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 precipe, 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.