

As Hope Dies, Feeding The Broken Words Of Ho

Born into this world
a fragile being so becomes accloused by hardsdh reality an bleak circumstance
for the weak will perish in this eternal fire
only leaving hearts made of stone and hate
betrayed by the words of false prophets
feeding the broken words of hope in vain
no comfort can be found in the embrace of insincerity
we hold on by a thread of hope but that thread is nothing but a false glimmer
we are the calloused and the broken baptized in eternal fire
for the weak will perish in this eternal fire
only leaving hearts made of stone and hate
betrayed by the words of false prophets