

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