

# Lamb Of God, Descending

The River I'm bound to be found in,  
A rope chosen bound for the hang.  
When I'm blind and I think I see everything,  
Convincing myself again.

This god that I worship (a faded reflection).  
This demon I blame (a flickering flame).  
Conspire as one, exactly the same.  
It's exactly the same

Descending,  
To never recover the peices  
To all that we've lost.  
Recover the peices lost.  
The peices to all we've lost.

I shudder to think of the consequece,  
It's blasphemy simple and true.  
The tragic protagonist torments,  
Convincing myself again.

This god that I worship (a faded reflection).  
This demon I blame (a flickering flame).  
Conspire as one, exactly the same.  
It's exactly the same.

Descending,  
To never recover the peices  
to all that we've lost.  
Recover the peices lost.  
The peices to all we've lost.