

# Venin Noir, Better Days Never Come

(music: Santos/Coelho/Dias lyrics: Dias)

(“None can determine how gifts are given. This song brings someone sighting his own destiny.”)

(I - Lament)

Better days never come, they were not meant to be  
If laments could be heard  
Then mine would sound like this  
Better days never come, they were not meant to be  
They're manmade godlike gifts in a vein that can't bleed  
I know these days won't come... I accept my fate

(II - Vessels of Hope)

There's an ache to return  
That keeps fighting in the mess  
Now I'm all ashes to burn in my own  
Hopefully getting out of bless  
Better days never come  
They are manmade godlike gifts

Forget all emotions, so ephemeral certainties  
Forget all emotions, magisteries carved in tears  
All degrees of suffering are smaller than desire

Poor soul of these, living for what will never be  
In this harvest we can only sow defeat  
We're vessels of hope when the fiddle sights urging for more  
Our joys are tasteless  
They're gone colour-blind to renewed promises

So quit your decrepit mirth  
Leer upon my flair to make haste  
A feeling that chokes since birth  
Virtual hazard encages the waste  
Better days never come  
They are manmade godlike gifts

You need me around (those needs I repel)  
To prove fate wrong (repenting the miracle)  
But what's in store? (We could never control)

In vain you hide the truth (get me wrong)  
The unpredictable (grows me strong)  
Flickering losses (speed up my heart)  
Better days never come