

Messiah Complex

Darkest Hour

I saw the world die a little today,
just to feel the wealth of decay,
just so you can know what it feels like,
what the tears taste like

We owe it all to the sickness inside,
we owe it all to the fears we've learned to hide,
we belong where traitors can touch the divine,
where the unforgiven can send us a sign

Was it the symptom,
or was it the sickness,
or was it one last try,
our only weakness,
falling face first,
tears stinging down your cheek,
drowning face first,
a haven for the wretched the cursed

Only the lonely

We belong where fires can sear this from our eyes