

Kieran Goss, Worse Than Pride

They were children playing games
Burnt their fingers in the flame
Flying high above the sky
Blinded by the vision in their eye
Too young to question why
Their destinies will coincide
She dressed in white just to be his bride
Love is worse than pride

Saw her fall down from the sky
And smile politely at the passers by
She knows it's too late to go home
Built a house, she's living on her own
It's hard to be alone
And in the embers of the flame
Dressed in black she's calling out his name
It isn't worth the pain
If destinies won't coincide
And you dress in black just to be his bride
Then love is worse than pride