

850-1000  
Lovers until the end

Hope  
Panic awash in greens and blues  
How much of all of the things we say and do  
We paint with hope  
Broad strokes  
Layer upon layer  
So so manic  
we hide the panic  
And try to make ourselves seem serene  
Sitting quiet among the evergreen  
Burning  
Soon to be cinders  
And ash  
Perhaps a little cash  
Would bring us the hope we desperately crave  
And save us  
From what lies just underneath the words of hope  
Underneath the tan  
Underneath  
The smile  
No need to dig too deep  
Panic  
And fear  
And Hope  
Hope  
And panic  
Lovers until the end