

Foot to the Throat

Lamb of God

Virginia death threat, Virginia creeper vine.
The hands that feed intent, choke the purpose of this time.
Take all that you can give, and I will make it mine.
No care for what you've spent, even fool's gold has its shine.

Never held down, never restrained.
Virtue's foot to the throat,
free of broken chains.
Thus always to tyrants,
Laugh at the conquered, the victims now betray.

And in this Commonwealth,
There's merely a common concern for self.
We hold these lies to be self-evident,
As the dividends will reflect.
And in this Commonwealth,
There's merely a common concern for self.
The coffers have long run dry.

Never held down, never restrained.
Virtue's foot to the throat,
free of broken chains.
Thus always to tyrants,
Laugh at the conquered, the victims now betray.

Like a bull in a china shop,
But the shelves have all been cleared.
A thief in an empty vault,
The sheep already sheared.
A screen door on a submarine,
An eagle with a broken wing,
Hope in a dead man's dream,
The sound of a bell
that will never ring.

You're just wasting time.