

I wore black and he wore white
Never should have shown my face
Sour evil stored inside
Within the absence of real colors

Generations of warfare
Procrastinated on his head
Thought that he could have healed with urge
Didn't know that it would blind him more

In the end we are faithless
We're just in search for guidance

It was the final breath of June
When his mother tipped the glass again
Forcing me to shred myself
Incomplete relations

A voice who wore it's skin so well
Showered him with retrospective sun
Showing us to empathize once more
Born for saving what was left!

In the end we are faithless
We're just in search for violence
Always been our own worst enemies
Bound to each other to remember this

I remember when I was a child
Everything we did had gone south
Even if we thought we understood
Might we find out 'til the end, love?