls endlessly
No end in sight