

An Epitaph

Darkest Hour

The future five align,
empty promises find us all the time,
would your put it on the line,
for the lost and frozen years,
leave us bastard sons,
leave us broken ones,
to fend for ourselves,
one by one,
an epitaph not worth looking back,
another sunset falls on red on black,
we hit a wall of dotted lines,
an epitaph not worth looking back,
post cards of dust on bones,
if the bad news doesn't beat us home,
a rusted chain of sympathy,
for time well wastes,
losses faded,
a rusted chain of sympathy,
for time well wasted,
losses.