

Suffering Bastard

Lamb of God

Shorn of apocryphal pride,
the locks falls predicting strife.
Cranium exposed, denial of aesthetic.
Push it a little farther.
All of this burnt to ashes,
all of this torn to rags.
I don't know what the fuck have I become?
Synapses snapping mortality decimated.
Breakdown whiskey shifts hate into overdrive.
Realizing it's murder of the self so clean.
Hand reaches out desecrates impunity.
Ripping away foundation's identity replacing with shame.
Transgression mythologized, indiscretions immortalized.
Anger inflamed with dry rot, pushing towards severance.
What a bloody mess. Visiting dark sites unknown,
grief lands like a ton of bricks. All of this burnt to ashes,
all of this torn to rags'