

# Stampin' Ground, Bathe My Wounds

Sick of this shit  
Been as low as I go  
Now the tables will turn  
Now everyone must know  
The hunter's become the hunted  
I will take you down one by one  
No quarter will be given  
Until this judgement is done

The last time that you stopped to think  
You forgot to start back up again  
Then you wonder why it is  
I view you with so much ridicule  
Well, all the seeds  
Of hate you've sown  
Are about to  
Come crashing home

I swallowed my pride  
Swallowed my pride once too often  
I held my tongue, and walked away  
I watched you hold your fucking court

A new disguise  
A new disguise, the same old lies  
If you think my hatred's unjust  
Just wait and see how much I can give

Worm crawl away  
Or burn in these flames  
You cannot phase me  
And I drink long and deep your shame  
My very spirit is sick with hate  
The desire for revenge eats me whole  
You come crawling on bended knee  
To taste my tender fury

I will not stop in this quest  
To destroy all you have and love  
If you think my hate's unjust  
Wait and see how much I can give I sit clipping  
The wings of angels  
As they fall Forever smitten