

Descending

Lamb of God

The river I'm bound to be found in,
A rope chosen bound for the hang,
When I'm blinded I think I see everything,
Convincing myself again.

This god that I worship,
This demon I blame,
Conspire as one, exactly the same,
It's exactly the same.

Descending,
To never recover the pieces,
To all that we've lost,
Recover the pieces lost,
The pieces to all we've lost.

I shudder to think of the consequence,
It's blasphemy simple and true,
The tragic protagonist torments,
Convincing myself again.

This god that I worship,
This demon I blame,
Conspire as one, exactly the same,
It's exactly the same.

Descending,
To never recover the pieces,
To all that we've lost,
Recover the pieces lost
The pieces to all we've lost.