

From These Wounds

All That Remains

And now I recognize your face and my folly
For longer days and nights this strange redemption
With words you've bled me dry
Now dust falls from these wounds Into the airless night I'm cast, hear me call you
I know I can't create a lie you won't see through
Through in this blessed tone I am a child in wanting
A feeling not unlike regret permeates me
And with the birth of fear I am set free From these wounds I claim redemption
From these wounds I am redeemed In passing I recall with such vivid clarity
The soft whispering reminders of foolish notions
Too late I realized my wrongs and my carelessness
Now from the stone I hear you call
I can not answer

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