Absolution

Immortal Souls

Standing on edge of where thins forest ends,
Looking at places, remember gone friends.
Blood on these hands is not from my veins.

I am returning to scene of crime,
Convoy of grieving still darkens my sky.
Blood of the innocent, my hands it stains.

I lay myself on the snow in this repentance.

Absolution...
Carry me into the absolution.
In your arms I fall.

Climbing the hill where I used to clime,
Woods are the same after all of this time.
Blood on these hands is not from my veins.

All of this blood, that was shed for me.
Lamb to the Slaughter to wash me clean.
Blood of the innocent, my hands it stains.

I lay myself on the snow in this repentance.

Absolution...
Carry me into the absolution.
In your arms I fall.

Absolution...
Carry me into the absolution.
In your arms I fall.
Absolution...
Bury me into your absolution.
In your arms I fall.

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