

Token

Corroded

What you did, that is done
And there is no need to cry, for me
I am dead, long gone
Not buried alive, I am no more
Things I said, things I did
All that I was, is no more now
Leave it be, let it rest
I had it coming, and you missed your mark

And as a token of my gratitude
I leave you here with your own agony

There's a time and a place for everything we do
It's not now, but it's never too late to have regrets
There's a time and a place for everything we do
It's not now, but it's never too late to have regrets

What you feel is not wrong
'Cause you had your chance, now it is gone
I was there, now I'm not
You are left with a bullet, which has my name

And as a token of my gratitude
I leave you here with your own agony

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Do you know what you have done?
Do you know what you have done?
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