

The Lord Came Down

Brand New Sin

Sick, in my dreams. In reality it seems
That I am not the same
There is a lot that has changed since then
Since the lord came down
Since he came down from his throne
Since the lord came down
Chewed me up, and spit me out
Fools, like take you
Multiply your bullshit by two and you'll
Have me scratching walls

At least I know that that's just the kick
In the balls that life is when the lord comes down
It splits your head in two. It finds a hell that suits you
It wills you to believe
It wills your mind to prove it to you
Why don't the lord come down from his throne
Chew us up, and spit us out?