This Will Outlive Us

Darkest Hour

Gone are the days of evasion, existence is how you create
What ever compels you to keep on fucking embrace it
So long as the missing piece of the puzzle is split down the middle
We had better prepare ourselves for perpetual winterWhy do we do this to ourselves
Continuous escape a living hell
Like those other lovers hidden under the covers
It's so empty in the arms of anotherSee what you've done
You're irresistible with your sordid stories, the morbid glory of it all
Remember when times were worth celebrating
Pour the wine for the fallen friends and foes singing in unisonMy hell is a blank piece of paper
Staring back at me
My hell is wasted potential
Haunting meWhy do we do this to ourselves
Continuous escape a living hell, living hell
Why do we do this to ourselves
It's so fucking empty in the arms of another

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