

Nevermore, What Tomorrow Knows

Dreams lie smashed again
They've pinned your back to the wall
Like faded pictures of what might have been
Fate is cruel when dreams, like candles, fade
Smashed again down into the gray
Despise for a world turned cold
No one sees what tomorrow knows

There's a shame in blind suffering
Dishonor from the inside
Find hope from the voice within
Clear vision of your own mind

Mistakes you wear like your skin
You wish you'd never been born
Stand up, you can't escape your past
But fools will try just to forget
From where they came
Smashed again down into the gray
Despise for a world grown cold
No one sees what tomorrow knows

No more color to will to fade
To see life clearly, regretful nevermore
Take the time, make the time

There's shame in false victory
Dishonor from the inside
False pride, all you can't redeem
Clear vision of your own mind