

In The Failing Hour

In Mourning

She was the key to my darkest heart
Holding hands with the seekers of the path
A forced face from the lingering hate
A fake grace for the closing eyes in the crowd

Reverse your rightness, let go of control
Beware of the denying, it's in your hall
You have the same ability to do as them
Don't count your mistakes, get in the line and do what it takes

She was the weakest in the world of liars
Maybe the only one left that was telling the whole truth
Waiting for that moment again in this misplaced childhood
Ready to faint she will accept it, clutching at the tears in her mind

The flock didn't pay in pain like the others
Body to the ground, gravel in those tiny eyes
For each day she struggles the degradation
Forever bound to walk the fields of disgrace

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