

## Departure Hymn

Lamb of God

We are in this world, not of it  
Spreading like vermin, the last, last of the breed  
We are in this world, not of it  
Spreading like vermin, the last, last of the breed

Screaming

Screaming into an urban wind  
Broken glass asphalt undertow  
Trash blows down deserted streets  
This organism will survive

Breed