

The Number Six

Lamb of God

Sloth! Is the enemy of greatness.
Reflection! A scalpel to my mind.
We strive. As you leisurely criticize.
A free ride. Til you find that you've dug your own
grave.
Lie by Lie.

Just a running mouth.
Poison words you throw about.
Drag you to your end.
The Number Six, Leviathan.

You've dug your own grave. With your spite.
You've dug your own grave. Lie by Lie.
A cancer! That needs to be cut out.
Sweet slander! A razor to your throat.
Trim the fat. A loose end to be tied up.
And cast aside.
Left to find that you've dug your own grave.
With your spite.

A relentless imposition.
By a self fulfilling travesty.
From one who is just rotting there in slut's wool and
zero history.
Ecstatic, Condemning. Erratic, Condescending.
An empty barrel always makes the most noise.
I begin to feel my hands. My hands around your throat.
Your throat.
Erratic, Condescending.

You've dug your own grave.
The Number Six, Leviathan.
You've dug your own grave.
A running mouth.
And poison words.
Will be your end
The Number Six, Leviathan.