

I knew this was coming.  
Could smell the storm on the air.  
Shadows only grow darker.  
They're drowning out the glare.  
It's too early for dusk.  
Ashes black out the sky.  
It's too early for dusk.

We took only what we could carry.  
But our hands were too tired and old.  
For the things you hold on to.  
When you're left out in the cold.

With both eyes over our shoulders.  
In darkness and silence we ran.  
Held tight 'til the meat fell.  
From the bones of our rotting hands.

At the end of it all.  
Stand undivided, with black hearts united.  
At the end of it all.  
We can never go home, until we turn every stone.  
At the end of it all.  
A fate undecided, when black hearts are guided.  
At the end of it all.  
We falter, we fail, still with wind in our sails.

I will extract my pound of flesh.  
As long as it's mine for the taking.  
We found our morals subjective.  
We all got dirt under our nails.

It's a hard thing to avoid.  
When crawling through the mud and hail.