

Wings Of My Soul

Byzantine

I must say my life should mean much more
On a shelf my potential ignored
They betrayed the veins
That breathed me life
Turned their backs on all
That pulled the knife across my throat

I'm not saved
Holding your head up high
I will bury your pride
And it will follow you down
On the wings of my soul

Aged against my will held accounted
Life's achievements I've never found them
I'm a waste

I'm not saved
I will smother your pride
On the wings of my soul

I will burn my scars away
All my childhood memories