

# Shackled to Guilt

## Anata

All was settled from the start  
Immaculate and pure  
I invited chaos to stain, defile  
And purity was no more Demise of the crown, hereditary prince  
I stand by the gate of what is not  
The castle now has turned  
To a hole in the ground, free fall Bad gods glare at me  
From the horizon line  
These gods are for real  
But maybe not omniscient creators I live in a fantasy  
And when I dream, let me dream  
And never wake me up again Choke on guilt  
Near death experience  
And I can not see  
The light at the end of the tunnel All that was is again, those I let down have forgiven me  
Once more they have faith in me  
All I was I am again, reborn, I am a child  
It's but a dream and I hate myself All was settled from the start  
Immaculate and pure  
I invited chaos to stain, defile  
And purity was no more There's a future looking bright  
There's hope, I've got the strength  
I've got a life  
And a talent for irony All is dead, all is over  
Bury me under a stone with no inscription

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