

## Accessible Losses

Darkest Hour

All you can hope for is  
To make a slight connection with  
All these clogged receptors it's  
Not getting any better by the look of it  
No people just numbers  
If you had your way  
The world would be  
Just a market a fucking market  
The meaning is lost when  
You put a price tag on it  
Well I bought it we all bought it  
Warm greetings cold dismissals  
It's all part of this game we play  
I don't need it we don't need it  
You put on your best face  
That condescending smile makes me sick  
I see through it we all see through it  
I know now all you want  
To reap the benefit of the loss  
Well I took it we all took it  
Your intentions transparent  
And only now that it's too late  
I regret it I regret it