

Darkest Hour, This Will Outlive Us

gone are the days of evasion existence is how
you create it what ever compels you to keep
on embrace it so long ad the missing piece of
the puzzle split down the middle we had better
prepare ourselves for perpetual winter why do
we do this to ourselves continuous escape a
living hell like those other lovers hidden under
the covers it's so empty in the arms of another
see what you've done you're irresistible with your
sordid stories the morbid glory of it all remember
when times were worth celebrating pour the wine
for the fallen friends and foes singing in unison
my hell is a blank piece of paper staring back
at me my hell is wasted potential haunting me