

The Disappointment

Devil Sold His Soul

All faith is corroded, your fate within my hands.
I will not need the help from onlookers and the weak, their purpose has gone.

And I promise you that this will be our final resting place, your breath will fade away.
And I promise you that this will be our final resting place, are we so broken that we won't last?

Open the flood gates, don't close your eyes, this will be ephemeral.
If you don't take this chance, this door will close.
We will play our parts yet tearing at us we will know that this is a disappointment.
Every little detail ruined by your cold hate.
This is disappointment.

And I promise that this will be our final resting place, your breath will fade away.
And I promise you that this will last forever, our years have never looked so good.

How can we rest while the fires burn outside?
I am pulled down with the weight of the broken, I will fall.
Our souls burn.