

Truth Has Come

Devil Sold His Soul

Burn in, my past won't fade away.
No faith can guide me now.
It's time to divide the fronts, it's falling down.

I know I'm pushed way too hard.
I will be the first to break.
Broken, I can't seem to run.
I'm alone.

I cannot believe it has come to this.
I am the truth, and I am the mirror held up for everyone to see
.
Our words are no longer making sense, and this, this is how hard it is to hold on.

I think that this is the last time, but these are not my words.
But I can't tolerate the bad times, my hands are tied.

I'm falling, my reflection is dying.
Preaching a gospel so far wrong that I don't have the words to describe the distress inside me.
Undecided, my old hopes are gone.
There's nothing left.

I know I'm pushed way too hard.
I will be the first to break.
Broken I can't seem to run.
I'm alone.

I cannot believe it has come to this.
I am the truth and I am the mirror held up for everyone to see.
Our words are no longer making sense, and this is how hard it is to hold on.

I guess this is nothing, and you are nothing.
I have a profound lack of faith in all that you say.
Truth has never been more valuable to me, our death is looming.
I have realised that perfect holds no real meaning, this is no more than a hopeless front.
Life may as well be left to those who care.
This is how hard it is to hold on.
My heart is breaking.
My heart is breaking into two and there is nothing left.
This is nothing.
You are nothing.

The truth has come.

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