The Legacy

Darkest Hour

A legacy that rots with time,
cold before it hits the ground,
I've been where those fears lie,
I've heard the screams from the inside,
I know never look back,
when memories fade to flashes,
that trust was just a trap,
look for my picture in the ashesDeceit riding under a white flag,
a casualty of sincerityDust on the gallows,
and not a tear in sight,
just like the old days,
perfection rotting from the inside outA pale face that cracks with age,
a blank stare screaming with rageSunken cheeks a lonely heart,
sadistic seduction you know the part

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