

Hanker

"Gardeners Of Pain"

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[How we're going to pay for our sins...]

Somewhere in the future
Your life turns to nightmare
Somewhere in the future
Your mind flies to nowhere

Sometimes your past returns
Your heart begins to bleed
Sometimes your past returns
You try to pull up your sheets

It's too late
You make your own fate
You know it's too late
You can't choose your fate

Gardeners of pain
Gardeners of pain

Something strange in your head
Your eyes seek anywhere
Something strange in your head
Your skin burns everywhere

It's too late
You make your own fate
You know it's too late
You can't choose your fate

Gardeners of pain
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Now is the time to prepare for your fate
'Cause in the future you will have no choice

Someone laughs at your spell
Where's God? Won't he forgive me?
Someone laughs at your spell
Where's love? Won't it rescue me?

It's too late
You make your own fate
It's too late
But you could change your fate

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