

## Interlude 3

Alesana

The night sky feels  
as though it has never been darker.  
With the fleeting hope  
of vengeance compelling me  
I will attempt to recollect myself  
and resume my chase.  
But what is it that I am chasing?  
Am I really chasing anything at all?  
Or am I simply drowning myself in revenge  
to avoid the horrifying truth?  
Ive lost the only thing  
that made me feel truly alive.  
Are my hands responsible?  
Are his?  
Who was he?  
Who was the madman  
that stood before me tonight?  
I swear Ive seen his face before.  
I know Ive seen his face before.