

Bled Across The Wire

The Hope Conspiracy

burned the years into ashen whispers this acrid smoke chokes my
lungs - so careless with friends we're given - so quick to reject
forgiveness suffering to claim back time - and to think i believed
in this burning the years into ashen whispers - loving
- crying - dying - we play our parts - words days' blood and tears
shed upon the rooftops of this city time and time again until
we're gone - until it's over - portraits scars and memories
- keepsakes of what used to be my love bled across this infinite
wire - and what it meant - i wish you knew - bonds grow cold
and time flies by - love and energy - it's been wasted - does this
mean anything to you? - are you still confused? - all we do
is build a wall between us