

Neurosis, Day Of The Lords

This is the room, the start of it all,
No portrait so fine, only sheets on the wall,
I've seen the nights, filled with bloodsport and pain,
And the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained.

Where will it end? Where will it end?
Where will it end? Where will it end?

These are your friends from childhood, through youth,
Who goaded you on, demanded more proof,
Withdrawal pain is hard, it can do you right in,
So distorted and thin, distorted and thin.

Where will it end? Where will it end?
Where will it end? Where will it end?

This is the car at the edge of the road,
There's nothing disturbed, all the windows are closed,
I guess you were right, when we talked in the heat,
There's no room for the weak, no room for the weak,

Where will it end? Where will it end?
Where will it end? Where will it end?

This is the room, the start of it all,
Through childhood, thorough youth, I remember it all,
Oh, I've seen the nights filled with bloodsport and pain.
And the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained, the bodies obtained.

Where will it end? Where will it end?
Where will it end? Where will it end?