

11th Hour

Psyche

This beating heart, a stolen breath
And then you say our love is dying
A darkened sky and devil moon
Those clear blue eyes, long to taunt you

Now there's no pretending
Everything you knew is ending
At the eleventh hour
Who's going to save you now?

A razorblade, a sharpened lie
The secret room, this desperate cry

Now there's no pretending
Everything you knew is ending
Who's going to save you now?
This is the 11th hour