

# Transcendence

## Darkest Hour

There is no turning back from all the confines of  
regret  
Reminders of that day will haunt you, nights you never  
slept  
And every time you separate the body from the mind  
and look into yourself and see what you've left behind

It's something you salvage through and pick the bones  
It's something you'll never stop searching for  
It's a self made misery  
It's a blatant blasphemy

But all we need is a little transcendence to mend us  
But all we have is sedation that numbs all our senses

The further on you make it, beyond the absolute  
Onto another level can't take anything from you  
So calm for a split second before you reconnect with  
the storm

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It's a self made misery, but you write your own history

I wanna peel back this layer  
Reveal my new skin to the open air  
I feel a cleansing wash over me  
And I'm finally able to breath

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