

Darkest Hour, Messiah Complex

I saw the world die a little today
Just to feel the wealth of the decay
Just so you can know what it feels like
What tears taste like
We owe it all to the sickness inside
We owe it all to the fears we've learned to hide
We belong where traitors can touch the divine
Where the unforgiven can send us a sign
Was it the symptom?
Or was it the sickness
Or was one last try
Our only weakness
Falling face first
Tears stinging down your cheek
Drowning face first
A haven for the wretched, the cursed
Only the lonely
We belong where fires can seer this from our eyes