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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