

# Maybe Tomorrow Is A Better Day

## Poets Of The Fall

I'd stay the hand of god, but the war is on your lips  
How can I brace myself for razor blades on whips  
When everything with meaning is shattered, broken, screaming  
And I'm lost inside this darkness and I fear I won't survive  
I could pray and trick with a double tongue, but the only fool here's me  
I choose the way to go, but the road won't set me free  
Cos I wish you'd see me, baby, save me, I'm going crazy  
Tryin' to keep us real, keep us alive  
This day will die tonight and there ain't no exception  
We shouldn't wait for nothing to wait for  
Love me in this fable, babe, my heart is in your hand  
Our time is waiting right outside your door  
And maybe tomorrow is a better day  
I do not deal the cards and I play a lousy hand

I celebrate no victories and my promises are sand  
Against all this I contrast you, when all is lost the war is through  
Hey angel, dare the winds now we can fly  
This day will die tonight and there ain't no exception  
Why should I wait for nothing to wait for  
Let me love you in this fable, hold your heart in my hand  
Our time is waiting right outside your door  
And maybe tomorrow is a better day  
This day will die tonight and there ain't no exception  
Why should I wait for nothing to wait for  
I won't cry for my solitude, lay my head and dream of you  
And hope that you'll come knocking on my door  
And maybe tomorrow is a better day  
I know tomorrow is a better day

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