

Darkest Hour, The Legacy

A legacy that rots with time
Cold before it hits the ground
I've heard the screams from the inside
I know-- never look back
When memories fade to flashes
The trust-- was just a trap
Look for my picture in the ashes
Deceit riding under a white flag
A casualty of sincerity
Dust on the gallows
And not a tear in sight
Just like the old days
Perfection rotting from the inside out
A place face that cracks with age
A blank stare screaming with rage
Sunken cheeks a lonely heart
Sadistic seduction-- you know the part