

Angel Of Lost Hopes

Inked In Blood

I lament for it's my final hour of life.
And I thought I would spend it here with you.
Stay as long as it takes for you to carry me from despair to de
liverance.
Have assurance that I need you, the angel of lost hopes, to awa
ken me from this nightmare.
Calling out, will someone hear my cry?
What roses say so well could never be implied.
Our days are much too bright for the secrets of my heart.
You cannot live this lie, you cannot fake this.
Calling out, will someone hear my cry?
What roses say so well could never be implied.
Our days are much too bright for the secrets of our hearts.
With outstretched arms I'm begging of you not to leave me alone
this night, tonight