## 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 Vanishing Vanishing (Vanishing)

Scorched minds and stark narration Adroit intent not imitation Blurred reflections, a better time Post-modern tantrums on a father's dime

Vanishing Vanishing Vanishing Vanishing

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