

Lamb Of God, Vanishing

Strode across the smoky floors in time
To bear witness and hear the death of paradigms
Lords of sound and simple vice
Young gods severe and satellites

Augmented nights, adrenaline
Of nicotine and satin skin

That world is dead, just memories
A faded scene inside of me
Vanishing
Vanishing
(Vanishing)

Born of earth shaking Maldoror
The legion crushed
The legion crushed what came before
Imploded meaning for the youth
Who never knew
Never knew the joy of truth

Their pale and pallid replication
Could never spark a true creation

That world is dead, just memories
A faded scene inside of me
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Scorched minds and stark narration
Adroit intent not imitation
Blurred reflections, a better time
Post-modern tantrums on a father's dime

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A shining path beckons me
Never to be seen again
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