

# Symphorce, Your Blood; Your Soul

In the dust of past mistakes  
Of tears and cold heartaches  
Cold skin clings to my face,  
Spend my days without a trace

If I shed my blood in vain  
Could I rest forever,  
Should I lay my soul to waste?  
Just a wait til your days are done,  
Work your fingers to the bone

You gave your blood, I gave my soul  
You taste your pain for every stain  
See from within, truth or lie  
Be where i've been and life before I die  
Of forever burning hate  
By the torment you create  
Future show chaos reigns  
Iron will hope and change  
World without end  
Sleep without dreams  
Common man whole again  
Final change hand in hand