

Reckoning

The Ghost Inside

There will be a reckoning

It's coming back again like a chainsaw
Ripping apart what's in its path
Coming for me, but not this time
Not this time around

Cries of the past are beckoning
Calling for a reckoning
When the hunter becomes the hunted, who will concede?
There will be a reckoning

Try to break me down, cave in, give up
And start to dig the deeper grave, buried alive
But not this time
Not this time around

Cries of the past are beckoning
Calling for a reckoning
When the hunter becomes the hunted, who will concede?
There will be a reckoning

I see it, I hear it. It's mad
I feel it, and it's coming in fast
I see it, I hear it. It's back
Right in my sights, go for the kill shot
For the kill shot

No more time to hesitate
I must act fast
I must act now

Cries of the past are beckoning
Calling for a reckoning
When the hunter becomes the hunted, who will concede?
There will be a reckoning

Run, seek, find, relief
Hide from your own defeat
Run, seek, find, relief
Hide from your own defeat