

Darkest Hour, An Epitaph

The future five align. Empty promises find us all the time.
Would you put it all on the line for the lost and frozen years?
Leave us the bastard sons. Leave us the broken ones-
To fend for ourselves, one by one.
An epitaph not worth looking back.
Another sunset falls on red on black.
We hit a wall of dotted lines.
An epitaph not worth looking back.
Post cards of dust on bones. If the bad news doesn't beat us home.
A rusted chain of sympathy for time well wasted, losses faded.
A rusted chain of sympathy for time well wasted, losses...