

A New Hope

Broken Iris

To your grave I spoke
Holding a red, red rose
Gust of freezing cold air
Whispers to me that you are gone

Always, always asking the question why
Life is overrated, but I
Never, never expected that I'd
Underestimated my love for you

To your grave I spoke
Holding a red, red rose
Gust of freezing cold air
Whispers to me that you are gone

Always, always just out of reach of my
Over frustrated, shameful hands, and I
Never, never expected that I
Would ever, no never, plead for credit or precious time

To your grave I spoke
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Whispers to me you're gone

Spent a lifetime of holding on
Just to let go
I guess I'll spend another lifetime
Searching for a new hope

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