

Hanover Saints, Can't Recognize The Face

It may cost me everything, to follow,
already been through hell and back
Since were into counting the costs we know exactly how much it worth
Can I say the anger always builds up, easily, taken to point of
So far, to the brink that I don even recognize myself anymore

This cracked mirror life just ain for me
Stiff necked rebellion retreat
It like someone is knocking at my heart
I can recognize my face from before

No more excuses from these lips, darkness will never steal true light
True light, since we are into counting the costs
we know how much it worth