True Hate

Heavens

We came down with a crushing might
I might be mistaken
We came down with a sickening flight
Forever forsakenWe got all bent right out of shape
Hopelessly dreadful
Cut through miles of blood-red tape
Confessed a gaping mouthfulToo much, too late [x3]We came down with a crushing might
Something so rotten
We gave up fighting a good fight
Forever forgottenWe got all bent right out of shape
Hopelessly dreadful
Cut through miles of blood-red tape
Confessed a gaping mouthfulToo much, too late [x3]
No love, No hate
Too much, too late [x3]
No love, no hateWe came down with a crushing might
I might be mistaken
We came down with a sickening flight
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Cut through miles of blood-red tape
Confessed a gaping mouthfulToo much, too late [x3]
No love, No hate
Too much, too late [x3]
True love, True hate

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