

# Conception, Some Wounds

clinch onto the swirling wind  
have a glimpse of ancient sins  
taste a ray of amber light as the weary sun goes down  
there is yet another shore  
luna's light won't leave you anymore  
closing in closing in a whisper in the rain;  
no-one knows your name  
you've heard that voice before  
some wounds may never heal (the ways of grace are narrow)  
some secrets can't be sealed (and in your head the battle rages on)  
someone said; you'd never learn  
strange how people tend to yearn long for insecurity  
you fought to prove them wrong you grew older,  
pages turned some were right,  
you never really learned fast decisions made your way  
too proud to quit the game  
but now they know your name be hailed for what you earned  
some wounds may never heal (the light confines the shadows)  
some secrets can't be sealed (but no-one cares about the tears you cry)  
men died for your belief men  
that never knew you wouldn't even try remember  
responsibility for those who couldn't tell the enemy from defender