

Darkest Hour, How The Beautiful Decay

Paranoia and you can still pretend
How this cross will always mend
Paranoid and the pestilence sets in
What failure looks like when you begin
'Cause you've heard this one before
And it won't stop you from walking out that door
Wasted on nothing but borrowed time
Wasted on the guilt that's all mine
This is how the beautiful decay
And the pain washes the color away
How the wicked find their separate ways
How you'll look on that day
I promise no surprises
Last time I lost myself
I promise no surprises