

# Godhead, Wretch

I feel you rot  
I see you fall  
I hear you say  
I turn away  
I see you retch  
I feel no less Though

I don't believe your words  
I understand your pain  
I have felt to many times  
The grip of hate and shame

A smile turns to sorrow  
A spark to flame inside  
Your words are only echoes  
Shadows in your mind Though

I don't believe your words  
I understand your pain  
I have felt to many times  
The grip of hate and shame