

Despera

State Faults

I never tasted the dew
That the morning had placed so softly on my heart
I never savored the sweet taste of youth
And now it's wasted away
How every breath is a whispered wish
Every moment a dream
When the coastal fog creeps in
We disappear into silhouettes

We disappear into silhouettes
We disappear, we disappear

I carved a hole into my chest
Let apparitions dance in my head
I held on to a fading dream
And felt the floor fall from under me
I dreamed of living forever
And felt the years ravage me

I traced the map time drew on my palms
And found no fountain of youth
A lost schematic spoken in tongues
An undeniable truth
I traced the map time drew on my palms
And found no fountain of youth
A drop of angels blood can't compare
To the taste of the morning dew