

Ion

"Tarnished Trepidation"

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With a dissatisfying taste in my mouth, I swallow what's left of my pride, as I am fed my last meal.
Remember how I claimed to be less than a pious being?
You can now leave me father, no words could excuse me now.
Now words could excuse me now.
Each Iron bar holds a secret meaning, given during my time here.
Each Iron bar holds a different face, tarnished before my time here.
The once feared "man dressed in black", now a symbol of anticipation.
My only regret, not being able to ride my soul of these minacious voices.
With time they have grown, colder pushing my ego to an intense solstice.
When they come for me, I will not fight.
I am ready to go in peace, the time is right.
I was foolish to believe, that I could single-handedly save humanity.
The sacrifice was offered long before I was conceived.
But beware, where I failed. Someone will inevitably succeed.
Someone will succeed.
My legs and arms are now braced tightly.
I feel my pulse through theses shackles.
Frail and frigid I lay, hopelessly on the confines of the silver table known to me as my death bed.
Slowly losing control, growing number.
My eyes close.
I bid myself farewell.
As to those whose lives were lost on the account of these homicides, the sacrifice was offered long before I was conceived.
I was conceived.

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