

Slowlife, Liar

My white wings of peace are discoloured by blood.
Until death do us part.
Those rules don't apply to you.

Something is pushing me further and further away from myself.
From reason and hope.
I feel confused.
I feel abandoned.
I feel betrayed.
And if I'm not mistaken you promised to change my world.

And that makes you a liar. (Liar)

I know that hope can never emerge or arise from the ashes of the dead.
My white wings of peace are soiled.
Soiled and raped.
Carry me home.

I feel confused.
I feel abandoned.
I feel betrayed.
And if I'm not mistaken you promised to change my world.
And that makes you a liar. (Liar)