

Converge, Trophy scars

in pure ghost white
i see what was mine
drowned in jet black
that haunts your shadows
endless night begins
this forked road now bends
a forked tongue appears
to lead us astray
all this that i have
is all that you are
cutting for love
a new trophy scar
just not worth the tears
and the penance
not worth the blood
that we both pour
i want to live
without the guilt we give
i want to die without this pain
i want to live
without the guilt we give
i want to die
without your name
without this pain
born to burn
with hell to pay
born to burn
we will someday