

To know love is to ache;  
hurt yourself and repent  
For in the end all is gone;  
lights go out, your time is spent

If I were you I would retract and lock my heart  
Concede defeat and admit I was off the mark  
If I were you I would turn away and hide my face  
Swallow my pride and then finish ere it's all disgrace

All of our dreams now laid on the sand  
To wait by the perilous tides  
To be washed away into the depths  
And sink without a trace  
Just a fool's hope remains

To rejoice is to lapse;  
fool yourself and repent  
Mirth will soon turn into woe,  
reveries to contempt

If I were you I would now bring the curtain down  
Accept my lot and thus fathom out my own bounds  
If I were you I would rue the day when I was born  
Cleanse all in life and redeem myself from scorn

Remember these words when tide is turning  
The less you hope for, the less you suffer  
If you dare to trust, then you shall shatter  
Lunge from the heights and fall to smithereens

And when you come here with charred wings and a defiled heart  
Wait not for compassion or words of consolation  
For only a gleeful smile is greeting you