## Shadows Fall, Act Of Contrition

Feel the cold hands upon me Recollection of my betrayal

My betrayal!

It is not the pain inside yourself That tears the deepest wounds

I drift along suspended in shadows Cold memories escape the haze With sobriety comes recollection

It is not the pain inside yourself That tears the deepest wounds

It is the pain that you create That consumes your very soul

A specter of despair Built on good intentions

It is not the pain inside yourself That tears the deepest wounds

It is the pain that you create That shreds your very soul