These quiet words they carry me away, returning, they keep coming back. In idle thoghts and hollow cut-aways, disarm me, no will to attack.

Though the sorrow and fear they may depart you today.

I will fail you, of that I'm sure.
I will remind you of the pain forevermore.
And when my sins are just a memory, faith restored,
I will fail you to the core.

Lost in the shadow of an endless grace, relentless, my reign is unbound. In this abandon I will devastate, dismember, till agony's found.

Though the sorrow and fear they may depart you today.

I will fail you, of that I'm sure.
I will remind you of the pain forevermore.
And when my sins are just a memory, faith restored,
I will fail you to the core.

I know they prey upon me,
I feel them junst beyond my door.

I will fail you, of that I'm sure.
I will remind you of the pain forevermore.
And when my sins are just a memory, faith restored,
I will fail you to the core.

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