(Your time has come)
I'm waiting for my turn
I know what you've done
My revenge is coming
Like the wind I will blow

To unveil your face
And see your empty eyes
You're trapped in your twisted game
And now you've crossed the line
Crossed the line
Face your shame
Too late to change yourself
You can't turn back
No way you've crossed the line
Crossed the line

I'm feeding my rancor
I never forgot
There will be no shelter
Like the wind I will blow

To unveil your face
And see your empty eyes
You're trapped in your twisted game
And now you've crossed the line
Crossed the line
Face your shame
Too late to change yourself
You can't turn back
No way you've crossed the line
Crossed the line

Abusing, dispoiling, mistreating, controlling your time has come Despoiling, abusing, no door to regret, you will pay what you've done

When does innocence die? When does innocence die? It Dies

You'll face your shame
Too late to change yourself
You can't turn back
No way you've crossed the line
You've crossed the line
Face your shame
Your time has come
Time has come