

# Lamb Of God, Remorse Is For The Dead

The dirty lord of the manor surveys his filthy domain  
Too many nights raising hell worked a  
Little all too well  
Constructed a monument to denial and excess  
Sunk so low, crawled so far back theres nowhere  
Left to regress  
If these walls could talk, they would tell  
A horror story  
Never-ending winter, violence and infidelity  
Shadows fall through broken panes  
Careless words that are filled with hate  
Just enough to keep it together, never enough  
To make it work  
All the tongues here are forked  
We are a hailstorm of broken glass, follow the  
Path of least expectance  
A huge stinking pile of sick, pile it higher and  
Higher  
Light the match, start the fire  
Level this place until nothings left and take us with it  
Surroundings are irate. Crack of dawn brings  
Naught but pain  
Resentment steadily grows  
Laughing in the gallows  
Full throttle determeined to fail, pedal to the  
Metal asleep at the wheel  
We are the lucky ones, welcome home  
Poisoned nerves and a bloody antidote  
Violence is not an abberration, Its a rule  
Dying beyond the pale  
Your beatings will continue until my morale improves  
I dont hate you, Im just removing an enemy  
Remorse is for the dead, my enemy  
Remorse is for the dead.