

Low

Darkest Hour

Injected venom sucking the life from us
Away for eighty days
It's white noise, just white noise
Staying awake for the music's sake They say they listen
But never hear a thing
Mass deception, illusion, perception
We say they listen to white noise Can this really be our time?
Are we found to find the line?
Disillusion me again Can we really be
Really be the only ones
Who see this charade? The meaning is fleeting
All these egos competing
Searching for an identity
Through series of misleadings Injected venom sucking the life from us
Away for eighty days
It's white noise, just white noise
Staying awake for the music's sake Can we really be
Really be the only ones
Who see this charade? Can this really be our time?
Are we found to find the line?
Disillusion me again

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