

Lamb Of God, Omens

I cut the weight of connection and lead myself astray
The end will justify the means but in the end it stays
the same

There's nothing left at all, nothing left to see
A restrictive empty exercise within a hollow scheme.
Do you see the omens?

Omens

Fuck it all, ignore the omens

Omens

Omens

Fuck it all, ignore the omens.

An endless recitation thrown right through the looking
glass

I'm trapped inside a parody, a fabricated past.
Searching for release from all this rising stress
Charted past the point of caring with a broken compass
Motes in the eye of God, indulging armageddon
The devil slits the muse's throat and drinks her last
confession.

Do you see the omens?

Omens

Fuck it all, ignore the omens

Omens

Omens

Fuck it all, ignore the omens.

I've fallen out of touch with who you think I am

I can't pretend to care or bother to condemn

All this rising apathy, it's growing everyday

I can't pretend to care about how this will end.

All I see are omens

Omens

Fuck it all, ignore the omens

I see omens

I hear omens

I say fuck it all, ignore the omens.