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