

A Troubled Mind

HOST

All that we have found, what we have found
All my sins one and all, all incensed one and all
All make sense to the enemy

In the end, would you fall again?
In the end, could you see?
'Til the end, would you crawl again?
Honesty through pain

In the end, would you fall again?
In the end, could you see?
'Til the end, would you crawl again?
Honesty through pain

All that we hold proud, beneath the ground
All my sins one and all, all incensed one and all
All make sense to the enemy

In the end, would you fall again?
In the end, could you see?
'Til the end, would you crawl again?
Honesty through pain