# In The End

**The Wedding**

We beg for love, but all for none
We praise the light and curse the sun.

This is the way that we're reacting,
This is the way that we get through,
Try to end up into a coffin,
And then bury here the truth.
We're all sinking.

Running out of time when there's so much on the line,
We get what we want, in the end.
We get the blood inside our hands.
What they don't know is the treasure that we have,
We get what we want, in the end.
So bury your true sense, the blood is on our hands.

We trade our soul worth in control,
But lie unto the great unknown.

This is the way that we avoided
Terrified of what we lose,
Crowd in the words, ignore the motion,
On the rescue of the truth.
We're all sinking.

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