Gratitude

Vnv Nation

It is not love, if love is cold to touch.
It is not belief, when there's nothing there to trust.
Could not submit, would never bring myself to heel.
Determination grows, as each truth is revealed.

Torn and repaired, just to endure it all again.
Without a reason, for my place in all this pain.
Though well concealed, the scars they just compound.
Until thereÂ´s nothing left of what was my former self.

My god, look at what we are now -
without regret for all the things that we have done.

Thank you for all the doubts, and for all the questioning,
for all the loneliness and for all the suffering.
For all the emptiness, and the scars it left inside.
it inspired in me, an impetus to fight.
For the conviction, for the purpose found along.
For the strength and courage, that in me I've never known.
And if it seems to you, that my words are undeserved,
I write this in gratitude for whatever good it serves.

Sometimes I wish, that you could see me now.
In the rightful place, where I knew that I belonged.
Sometimes I wish, that you might someday understand.
to close the chapter, and lay to rest the past.
But nothing would change, we make the best of what we have.
for we are measured by the actions of our lives.
we bide our time, let the future unfold.
Like immortals, in great legends to be told.

My god, look at what we are now -
without regret for all the things that we have done.

Thank you for all the doubts, and for all the questioning,
for all the loneliness and for all the suffering.
For all the emptiness, and the scars it left inside.
it inspired in me, an impetus to fight.

To all who stood with me, when we stood as one.

Thank you for guiding me, for bringing me home.
And if it seems that I'm obliged to say these words,
I write this in gratitude, the least that you deserve.

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