

Lamb Of God, Purified

Can the pestilence within' you be bled out
May I have the honor of this amputation?
Know that you have made an enemy
To show you the meaning of indignity
I live now solely for the pleasure of your slow decay.
Feel the pain of vengeance burn you.
Soon you shall know silence.
Silence.
With trembling hands you'll beg for mercy.
I'll show you none.
I'll show you none.
Purified by my hand
In this my world.
In this my world.
It is salvation.
Your futile existence draws to a close
A cloak of lies drops.
The lies drop.