

# Trivium, Throes Of Perdition

Blind-folded and gagged, stood waiting  
With the whole world: my firing squad  
At the edge of the world I'm faced out  
Staring the sun right in the eye

Vultures circle above, hyenas mocking the kill  
Excrement drooling down their chins  
Atop the cliffs I look down, into the starving Hell-mouth  
The rabid foam crashes hard on it's teeth

Their mouth's salivate  
Fantasizing my gruesome ending  
This world looks down upon  
A man who can stand on his own two feet

As they're feeding their guns: "ready, aim"  
They say I'll live, if I die for their cause  
Living under the rule of fellow Cro-Magnon fool  
They fear who leads and will kill to stay still

Their mouth's salivate  
Fantasizing my gruesome ending  
This world looks down upon  
A man who can stand on his own two feet

Without eating from their claws

Life feels like Hell should  
But this Hells so cold  
Pull another knife out  
Stick it with rest of them  
When my back is full  
Turn me around to face it

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Such melancholy, burning the stars from skies  
As we melt, drowning inside their bloodied eyes  
Hope is ravaged, running from lacerations  
Sob so heavily, we choke, then we die

Die  
Die  
Die  
Die

Solo: CKB  
Solo: MKH

Die  
Die  
Die  
Die

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Turn me around to face it

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Go

Sob so heavily, we choke, then we die