

Truth Be Told (Exhale)

Autumn

Have I failed us again, my dear?
By saying things that were untrue?
Dodging things that needed doing
And this damage I have done
Is now becoming way too much for me to undo.

I should have changed my ways when you warned me,
When the sky turned grey with a promise of rain.
Sweet wine into the river. I'll decline.
Yet another try to make good on a promise I made.
Keep it safe for a single day.

I have failed you again, dear friend.
No curse reversed. I'm still unreserved.
All white lies in a line of many,
Out for blood, have formed an army.

If the first step is indeed the hardest,
(It's a leap of faith)
There is a chance I may actually rise above this.
(It's fighting chance)
A final chance to redeem myself.

I'm way too skilled in deception.
I'm all too prone to indiscretion.

Yet again I'll try to make good on a promise I made.
It's a promise I made at the break of a brand new day.
It's a promise I may well break before the end of the day.