Sour Times

The Blank Theory

To pretend no one can find the fallacies of morning rose
Forbidden fruit, hidden eyes courtesies that I despise in
Take a ride, take a shot now'Cause nobody loves me, it is true
Not like you doCovered by the blind belief, the fantasies of sinful screens
Bear the facts, assume the dye, end the vows, no need to lie, enjoy
Take a ride, take shot now'Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you doWho am I, what and why
'Cause all I have left
Is my memories of yesterday
Oh, these sour timesNobody loves me, it's true
Not like you doAfter time, the bitter taste of innocence, descent or race
Scattered seed, buried lives, mysteries of our disguise revolve
Circumstance will decide'Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you doNobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

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