

Rez Band, In Change

Been sorry for the past, sorry for the war,
Sorry for the pain, for the day I was born,
Sorry for the punishment I dealt to my kin,
Sorry for the mud I was wallowing in.

But in change could be admission of regret, oh,
And I don't know if I'm ready...ready for that yet.

Down on my luck, down on my cash,
So far gone I couldn't find my way back,
Emptied of hope, reduced to myself,
Rejecting any option to a vision of Hell.

Change, change,

But in change could be admission of regret, whoa,
And I don't know if I'm ready...ready for that yet.

In change.

I'm sorry for the truth and the consequence,
Driven to the edge of this precipice,
Stranded in darkness by the choices I made,
Dying within sight of Heaven's gate.

Change,
Change.

But in change could be admission of regret, whoa,
And I don't know if I'm ready...ready for that yet,
In change could be admission of regret, oh,
And I don't know if I'm ready...ready for that yet.

In change,
Change,
And I don't know if I'm ready for that yet.