

This Is the Truth

Darkest Hour

The day after dawn
The knight moves on the pawn
Why are we so violent
To grasp at the unknown

Because there's so much
That we can't see
Not your prophet your muse or your comedy
Tragic endings sad defeats
A monument to the guilty
They brought this disease

The truth never sleeps
Cold and lifeless suspended belief
Blinded unable to breathe
The royal blood
The tired sheep

Arcane cursing death
Nihilistic innocence is gone
I've been consumed

Now I've lost all desire
I lost myself in the choir
Never once never give it the
Pleasure of power
Alone in it's tower

I've lost the will to lie to myself
I've been to hell I've seen the ruse
This is the truth
We're all being used