

A Death For Every Sin, Holding Onto What's Left

In my soul i know what is gone and what remains.
Fearing that time will break me, I doubt I'm strong enough.
As my life slips through my hands, I feel my heart grows cold.
What can you do when your fate unfolds before you?
Holding onto what's left of myself.
I lost my fucking faith, now i want it back.
I swear that one day I'll be myself again.
Through the years, I've lost myself.
Through the years, I've grown scared.
Holding onto what's left of myself,
time seems to work against me, but I won't wait in pain.
I swear that one day, I'll be myself again.
Now I see how this life was meant to be,
what I am, what I've become, is all that I have left.