

# 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/>