

Act Of Contrition

Shadows Fall

I feel the cold hands upon me
Recollection of my betrayalMy betrayal
My betrayalIt is not the pain inside yourself
That tears the deepest woundsI drift along suspended in shadowsMemories right from the haze
With sobriety comes recollectionMy betrayal
My betrayalIt is not the pain inside yourself
That tears the deepest woundsIt is the pain you create
That consumes your very soulI drift along suspended in shadows
I drift along suspended in shadowsI drift along suspended in shadowsA specter of despair
Built on good intentionsMy betrayal
My betrayalIt is not the pain inside yourself
That tears the deepest woundsIt is the pain you create
That consumes your very soul

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