Before The Dawn, Repentance

To prove my own existence Not just breathing but alive Repentance taking place inside my head Price of my remission Shed blood and retaliate Repression of my rage I have denied

Devoid of emotions Senseless and dead inside Final retribution on itway No hope of revival Salvation of a kind No irresolution Its my will, its my way

Mark my words Every accepted failure and fault Will turn you weak and hollow