

A Blessing in Tragedy

Darkest Hour

A blessing in tragedy,
burning what's left in effigy

Wreckage, when there's nothing left,
wreckage, the birthright of regret

A place where truth can hide,
a place where falling ego'd can survive,
a place where fear rusts though pride,
a place where heros go to die

Self delusion, self destruction, falling so short of faith

An empty shell,
a carcass left of greed,
and empty shell,
in the shade grows another weed,
and you wear the scars well,
merciless liar,
how many times till your shadow haunts you too