

# 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