

Act of Contrition

Shadows Fall

Feel the cold hands upon me
Recollection of my betrayal

My betrayal!

It is not the pain inside yourself
That tears the deepest wounds

I drift along suspended in shadows
Cold memories escape the haze
With sobriety comes recollection

It is not the pain inside yourself
That tears the deepest wounds

It is the pain that you create
That consumes your very soul

A specter of despair
Built on good intentions

It is not the pain inside yourself
That tears the deepest wounds

It is the pain that you create
That shreds your very soul