

Bastard Ritual

Emmure

All of my father's are dead
The one's alive do not care
It seems what I have become
Is something less than a man
And in the end they were right
I've gone and wasted my life
And now my only goal is
To slowly die in a ditch
To be a grave left unkempt
A corpse un-mourned and un-wep
Under the Earth I will be
Alone, disgraced and deceased
You'll never say R.I.P.
You'll never say R.I.P.
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You'll never say R.I.P.