

Detente

"Life Is Pain"

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Deceived by false hopes into thinking there was
something more
I've left what matters slips away.
Like grains of sand falling through my hands.
All tomorrows are yesterdays.

No one really cares
They're just out to survive, and if you find it hard to
believe you're the one who's living a lie.

My life is pain, all was taken that I gave.
Left were only broken promises.
All tomorrows are yesterdays.
Can't you see you're wasting time.
Believing in a better day that never comes, and all the
prayers that you pray won't change tomorrows from
yesterdays.
Death to our false love we live only to be gratified.
Raise the sword high strike us down.

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