Beating on Death's Door

Lamb of God

She's a slack one, born of greed.
Speaking endless words, long and empty.
A beggar who still wants to choose,
A dethroned queen still demands her dues.
If you want something for nothing you take what you get,
A virgin whore in a dirty wedding dress.

Scream for salvation, beating on death's door.
But just be careful what you wish for.

There's blood stain on the ceiling,
But you're the only duck in the shooting gallery.
Trying to look out through a bricked-in window,
Your destiny lies in the alley below.
Trying to see yourself in a shattered mirror,
When all else fails, she holds you with broken arms.
There's poison in her veins, but the bitch comes for free,
A quick fix for all that you think that you need.

Scream for salvation, beating on death's door.
But just be careful what you wish for.
The patron saint of fools answers all your request,
She's all yours now, so deal with it.

There's no shoulder left to cry wolf on,
You're tied in knots that can't be undone.
No more warnings will fall on deaf ears,
You lied too many times now no one cares.
No one cares.

An empty promise with a heart of tin,
Her crooked smile beguiles and it draws you within.
The hope for something more, all that you wish for,
A kick to the head and a boot to the door.
Chasing a dragon in a ladies clothes,
A paper trail ends in choking smoke.
But you know that you lit the match yourself,
Play the burning cards that you dealt

Scream for salvation, beating on death's door.
But just be careful what you wish for.
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She's all yours now, so deal with it.

Broken. (7x)

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