

# 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 see this from our eyes