

Remorse Is for the Dead

Lamb of God

The dirty lord of the manor surveys his filthy domain
Too many nights raising hell worked a little all too well.
Constructed a monument to denial and excess
Sunk so low, crawled so far back there's nowhere left to regress.
If these walls could talk, they would tell a horror story
Never-ending winter, violence and infidelity
Shadows fall through broken panes
Careless words that are filled with hate
Just enough to keep it together, never enough to make it work.
All the tongues here are forked.
We are a hailstorm of broken glass, follow the path of least expectancy.
A huge stinking pile of sick, pile it higher and higher.
Light the match, start the fire.
Level this place until nothing is left and take us with it.
Surroundings are irate.
Crack of dawn brings naught but pain.
Resentment steadily grows.
Laughing in the gallows.
Full throttle determined to fail, pedal to the metal asleep at the wheel.
We are the lucky ones, welcome home.
Poisoned nerves and a bloody antidote
Violence is not an aberration, it's a rule.
Dying beyond the pale.
Your beatings will continue until my morale improves.
I don't hate you, I'm just removing an enemy.
Remorse is for the dead, my enemy.
Remorse is for the dead