

Still Echoes

Lamb of God

A thousand heads cut clean across their necks
right down the hall from me.
The reich's relentless blade, thirsty and shining red
still echoes of their screams. This is a tarnished heirloom, passed down through iron fists
A shameful house of doom
A legacy of collapse, built on a painful truth. A thousand years of failure, a thousand years they
bled.
To the bear, the blitzkrieg, and the holy father.
They just bowed their heads. They meekly did their time
Counting the days while harnessed to their rusty shackles
Forever occupied, folded the crimson star,
The rabbits turned to jackals
This is a tarnished heirloom, passed down through iron fists
A shameful house of doom
A legacy of collapse, built on a painful truth. A thousand years of failure, a thousand years they
bled.
To the bear, the blitzkrieg, and the holy father.
They just bowed their heads. Soviet hangover, eastern bloc.
And dirty money still flows through locks.
A killing ground of rebels, black marketeers
Restrained but there's no resistance here. Southeast Asia in a Euro cellblock.
Saigon's children conceal what they've got.
The opium trail runs west through here.
They're selling disease to erase all your fears.
A thousand years of failure, a thousand years they bled.
To the bear, the blitzkrieg, and the holy father.
They just bowed their heads.
I won't bow my head.

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