Wither / Ascend

Stavesacre

the pain will come
with the morning sun
will the night betray the day
blistered skin
withered from within
scratch to shed this shell away
will you know my name
or will i hang my head in shame
will someone take this tired skin
that i've been dying in
will someone hold me to the light
and if I die tonight
then take this broken man
and wrap me tight within
this brand new skinwatch me fly
freedom like wings and i will use them
freedom like wings and i will spread them widewatch me fly...
freedom my wings...
freedom my wings...and rise

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