

How the Beautiful Decay

Darkest Hour

Paranoia and you can still pretend,
how this cross will always mend,
paranoia and the pestilence sets in,
what failure looks like when you begin,
cause you've heard this one before,
and it won't stop you from walking out that door,
wasted on nothing but borrowed time,
wasted on the guilt that's all mine,
this is how the beautiful decay,
and the pain washes the color away,
how the wicked find their seperate ways,
how you'll look on that day

I promise no surprises,
last time I lost myself,
I promise no surprises