

Sweet Redemption

Ron Pope

Your intentions, they don't feel quite right,
So you shut your eyes,
And try again.
Sweet redemption, is just out of sight,
Swear that you don't mind,
You swear to lies again.

And all you, hold on to,
Is breaking in your hands...

You watch the moon receding,
You swear you don't believe in nothing,
It's all you ever had.

You scream, and no one listens,
You live on cold regret and all you ever want is to feel free.
At least that's how it seems...

You used to wonder what you had to give,
Forgetting how to live,
It broke your heart my friend.
All your confessions, they don't amount to much,
A sweet resounding love,
The kind you never had...

You want to, hold on to,
Things you understand

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At least that's how it seems...