

Dynahead

"Repentance Hour"

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As we learn, as we learn
We try to forget

I loose the necktie, lift my head to breathe
The air is thick as milk, let me nurse it in

The taste is sour tar
Yesterday is now

My treasured penitence
Craving forgiveness
I stopped in midnight
Tomorrow won't come

How I wish to escape
The blame I cursed myself
Faring indignity is my pastime
My job is to regret

A night after another without any dream
No god to guide me into a reverie

I stare at the clock in sweat
The repentance hour is here

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