

# My Shameful, Scattered Ashes

What was will never be the same  
when all is burnt away  
in this, the fire of my soul  
can you see, where I lost it all

Can you help me  
to gather all the pieces  
that once were my life

Trampled into the dusty ground  
Waiting to be saved from the fire  
Broken and small, they with fear  
of morning that might not come

Ans as the sad sun goes down  
All that's left I'll gather  
and make a great fire  
to light this dark night

I have forsaken  
All that is mine  
I will no longer be there  
I will not see your eyes -your tears  
And the horror which is graven within

Help me  
To end this pain  
Help me  
To end this pain

Help me  
to be the man I always posed  
Help me  
To stand on my own  
Help me  
to walk this path to home