

From The Grave

Eleine

Don't forsake me yet
Given life - taken from death
Death, awaits your breath
You cry out 'n beg forgiveness

Close your mind and embrace
This life - given from grace
I am your fate
You will crawl and beg forgiveness
Run or face death

Stained by words your fed
Dawn to a life of regret
Damned by your own hand
Crawl from the grave and behold
A life without soul

Laced within your faith
A will - stronger when death
Death awaits your breath
When you cry out
I am your witness

Stained by words your fed
Dawn to a life of regret
Damned by your own hand
Crawl from the grave and behold
A life without soul

Run while you still can
Death awaits your hand

Stained by words your fed
Dawn to a life of regret
Damned by your own hand
Crawl from the grave and behold
A life without soul