

Hands To Hide The Shame

Bury Your Dead

And all the effort I put into you spit in my face.
We were Stitched from the same cloth and torn apart by the dama
ges done
You belong to me and I belong to something so much greater than
this

We were brought here to make this work
I can't find the words,
I can't find the hands to cover my face.
The shame is too great

Let me be the first to say this overwhelming guilt is more than
anyone should ever have to bear
I'm taken back and made to see things for what they really are

I am. The abyss
I am the bottomless end
I will overtake you,

I am the end

We were brought here to make this work
I can't find the words,
I can't find the hands to cover my face.
The shame is too great