

# Penance

## Defeater

These unfamiliar streets, I hide my face and name  
And these secrets that I keep, every stranger looks the same  
The cold New England air, it rips the(?)  
And I replace it with the ache, the ash, the dirt, and lack of love  
No hands to hold, no hands to pray for me  
My lover left alone, my lover left to grieve and mourn  
My sins, my cross to bear, the guilt, the vows I broke in turn  
This precious sacrament took the bottle of prayer  
each night  
One hand to the altar and the other to the wind  
(?) perish from the church  
Snow is falling quietly  
(?) in my steps until the dark into the streets  
No hands to hold, no hands to pray for me  
My lover left alone, my lover left to grieve and mourn  
My sins, my cross to bear, the guilt, the vows I broke in turn  
My lover left alone, my lover left to grieve and mourn  
My sins, my cross to bear, the guilt, the vows I broke in turn  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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