

The Awakening: Dissimulation

Hope for the Dying

How could this be
That out of the darkness
A light has been cast upon me
And what would I do
If my own irreverence
Forever kept me from the truth
Ive watched the aging face
In the reflection stare at me
Watching hour by hour
He affords no sympathy
Ive tried to dim the lights
To avoid accusing stares
But he always finds my eyes
And reminds me who I am
Ive felt the hand of mercy
Reaching down for me
To pull me from the trenches
To calm the stormy seas
To wash me in the waters
To cleanse me in the blood
To start my new becoming
And vanquish what I was

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