

Better Days Never Come

Venin Noir

Better days never come, they were not meant to be
If laments could be heard
Then mine would sound like this
Better days never come, they were not meant to be
They're manmade godlike gifts in a vein that can't bleed
I know these days won't come... I accept my fate

There's an ache to return
That keeps fighting in the mess
Now I'm all ashes to burn in my own
Hopefully getting out of bless
Better days never come
They are manmade godlike gifts

Forget all emotions, so ephemeral certainties
Forget all emotions, magisteries carved in tears
All degrees of suffering are smaller than desire

Poor soul of these, living for what will never be
In this harvest we can only sow defeat
We're vessels of hope when the fiddle sights urging for more
Our joys are tasteless
They're gone colour-blind to renewed promises

So quit your decrepit mirth
Leer upon my flair to make haste
A feeling that chokes since birth
Virtual hazard encages the waste
Better days never come
They are manmade godlike gifts

You need me around (those needs I repel)
To prove fate wrong (repenting the miracle)
But what's in store? (We could never control)

In vain you hide the truth (get me wrong)
The unpredictable (grows me strong)
Flickering losses (speed up my heart)
Better days never come