

Darkest Hour, A Blessing In Tragedy

A blessing in tragedy
Burning what's left in effigy
Wreckage, when there's nothing left
Wreckage, the birthright of regret
A place where truth can hide
A place where fallen egos can survive
A place where fear rusts through pride
A place where heroes go to die
Self delusion, self destruction
Falling so short of faith
An empty shell
A carcass left of greed
An empty shell
In the shade grows another weed
And you wear the scars well
Merciless liar
How many times till your shadow haunts you too?