

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