

Sympathy "Forgotten Temples"

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The altar stands before me now
Familiar stones cry out my name
Beckoning me to draw myself near
Tempting me with the lust of my youth

Thoughts resigned to the past
Resurface now illicit only pain
The fervor that once filled my heart
That broke me and drove me insane

Their faces now haunt my every thought
Passion and manipulated youth
A debt that can never be paid
And I was the willful pawn

These hands that grasped for the truth
Were given dire wormwood instead
This mind that sought only peace
Became an engine of war

I became the grinding death
An instrument of deceit
Filled with a passionate rage
The mask I wore became me

I am not what I once thought I was
I am not who I once thought I was

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