

# 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