

I Dream of July

Bleeding Through

Monday morning, a midwest gloom above.
The word on the other end, the news's of death of hope.
Life slain by love,
I don't think that we will live through this.
Life slain by promise.
One last message of the voice of him, the voice of hope.
But there was no hope,
every second unfulfilled lifeless reality.
For every weakened mind, for every broken heart,
his strength will remain for memories every fucking day.
Every word you said came true,
with this knife to your throat.
You got left in this hole, left alone to die.
You foresaw the end.
Is this what you want from us?
Is this what you wish from us?
You foresaw the end.
You for took the end.
Is this what you want from us?
Now we're going to give it to you.

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