

## Remorse

### Front Line Assembly

"The killer drove an ingot into each of his own eyes, then cut off his head"

Captivated  
In their hearts and souls  
The fear and desire  
Just won't let go

Naive as it seems  
We all want control  
You're paralysed  
When panic sets in

Quietly you drown  
In your sleep

We once had a passion  
It all seemed so right  
So young and so eager  
No end in sight  
But now we are prisoners  
In our own hearts  
Nothing seems real  
It's all torn apart

No-one knows  
Where to draw the line  
Accusations, a pledge  
For resistance of mine

In power we trust  
We can't get out

The time we spend fighting  
The anger and hate  
Hope for tomorrow  
Is never too late

We all turn to dust  
On heaven's command  
Time moves by fast  
No second chance