Sour Times

Velvet Chain

To pretend that one can find
Fantasies in morning rose
Forbidden fruit, hidden lies
Courtesies that I despise in meTake a ride, take a shot now'Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you doCovered by the blind belief
In fantasies of sinful screams
Assume the facts, bear the doubt
End the vows, no need to lie, enjoyTake a ride, take a shot now'Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do, not like you doOoh, am I what am I?
'Cause all I have left
Is my memories of yesterday
Ooh, sour timesSo nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do
Nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do, not like you do
Not like you do, not like you doAfter time the bitter taste
Of innocence disintegrates
Scattered seeds, buried lives
Histories that I despise revolveCircumstance will decideNobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do, not like you do
Not like you do, not like you do
Not like you do, not like you do
Not like you do, not like you do

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