

Hope Dies Young

Paradise Lost

How could you know?
As pure as driven snow

Through a winter of descent
The splintered argument
Such a withering lament

Hopes will die young
Hopes will die young now

Obscure the light of day
Assured the life that yearns inside
Reaching out in vain
Reaching out betrayed

How would you know?
The purest visions grow

Through the system of intent
A weakened argument
Is your eternal punishment

Hopes will die young
Hopes will die young now

Obscure the light of day
Assured the light that burns inside
Reaching out in vain
Reaching out some way

How could you know?
As pure as driven snow
How could you know?