

# Custard, Trees Of Hope

In an age of corruption and despair  
We search for the healing hands life  
Dreams are not as they used to be  
Thousands of lies destroyed my will to carry on

The evil spell came we'll have  
No chance to rise  
So many years we tried to lead our lives  
To better times  
Better times are far away we'll fight  
But it gets worse because of you

His voice has called us  
We march for our god  
His voice betrayed us  
Autumn killed the trees of hope

In a time where love doesn't count  
We see just gold  
We can't get enough  
The rich get richer the poor stay poor  
Nobody cares about your life  
So why should you

Living for success means social suicide  
So many years we tried to lead  
Our lives to better times  
Better times are far away we'll stand  
The forest they call life will die