

## Wither

Stavesacre

The pain will come  
With the morning sun  
Will the night betray the day  
Blistered skin  
Withered from within  
Scratch to shed this shell away

Will you know my name  
Or will I hang my head in shame  
Will someone take this tired skin  
That I've been dying in  
Will someone hold me to the light  
And if I die tonight  
Then take this broken man  
And wrap me tight within  
This brand new skin