

# Novembre, The Promise

(Le Bon, Rhodes, Taylor)

Testo The Promise (Arcadia)

Whose tears on a gaping voice  
Who's stretching arms match  
The hunger of mine  
There lips will they never join  
But always draw me closer  
And further entwined  
With a promise dealer understand  
All freedoms fade away  
To a point of view  
Where many different pathways meet  
And we're standing on this precipice  
With nothing much to gain save  
But the deep blue screams  
Of falling dreams  
With our next move

Heaven hide your eyes  
Heaven's eyes will never dry

The shades of a thousand steel  
Come flashing by my face  
In the fury of war  
In desolation and abandoned fields  
The hungry make their stand  
When they'll stand for no more  
Hear the passion in their voices  
See the heaven in their eyes  
Their hopes and schemes are waiting  
Dreams of less than paradise  
And sometimes we make promises  
We never mean to keep  
For blackmail is the only deal  
A promise dealer sees

Heaven hide your eyes  
Heaven's eyes will never dry