

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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