

Sour Times

The Blank Theory

To pretend no one can find
The fallacies of morning rose
Forbidden fruit, hidden eyes
Courtesies that I despise in, mmm
Take a ride, take a shot now

Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

Covered by the blind belief
The fantasies of sinful screens
Bear the facts, assume the dye
End the vows, no need to lie, enjoy
Take a ride, take shot now

Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

Who... am I, what and why
Cause all I have left
Is my memories of yesterday
Oh... these sour times

Nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

After time, the bitter taste
Of innocence, descent or race
Scattered seed, buried lives
Mysteries of our disguise revolve
Circumstance will decide

Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do
Nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do