

## Dark Sermon

### "Imperfect Contrition"

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The eyes of the heavenly father  
Rest heavily upon my chest  
I can feel their judging gaze  
Piercing through my flesh

I stab at my reflection  
Hoping to end it all  
I don't recognize the man I see  
But from what I can recall

I have lived a life of shame  
And self-disgust  
The eyes of the heavenly father  
Rest heavily upon my soul

I hate myself  
And the things that I've done  
And the life I've been forced to endure  
I abhor the man I've become

These hands have carried out  
The vilest of deeds  
This mind has been occupied and  
Demonized by an entity  
That this earth has never seen,  
On my innocence it feeds  
Through the fire and the brimstone it leads

I reflect on the years of my life  
With great disdain  
I can't claim a life of virtue  
Myself, I'd sooner maim

I refuse to walk on  
Continue broken and bent  
I feel remorse for the life that I've lived  
All I can do is repent

For He carries with Him  
Pestilence and famine

For restitution, I plead (Repent)  
For restitution, I plead  
Repent

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