

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

02/05/2026

The Subtle Arts Of Murder And Persuation

Par Lamb Of God

Album : Hourglass: The CD Anthology

The dark crow man sits and stares

Into the oblivion, into cold, into nothingness

It's snowing in his mind

He's created himself in his own image

Lust held for him means naught

A knock on the door brings no smile to his cruel lips

The welcome in a woman's eyes holds nothing for him

Alone on his haunches the hair raises on the back of his neck

His dead eyes pierce the night

As his gaze falls down on the city

It fills him the method ascertained, conviction

He knows what to do and moves to commit the deed