

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
It's something you salvage through and pick the bones
It's something you'll never stop searching for
It's 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
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 breathe
All we need is a little transcendence to mend us
But all we have is sedation that numbs all our senses
All we need is a little transcendence to mend us
But all we have is sedation that numbs all our senses

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