

Hopeless Truth

Arsis

You kept your roses better than you kept your promises
Those three words spoken can never be the same and as the winter
drew near, the fervor faded with our past
Now the reasons are lost within indifferent eyes
And what vanity taints must be our parting gifts
Disease is forever yet diamonds fade with the past
Three words drifting with the calling of the rain
And as the winter drew the fervor faded at last
Now the reasons are lost within indifferent eyes
And what vanity taints must be our parting gifts for now, for f
orever...

We are the hopeless truth
With hatred absolute

We are the hopeless truth