

A.F.I. (Afi)

"Weathered Tome"

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They're coming 'round again.
I've returned and they've been waiting.
Their aged offererings received and returned,
Passed through wet eyes.
I tremble as I feel them rolling in for, my sins, the old
ghosts know.
So chilling as I feel them mourn within my soul.
As the mourning grows.
Unfold before me.
Turn back the page again.
Twenty four hours spent wishing that the day was never
ending.
Shadows of glory shading my heart again.
Recall the summer when I left my heart to cool beneath
the shadows I'm coming 'round again.
I've returned and no one's waiting.
I strain my eyes to see but it's so hard to read the old
tags on the fallen walls.

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