

Heavens "True Hate"

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We came down with a crushing might
I might be mistaken
We came down with a sickening flight
Forever forsaken

We got all bent right out of shape
Hopelessly dreadful
Cut through miles of blood-red tape
Confessed a gaping mouthful

Too much, too late [x3]

*We came down with a crushing might
Something so rotten
We gave up fighting a good fight
Forever forgotten*

*We got all bent right out of shape
Hopelessly dreadful
Cut through miles of blood-red tape
Confessed a gaping mouthful*

*Too much, too late [x3]
No love, No hate*

*Too much, too late [x3]
No love, no hate*

*We came down with a crushing might
I might be mistaken
We came down with a sickening flight
Forever forsaken*

*We got all bent right out of shape
Hopelessly dreadful
Cut through miles of blood-red tape
Confessed a gaping mouthful*

*Too much, too late [x3]
No love, No hate
Too much, too late [x3]
True love, True hate*

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