

New Colossal Hate

Lamb of God

The mother of exiles stands there weeping
As her children tear themselves apart
Knives are out, her thoughts are bleeding
Blood runs down her welcoming arms
Her feral brood has turned neglectful
The chains she broke are rusting closed
Imprisoned lightning burns forgetful
Spoiled blind to the light that she holds

Lash the tired and kill the poor
The huddled masses ram the door

The new colossal hate arises
Savage ways, old horizons
Hate arises

Like brazen giants with conquering limbs
The herd manifesting all that she despised
Childish amnesia born of privilege
Selfish mob commits matricide
Her mild gaze gone stern, fire in her eyes
Watching her dreams turn into dust
The beacon dropped, her hand raised up to strike
Cast them homeless into the tempest

Lash the tired and kill the poor
The coddled masses slam the golden door

The new colossal hate arises
Savage ways, old horizons
Out of one a warring many
A dirty mirror shows the enemy
New colossal hate arises
Hate arises

Broken hope

The melting pot is melting down
A pool of slag on poisoned ground
Choking from the venom's sting
Pull the fangs, let freedom ring
(Let freedom ring)

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