

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