

Hatebreed, Afflicted Past

Hatred evokes the memories that make your blood run cold. Fear and sorrow push you away from yourself.

[chorus]

How can you face the world? When you can't face the mirror. How can you leave your past? With blood on your hands? Can you run away all your life? Can you escape your punishment? How many times can you start it all again? How many lies will it take to cover your tracks?

[chorus]

Mo matter how far you go Those days are right behind.
The facade of your perfect life. Cannot hide your perfect past. There is no escape.