

# HIM, Pretending

Love is a flame that can be tamed  
And though we are its twirling 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 hearts, my baby  
It always ends up in tears

So keep on pretending  
Our heaven is worth the waiting  
Keep on pretending it's alright  
So keep on pretending  
It will be the end of our craving  
Keep on pretending  
It's alright

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

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