

Darkest Hour, Accessible Losses

All you can hope for is
To make a slight connection with
All these clogged receptors it's
Not getting any better by the look of it
No people just numbers
If you had your way
The world would be
Just a market a fucking market
The meaning is lost when
You put a price tag on it
Well I bought it we all bought it
Warm greetings cold dismissals
It's all part of this game we play
I don't need it we don't need it
You put on your best face
That condescending smile makes me sick
I see through it we all see through it
I know now all you want
To reap the benefit of the loss
Well I took it we all took it
Your intentions transparent
And only now that it's too late
I regret it I regret it