

All That Remains, From These Wounds

and now i recognize your face and my folly
for longer days and nights this strange redemption'
with words you've bled me dry
now dust falls from these wounds
into the airless night i'm cast
hear me call you
i know i can't create a lie you won't see through
through in this blessed tone i am a child in wanting
a feeling not unlike regret permeates me
and with the birth of fear i am set free
from these wounds i claim redemption
from these wounds i am redeemed
in passing i recall with such vivid clarity
the soft whispering reminders of foolish notions
too late i realized my wrongs and my carelessness
now from the stone i hear you call
i can not answer
believe me my regret runs deep yet i know peace
for in 24 years i've always been inspired
the loss i do regret and still i know redemption
for you are better gone now you are set free