

# 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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