

## Confessional

### Lamb of God

Intrinsic rot, traces of future  
Your past will rise haunting you again  
Tonguing the glue stamp seal of your fold  
Cased in forests of black steel rod

Vines of nerve float downstream  
Sections of horror  
This is something you must never do again  
Falling spiral down

You know not what you are looking for  
But it will find you anyway  
I've confessed this disease to you  
Handed you a key to control

Fuel for your malicious intent  
Punish me for my failure  
Dissect my faith, twisting my trust  
Never, no more, I'm alone