

Clan Of Xymox, Your Vice

Faith, in your hands, lost it's meaning, to my surprise
Expectations turned out wry, it makes me doubt about
The whole situation
I trust today, you have found the road to hell a little longer
You show me a hardened heart, and all you say is no consolation

I live on hope, I live on lies, you wear the guilt, your vice

Truth in your mouth are frozen words, leaving me darkness
These barren roads wear me out, a cold wind blows, it would raise the fallen
I trust today, you have found, the road to hell a little longer
You show me a callous mind and all you say is of no implication
I live on hope, I live on lies, you wear the guilt, your vice
I live on hope...