

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