

Bonfire Pickets

"Sorry I Was Late"

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No-one told me this was the deal
I didn't think that anybody cared
Nobody said that if I wasn't here your heart would
break
But you can't make me guilty
No matter how you try
I've felt guilty too many times
There are no more tears to cry
The fire here is smouldering
It's nearly burnt out and cold
Like the inner reaches of my soul
It's tired and it's old
Unaffected by guilt and love and the sounds that make
hearts break
I'll say it once, but that is all,
I'm sorry I was late.

The hunger cannot reach me as I pile out of the door
The world is waiting for me, I need to leave
I used to hate leaving you here
My heart tugged at my soul and eyes
But now it's not so bad.

They question my intentions, where did I go?
The old me died with the fire
Several nights ago
Not really an almighty loss, a born loser and a cheat
But people say they miss the spark

Their pleas fall on deaf ears
The spark that made me human
Ran away to better lands, a shame
I should have gone there too.
The guilt that used to kill me,
Left through the open gate
I will not cry, worry or swear,
I'm sorry I was late.

The scene that awaited me
Was hard to bear

My soul, ripped out

Was crying, standing there
Â‘You let me go, I won’t come back, I’ll drag you to
your grave
Your allies are depraved
Of sensitivity and warmth
That you used to save.
You’ve tarnished all you ever did
There’s no point going on.Â’

The words they stung at first
Because they were true
But it won’t make me change my ways
Because I was deaf to all such insults, emotions drag
you to hell!

I let it go, it won’t come back, it’ll drag me to my
grave
I’ll say it only once again,
I’m sorry I was late.

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