Promises

Royal Wood

Well I once believed in a fairy tale
But now Iâ€™m holding a coffin nail
Between my lips closed tightly where we stand
And fearing now how to wield a sword
The final blow with a righteous word
Cutting away all remains of our ways
The end
O love
Words like dust how we shrug them off
Promises

How to resurrect all the glory days
To build a house where our story stays
Is anyone ever the savior theyâ€™d like to be?
Oh one by one though we canâ€™t afford
With each new struggle a closing door
Is anyone ever the lover theyâ€™d like to be?

Our broken beauty
Can anyone save it?
Our broken beauty
Can anyone save it?
Again

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