

## Forgotten (Lost Angels)

Lamb of God

This is a mean and cold town,  
I hate this fucking place.  
Watch the rats as they all drown,  
Dying slowly day by day.  
Decrepit and falling down,  
Cesspool of human waste.  
Swallow profit in deep now  
In death you'll finally know the taste.

There are no souls left here to save.  
Forgotten, lost angels, long disgraced.

You fucking hypocrite,  
But hooks in lips they do not lie.  
Compassion served not on your plate,  
How many of them have you watched die?

I can't sing you a happy song,  
I can't write you a sing-a-long,  
The only catchy hook I've got,  
Is the one in my bleeding gut.

Burn it down  
Burn it down

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Dead stares, dead eyes,  
Choked hopes and vacant minds,  
Blank words, blank lives,  
The end result of endless lies.

There's no angels here,  
To get lost in the first place  
Jackhammer a fault line,  
Pray for earthquakes.  
Mulholland's on fire,  
And my cig started it.  
'92 should have burnt this fucker down,  
We're here to finish it.

I'm not impressed by much here,  
Much less what you have to say.  
Don't give a fuck who you know,  
I just want to leave this hellhole

Know that you mean nothing to me,  
Nor the lies that seep from your teeth.  
Won't piss on you if you're on fire,  
One more self-important liar.

Burn it down.  
Burn it down.

There are no souls left here to save  
Forgotten lost angels long disgraces

Burn it, burn it  
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