

# Act Of Contrition

## Shadows Fall

I feel the cold hands upon me  
Recollection of my betrayal  
My betrayal  
My betrayal  
It is not the pain inside yourself  
That tears the deepest wounds  
I drift along suspended in shadows  
Memories right from the haze  
With sobriety comes recollection  
My betrayal  
My betrayal  
It is not the pain inside yourself  
That tears the deepest wounds

It is the pain you create  
That consumes your very soul  
I drift along suspended in shadows  
I drift along suspended in shadows  
I drift along suspended in shadows  
A specter of despair  
Built on good intentions  
My betrayal  
My betrayal  
It is not the pain inside yourself  
That tears the deepest wounds  
It is the pain you create  
That consumes your very soul

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