

Eclipse

Darkest Hour

Mass ceremonial suicide,
a nation of millions caught in the jaws of a lie,
uniform stagnant filth,
sub culture with no remorse or guilt,
feeding the frenzy of fears,
it feeds on it's young for yearsA new chain for the same set of slaves,
a new shovel for the same set of gravesI can't pretend I care anymore,
none of this is worth anything anymore,
an angel with the eyes of a whore,
this facade has been bleeding from the coreA new home not far from the last,
a new home from the same suffocating past

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