

This Is the End Story

Woe

This is the end of the story. The part that you don't want to hear. The heros are dead, the atmosphere burning, the narrative fragmented, words are disjointed. I'm smashing apart every statue, concrete faces that weathered the storms. Condemned to the dust with indictments they cast. Those all-knowing sneers. Die, die. The city is filling with poison, like the air is somehow alive. Hope is lost, fade away into emptiness. Celebrate the steady decline. Crushing the facade of all dreams. I collapse from the weight of my nothingness. I realize that everything fails. It bores in me; I'm bored of it, aboard a ship that's sinking and burning. My mouth fills with bile when I think of it, how the hatred consumes me alive. How many lifetimes spent in agony tearing at words that won't rip? An image, permanent. Crushing the facade of all dreams. Succumb to pressure bearing down. The end, exhausted, I have found that loss is a fire that always burns. And with these words, I am consumed. Everything is undone. Let my place go absent. I gasp for air and choke on fumes. Rot and shit and fear and failure. (One last look at it, one last breathe of it.) Fuck all this pageantry, I'll sing no more sweet words. Severed bones scream of silence. (Turn away. To the dust returned.) Crushing the facade of all dreams. With every second getting closer, life's out of hand, I'm out of reach. Gaps in this conscience growing deeper still. I see no reason to push on.

Hands in the shadows, pulling us down. Tragedy's vessel.

Solitude speaks through me.

This is the ending.

This is goodbye.

This ends my confidence.

This ends my pride.

This is departure.

This is defeat.

This is a reckoning.

I am now complete.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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