

Nocturnal Rites, Still Alive

Like a thunder storm it's breaking out
Won't take another blow, and,
I'll let you know
I'll never kneel or falter
'cause you are not the only
I'm not crawling back again

I'm still alive
Though I'm old, trite and weary
And I know I'm alive enough
To stand my ground
So there is nothing to revive -
I'm still alive

I tried to wash away those filthy lies
Betrayed and lead astray,
I just walked away
In my darkest hour
I still hear you breathing
Well, you won't get the best of me