

# Pain Of Salvation, Reconciliation

I thought I'd seen hell  
Thought I knew it all  
Now I know too well  
Hell is to wake up  
But it makes all the difference

Tasting the tears in my mouth  
Taking the weight on my shoulders  
The hours and days of your life  
Don't necessarily make you older

I'm sick of running away  
Along these bloody streets  
I'm sick of predators and prey  
Of being everybody's end!

I've washed my hands of your blood  
Thought it would leave me clean  
But with time on my hands  
It turned to mud forming this crust of sin

Now - to be truly free  
I'll let it come to me  
So -break me if you must  
When you break this crust  
Freedom is to see

Hear this voice, see this man  
Standing before you I'm just a child  
Just a man learning to yield

I hate these hands soaked in blood  
I hate what these eyes have seen  
Up to my knees in filth and mud  
How it hurts to become clean

I was always on my mind  
But never on my side  
Run - but if you run away  
You'll always have to hide  
So if you need to run  
Run for help!