

Blood Junkie

Lamb of God

A shallow little jackal of a man posing as a hawk
Conniving opportunist
Lease the blade the gun, the bomb in the name of justice
A violent panacea for what ails the nation
In advancement for the pig

You'll not wrest the truth from my hands
Eyes never closed clarity
Clamped down in a grip so tight
On ordinary horror

Peering through a curtain of blood
Retribution or vengeance it matters
Not which as long as the pig stays on top of the ladder of bone
His father has built

Ashes to ashes to the dust
Eaten spiced with ambivalence

The nation swallows it all whole
Weakened by their collective neck in the noose

Commerce brings war
Jihad has come to both sides
Eye for an eye, fire for fire
Raining death as the towers crumble

This will never end, left without a choice by the fiscal elite
War is set in motion by higher powers
A pissing contest for the unknown
Left bankrupt we all die inside
As a couple jumps hand in hand to their death

Wrapped in swaddling and laid in a dumpster
Spoon fed shit doesn't even turn their stomachs
Gaping mouths yawn for more abuse
Someone needs to tip the nest
The pig ascends as I sink deeper
Seething misanthropic, waiting for my death

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