

Ram-Zet

"Infamia"

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I consider that you could act like me
Look like me, talk and walk like me.
But you are nothing compared to me.
In the deep of your disheartened soul
I am the dream when you sleep.
I am the tears when you weep.
I'm the blood in your veins.
The one who controls
The thoughts deep down in your mind.

I beg you, forgive me,
As I can't seem to let go
Of my sin.

Now in this particular case
I have to admit there is no forgiveness.
I will charge you, and judge you.
I will execute and bury you.

I beg you, forgive me,
As I can't seem to let go.
Marks of infamy brands
My coward hands.

Show me your sheltered room.
Grant me peace.
Give me a heart so I
Can feel your tears.

Give me time
To let you go.

I beg you, forgive me,
As I can't seem to let go.
Marks of infamy brands
My coward hands.

Carved into my flesh is
The stair of envious eyes.
Come with me to my island
Where rest is to be found.

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