

Blood of the Scribe

Lamb of God

All of this comes crashing down.
Cornerstone's gone
Sleepless.
Hopeless.
No end in sight.
Ink well has run dry, fill it with blood of the scribe.
Rest comes easy to the guiltless
The vampire laments as he prays for the sun.
Doom, despair, tragedy are the tools of the trade.
Cut to the bone, rob the grave
Unearth the stone, lay to waste
Defile the tome, rip the page
Strip mine the vein, lay to waste.
Frayed at the edge, flat lined.
The anvil cracks.
The hammer relentlessly comes down.
A new pariah is born.
Chastisement lays you down to sleep, tucks you in with bloody kisses
Gifts of nightmares bitter sweet.
Type A negative shuts me down.
Catch phrase will be the death of me.
This is, not what you came to see?
What, are you not entertained?
Climb the walls 'til nails bleed.
Rip the hair, tear the seams, break the glass.
Head in hands, bell tolls endlessly
No end in sight.