

Bled, The

"Ambulance Romance"

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He tongues the barrel of hopes loaded gun.
All hell is put to rest.
Now rest your eyes sweet child.
Dont trouble yourself with tears.
Just let go if it's killing you to be the one who's holding
on.

He wont forget your words, these miles of unkept
promises.
His favorite tragedy unfolds into these hands,
his hell is put to rest in dying days and unwed dreams.
(Now) He is free from hopes closing fist.
This is his salvation.

If he cant be her lungs then she will be his chalk line.
And in the end all will be cleansed.
Just close your eyes.

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