

# Arsis, Hopeless Truth

You kept your roses better than you kept your promises  
Those three words spoken can never be the same and as the winter drew near, the fervor faded with  
Now the reasons are lost within indifferent eyes  
And what vanity taints must be our parting gifts  
Disease is forever yet diamonds fade with the past  
Three words drifting with the calling of the rain  
And as the winter drew the fervor faded at last  
Now the reasons are lost within indifferent eyes  
And what vanity taints must be our parting gifts for now, for forever...  
We are the hopeless truth  
With hatred absolute  
We are the hopeless truth