

as a child i recall i had once believed
i would die before i reached seventeen
seventeen i remember i faced the truth
when i understood your prophecy was confused
when all is done there is little that can guide everyone along
the faltered line you mumbled on the day you left us behind

nothing is clear though you promised me you'd be here
you promised me
nothing is clear though you promised me
you promised me that you'd be here
nothing is clear though you promised me you'd be here
you promised me
though nothing was clear

as a child hope is what keeps us young
like a fuel it will burn until you are strong
if you're weak you'll never see past the day
like a cynic you will probably feel betrayed
if one thing's clear there is certainly little of value here
and when we die inevitably we're leaving all this behind

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