Penance

Defeater

These unfamiliar streets where I hide my face and name
And these secrets that I keep. Every stranger looks the same

The cold New England air rips the will from my blood
And I replace it with the ache, the ash, the dirt, and lack of love
No hands to hold, no hands to pray (for me)

My lover left alone, my lover left to grieve and mourn
My sins, my cross to bear, the guilt and vows I broke in turn
My lover left alone, my lover left to grieve and mourn
My sins, my cross to bear, the guilt and vows I broke in turn

Most precious sacrament, tip the bottle in prayer each night
With one hand to the altar and the other to the wine
The parish pours out from the church, snow is falling quietly
Let it fall, cover my steps into the dark end of the street

No hands to hold, no hands to pray for me

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