

The Gnashing

Baroness

All of your fears are well founded and true
All my hands are callous and cruel
All of my arrows that riddle you through
Are bullets that fire me back into you
All of the rivers are boiling with thirst
All my hands covered with earth
All of my children that gnash with their teeth
Paperback novels and dogs scratching fleas

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>