

Darkest Hour, A Paradox With Flies

These solemn words whispered in a haze
could you even see me standing there
all wrapped up in insecurities that
wont stop spilling out all over me

and in your eyes I see so much more
than that place you always go back to
you can pull yourself away from
that face that constantly haunts you

a graceful approach that you carry on
and carry yourself in such a way
that could never be recreated

and in your eyes I see so much more
than that place you always go back to
you can pull yourself away from
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we're in too deep, go back to sleep
if this feels to synthetic then its all be a dream
calling on our contracts
controlled contained under pressure

so fall forward into me and let it all pour out
you owe this to yourself, and there's only one way out

so rest your head and close your eyes
just one more step till we're over the edge