

# Weathered Tome

[AFI](#)

They're coming 'round again  
I've returned and they've been waiting  
Their aged offererings received and returned  
Passed through wet eyes I tremble as I feel them rolling in for  
My sins, the old ghosts know  
So chilling as I feel them mourn within my soul  
As the mourning grows Unfold before me  
Turn back the page again  
Twenty four hours spent  
Wishing that the day was never ending Shadows of glory  
Shading my heart again  
Recall the summer when  
I left my heart to cool beneath the shadows I'm coming 'round again  
I've returned and no one's waiting  
I strain my eyes to see  
But it's so hard to read the old tags on the fallen walls I tremble as I feel them rolling  
My sins, the old ghosts know  
So chilling as I feel them mourn within my soul  
As the mourning grows Unfold before me  
Turn back the page again  
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Wishing that the day was never ending Shadows of glory  
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Recall the summer when  
I left my heart to cool beneath the shadows

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