

## 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  
Holding a red, red rose  
Gust of freezing cold air  
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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