

as a child i recall i had once believed  
i would die before i reached seventeen  
seventeen i remember i faced the truth  
when i understood your prophecy was confused  
when all is done there is little that can guide everyone along  
the faltered line you mumbled on the day you left us behind

nothing is clear though you promised me you'd be here  
you promised me  
nothing is clear though you promised me  
you promised me that you'd be here  
nothing is clear though you promised me you'd be here  
you promised me  
though nothing was clear

as a child hope is what keeps us young  
like a fuel it will burn until you are strong  
if you're weak you'll never see past the day  
like a cynic you will probably feel betrayed  
if one thing's clear there is certainly little of value here  
and when we die inevitably we're leaving all this behind

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