

# Darkest Hour, Paradise

after midnight's glow and morning's gloom has  
settled in its self-inflicted sense of self-loathing  
waking up from the longest dream where we're all  
running away it's a sobering experience still sinking  
still spinning still hanging by a thread i've been  
thinking i'll stop wasting the days away and make life  
worth living controlling these demons and stopping  
sirens from screaming lapsing in and out of this great  
escape a love-hate relationship we're all stuck in out  
ways and as we drown everyday we revel in our self-  
indulgence and wonder why we feel so trapped in  
our bodies in our rooms in our cities with our words