

## O.D.H.G.A.B.F.E.

### Lamb of God

Hate, falling three feet to the ground  
Face down on the cold floor of a well oiled SF, pigsty I met my  
one true love  
Feel youth crushed somewhere between concrete and boot  
Another victim of the lower hate  
You are not my God, you think this is funny, don't you, pig?

How the helpless freak squirms beneath our state sanctioned sol  
es  
But what is he laughing at?  
There was nothing padded about a wagon full of mace  
Rotator cuff hyper extends behind my back  
Ribbs cracking beneath a rain of

Sticks and heels falling down like the rain outside  
Oh yeah, bitch, I'm gonna remember your face, your name, your n  
umber  
And when I crawl out of this hole I'm going to make you all min  
e  
Auschwitz, Kent State Chi-Town 68, Tianamen, Waco