

# 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