

# Pride And Fall, Retrospect

As the winter let spring come  
I shed my skin and come alive  
A new retrospect, a sign  
And words of torment that hunt the sick  
Now this is my shelter  
And this is my heart  
Youve lived on my weakness  
You torn me apart  
As the time we have spent  
So few of us have followed on  
A place of refuge, a place called home  
Its in this room where I heal my wounds  
Now this is my shelter  
And this is my heart  
Youve lived on my weakness  
You torn me apart.