

Penance

Defeater

These unfamiliar streets, I hide my face and name
And these secrets that I keep, every stranger looks the sameThe 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 meMy lover left alone, my lover left to grieve and mourn
My sins, my cross to bear, the guilt, the vows I broke in turnThis 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 streetsNo 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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