

Lamb Of God, Ruin

The knowledge that seeking the favor of another
Means the murder of self.

This is the resolution

The end of all progress

The death of evolution

It bleeds all life away.

Silence speeds the path to your streams of solace that run so few and narrow.

Brooks that babble the sounds of torture.

You will one day rise

To flood the banks of the chosen.

This is the art of ruin.

This is the resolution

The end of all progress

The death of evolution

It bleeds all life away.

It bleeds all life away.

Go!

Quack!

I will show you all that I have mastered

Fear. Pain. Hatred. Power.

This is the art of ruin.

This is the art of ruin.

This is the art of ruin.