

Wastelands

Blackguard

Was this always meant to fall apart or stand the testing of time?
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How much were we meant to bend before the break and die?

Days would pass on like a dream and months would follow suite

Years that rot and fade away, so worn like the passing of youth

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We are the lost, we are the lone

These waste lands we call home

The endless night to endless days

The silent cry a heart betrays!

Many will take up the fight, the strong and the weak alike

For some the journey kills the will, and others don't last the night

This pain we self inflict, for what would be the greater good

Is my vanity all this serves, and end, perhaps it should.

Vanity's all this serves for me

Bend and break but never broken clean

For this love is it worth it to suffer

For what is it worth in the end?

For love there is always suffering,

And not my place to say when it all ends

I never imagine the tolls this would take on me

Has it made me stronger or brought me closer to the edge.

Take it day by day, live it up for now or throw it all away

Don't look back or see what's left in the wake

All this seems like passing dreams

The brightest day, the silent scream that never fade at the break of the day.