

Present of Guilt

Dawn of Tears

Anonymous notes I find when I open my eyes
Accusing myself of crimes in the environment of my life

You've started the harvest
Of grief, your madness, hidden inside
Trying to get the answer, left behind

Black clouds pursuing me closely
Yearning for me

I feel the chills running to my neck again
Winds of aggression disturbing limits of sanity
I cannot discern it, is it me or is it shadows in my room?
Mourning the last ones reaped under the moon

Swallow my darkness, sear my hope
No guarantees, only remorse
Death by my hand nevermore

Black clouds pursuing me closely
Yearning for me

I feel the chills running to my neck again
Winds of aggression disturbing limits of sanity
I cannot discern it, is it me or is it shadows in my room?
Mourning the last ones reaped under the moon

I've started the harvest
Of grief, my madness, hidden outside
Accept my present of guilt
You'll never know the truth