

Hopesfall, The Broken Heart Of A Traitor

will the waves of time wash away the pain in my heart?
can i bury the knife that has pierced my soul
or will i continue to turn it to remind me of my own blindness?
because i find no touch of grace to surprise my eyes
or rest my spirit
and i have come to realize my good moments were forged in self deception
and the question that plagues my mind
is grace enough?
to build a bridge once burned
to fill what is hollow with the substance of virtue
though the wings of a dove have wiped the tears from my eyes
this tounge has fanned the flames of unforgiveness
but love suffers long and rejoices in truth
and this imperfect creation is shortcoming
but striving none the less for that which is eternal