

Before The Dawn, Repentance

To prove my own existence
Not just breathing but alive
Repentance taking place inside my head
Price of my remission
Shed blood and retaliate
Repression of my rage I have denied

Devoid of emotions
Senseless and dead inside
Final retribution on itway
No hope of revival
Salvation of a kind
No irresolution
Its my will, its my way

Mark my words
Every accepted failure and fault
Will turn you weak and hollow