

Feeding The Broken Words Of Hope In Vain

As Hope Dies

Born into this world

A fragile being so becomes accloused by hardsdh reality an blea
k circumstance

For the weak will perish in this eternal fire

Only leaving hearts made of stone and hate

Betrayed by the words of false prophets

Feeding the broken words of hope in vain

No comfort can be found in the embrace of insincerity

We hold on by a thread of hope but that thread is nothing but a
false glimmer

We are the calloused and the broken baptized in eternal fire

For the weak will perish in this eternal fire

Only leaving hearts made of stone and hate

Betrayed by the words of false prophets