

Aeon Spoke **"For Good"**

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A hot and humid Sunday
Faces, faces everywhere
Then a face, I remember my face years ago
Such fear

Many psychic scars
In just his short few years
In the noise of his silence he ran away from the
violence
To heal

But this is my day
And I can dream above the buried cry
Cause I've got something better
And it might just be my own
For Good
But this is my day
And I can see the wreckage in my head
But it's not the same
Cause I transform the pain

For Good
I transform the pain
For Good
I transform the pain
For Good

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