

# Whitechapel, I Will Find You

The devil is dead  
I have never felt the way that I have until I left the valley in flames  
Let it burn, let it die, blind the all-seeing eye  
But I know smoke will never clear in hell

The smell of burning oak makes me sick  
Still, I breathe deep  
Still, I cross to the other side  
But I hear a voice behind me say

I (the eye closed its final time as I had walked through the flames)  
WILL (the will of a beast is nothing compared to the will of a god)  
FIND (I'll find my peace when the bones of the devil lay at my feet)  
YOU (you and I are one, mark my words, I will find you)

A beast will always smell the blood of a coward  
And a narrow-minded fool will always follow down the narrow path  
To the blade that can make a god bleed  
Still, you are weak  
You're just a boy with his mother's eyes  
That carries the weight of his father's heart

I always feel like there's something that I've left behind  
It's not a possession or any acceptance of life, it's me

What is the point of running away when you don't know who you are  
I'll always be one step behind until you realize who I am