

The Promise (Instrumental)

Arcadia

Whose tears on a gaping voice
Who's stretching arms match the hunger of mine
These lips will they never join
Always draw me closer and further entwined
With a promise dealer understand, all freedoms fade away
To a point of view where many different pathways meet
And we're standing on this precipice with nothing much to save
But the deep blue screams of falling dreams with our next move
Heaven hide your eyes
Heaven's eyes will never dry
The shades of a thousand steel
Come flashing by my face in the fury of war
In desolation and abandoned fields
The hungry make their stand when they'll stand for no more
Hear the passion in their voices, see the heaven in
their eyes
Their hopes and schemes are waiting dreams for less than paradise
And sometimes we make promises we never mean to keep
For blackmail is the only deal a promise dealer sees
Heaven hide your eyes
Heaven's eyes will never dry
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