

## This Will Outlive Us

Darkest Hour

Gone are the days of evasion  
existence is how you create it  
what ever compels you to keep on fucking  
embrace it so long as 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 c  
overs  
it's so empty in the arms of another  
see what you've done  
you're irresistible with your sordid stories the morbid glory o  
f 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