

they say the hope is the last to die,
however the death is inevitable

old tired hope is walking the earth
lighting candles by the rest of strengths
sad true is treading sadly behind
by single breathe putting candles out

they say the belief and hope dies at last
in the end both of them gonna die
princess of lie is laughing in a doze
king fate dice playing and is hear the croon

„i wanna laugh that everyone wanna trust,
that they no gonna end roused in hell,
they wanna deny the devil in their soul
they do like they can't see belief dying“

the belief no walking anymore, just crawling
even it cannot pull through any spark
hope buried under the weight of belief
without any move lying in premonition

under the dust of its former empire
belief is lying and quietly crying - she cries