

Darkest Hour, Eclipse

Mass ceremonial suicide
A nation of millions caught in the jaws of a lie
Uniform stagnant filth
Sub culture with no remorse or guilt
Feeding the frenzy of fears
It feeds on it's young for years
A new chain for the same set of slaves
A new shovel for the same set of graves
I can't pretend I care anymore
None of this is worth anything anymore
An angel with the eyes of a whore
This facade has been bleeding from the core
A new home not far from the past
A new home from the same suffocating past