

H.I.M., Pretending

Love is a flame that can't be tamed,
and though you're its willing prey, my darling,
we are not the ones to blame

Trust is a word all lovers know,
the glorious art of staining souls, my darling,
we are not the ones to blame

The more we have, the more we want,
and the more it hurts our heart, my baby,
It always ends up in tears...

So keep on Pretending
our heaven's worth the waiting
Keep on Pretending
it's all right
So keep on Pretending
it will be the end of our craving
Keep on Pretending
it's all right...

When doubts arise the game begins
the one we will never win, my baby,
It always ends up in tears

So keep on Pretending
our heaven's worth the waiting
Keep on Pretending
it's all right
So keep on Pretending
it will be the end of our craving
Keep on Pretending
it's all right... ohh come on

[Guitar Solo]

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