

Lamb Of God, Pathetic

Somewhere between an excuse and a lie,
You found something that you believe,
So proud, I guess I can imagine why,
Three cheers for what we used to be.

Pathetic. Wasted. Souless. Compromised.
Sleep-walking the mine field,
Shit talking, it crumbles around you.
It comes back around.

Somewhere between illusion and denial,
You'll drown in your own sympathy.
Profound, at least you thought so at the time,
a ghost of who you used to be.

Pathetic. Wasted. Souless. Compromised.
Sleep-walking the mine field,
Shit talking, it crumbles around you.
It comes back around.

Pathetic. Wasted. Souless. Compromised.