

## Promises

Royal Wood

Well I once believed in a fairy tale  
But now I'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 they'd like to be?  
Oh one by one though we can't afford  
With each new struggle a closing door  
Is anyone ever the lover they'd like to be?

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