# The Used, Light With A Sharpened Edge

Free from the torment of sin
All this I'm giving up
Much as the sun would decide to give in
Explode into orange
And hear all the voices sing praises with hymns
Mark the birth of a change
Free from the torment of sin
All this I'm giving up

It's not me
Buried wreckage my soul
It's not me so who am I now

Over and over again
Light with a sharpened edge
Cut through the black empty space we call sky
Beginning the cycle that stays
And I know in my heart we all die
Like the day and the night
Like the sun in the sky
All this I'm giving up

It's not me
Buried wreckage my soul
It's not me so who am I now?

Is there another side?
Beyond the black and the white
Place I could meet you by
A place on the other side
I'll let you know when I go
When I'm gone

It's not me
Buried wreckage my soul
It's not me so who am I now?