

Sorrowed Regrets

Zakk Wylde

As you look back upon the past
This tarnished wake
Which you refuse to see
All shall be swept aside
As you hide the wounds
That shall not set you free

This mountain of sadness
That can't be moved
The funeral that will not be
This anguish that weighs upon
All that is, and all that's to be

Take all I've got
Take all that you need
More than I've got
Take more than you need
These crosses you bear
And the weight of your world
And your sorrowed regrets
Hand 'em all to me

So many pages turned
These trails of grief
Shall walk with no return
The corners of your eyes
The silhouette
Of the thorns that will not die

This mountain of sadness
That can't be moved
The funeral that will not be
This anguish that weighs upon
All that is and all that's to be

Take all I've got
Take all that you need
More than I've got
Take more than you need
These crosses you bear

And the weight of the world
And your sorrowed regrets
Hand em' all to me

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