

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 years

A new chain for the same set of slaves,
a new shovel for the same set of graves

I 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 core

A new home not far from the past,
a new home from the same suffocating past