

Bloodletting

Lamb of God

Bloodletting
Archaic methods transfer
through well in the face of mass denial.
Bitterness fuels the mode
for the escape of mediocrity.
Stepping the grate, shattered nerves
ground down to a glass edge
carrying me away.
Bloodletting a favorite game of solitaire.
A suicide mission destined to fail,
a moving ladder to climb taking me away.
I wouldn't have it any other way

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>