

Take hold again, gotta find my daily trend. Here I stand a piece of my old self. Not a victim anymore, shadow knocking at my door. A trail of broken friends my only wealth. And the payment for this pastime, like a book I cannot sell. But still a conqueror in this life's great show and tell. Overcome the shame that brought me here, through the grace I know so well, And your friendship, as we burn this gate to hell. Awake my soul, o' to break the ties that hold! Freedom's found in the hope of another day. Can forgiveness wash me clean if I dive into this stream? Unsure of what the future is to be. And the payment for this pastime, like a book I cannot sell. Still a conqueror in life's great show and tell. Overcome the shame that brought me here, through the grace I know so well, and your friendship, as we burn this gate to hell. As we burn this, as we burn this gate to hell. As we burn this, come on burn this! So I'm singing here my story, example of a daily fight it's true. Take it or leave it, there's no glory. Just a man that's changed by truth. And the payment for this pastime, like a book I cannot sell. Still a conqueror in this life's great show and tell. Overcome the shame that brought me here, through the grace I know so well, and your friendship, as we burn this gate to hell.