

The Messenger

Memory Garden

How can I redeem myself?
Unaware, I feel from grace
I took a leap of faith
But landed outside the great gates of hell
With riches to sell

Oh, reckless boy...such misery
You wear the curse and won't be free
You are the messenger, delivering death
Still, alive you stand...with a steady breath

The lives we led in simplicity
Innocents, with hopes and dreams
Suddenly washed away, we drown in the flood
No gold can repay, or cease the mournful days