

Apocalyptica, Hope, Vol.2

Hope is beauty, personified
At her feet the world, hypnotized
A million flashes, a million smiles
And on the catwalk she flaunts her style
Oh but in this heart of darkness
Our hope lies lost and torn
All fame like love is fleeting
When there's no hope anymore
Pain and glory, hand in hand
A sacrifice, the highest price
Like the poison in her arm
Like a whisper she was gone
Like when angels fall
And in this heart of darkness
Our hope lies on the floor
All love like fame is fleeting
When there's no hope anymore
Like a poison in her arm
Like a whisper she was gone
Like an angel, angels fall
Like a poison in her arm
Like a whisper, she was gone
Like an angel, angels fall
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Like an angel, angels fall
Like a poison in her arm
Like a whisper she was gone