

Bloody Sunday, Surage On Your Lips, Murder In

how long would it take for you
to finally admit the truth
do i have to throw it in your face
maybe i should just keep quiet
and not say a thing
i know you all too well
that might make things worse
why did i believe you all this time
saw through the facade and all the lies
wish i had never found the truth
after all that we've been through

and you called yourself my friend
i'll never take your word again
forgive but not forget

trust is
a hard thing
to come by
once you lost it
burnt bridges
you'll have to
mend those gaps alone
you say you've made a change
i'll give you one more try
i hope that your regret
eats you
eats you alive