

Twelve Tribes, Verona

This is not an admission of guilt:

Love is a crime in itself
Left with no evidence
But god as my witness
I confess, I confess
I siphoned the ventricle to your heart
Put the blood of a saint in the cup of a liar

There's nothing to regret
And I don't intend to be forgiven
For the things that I have done
I've become apathetic to no end
Is that how we've come this far?

And I've been running ever since
Took the pictures from the wall
We can't go back this time
This time we can't
And I've been gone I know and
I'm coming this time to your ghost

In spite of our fate there's still a chance
I'm coming home at your expense
I'm coming home to the wreck
I'm coming home to your ghost
And we can't go back

And I've been running ever since
Took the pictures from the wall
We can't go back this time
This time we can't
And I've been gone I know and
I'm coming this time to your ghost

I spared my life, I spared my love
And it's buried in your flesh
From all that I've escaped
A heart that I've betrayed
And it's still a part of you
From all that I've escaped
A heart that I've replaced
And you're still a part of me