

## Sarah's Redemption

### "The Aftermath Of The Carnival"

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I have drank the blood of martyrs,

I've stolen from the weak,

And I've watched the innocent cry out in deafening  
agony.

But now I'm trying to seek forgiveness

From my own fallacies,

All part of this dance of loss and gain

In an attempt for victory.

But still, regret haunts me.

... the minute I close my eyes,

The minute I hit the lights.

In a fit of rage, and a pool of tears,

My devils come out to play.

These wounds she gives herself,

They're not nearly worth the pain,

She causes to everybody else.

I've cut the ties that bind the fabric of your sanity,

Leaving nothing left but an empty vessel,

Obsessed with it's own vanity.

But there's so much to be said about growing up

And breaking bread with your enemies,

And leaving the misery of the past behind,

Just letting regret be.

But still, I can't get through.

The minute I close my eyes,

To the first sign of morning light.

In a fit of rage, and a pool of tears,

My devils come out to play.

These wounds she gives herself,

They're not nearly worth the pain,

She causes to everybody else.

Enough, I can't take any more of this,

I don't have enough fingers

To count the scars that line your wrists.

It's time to heal, it's time for hope,

It's time to wake up from this nightmare.

No more pain, no more blood, no more tears.

... Just love.

In a fit of rage, and a pool of tears,

My devils come out to play.

These wounds she gives herself,

They're not nearly worth the pain,

She causes to everybody else.

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