

The Last Dance Massacre

Darkest Hour

A sudden gasp for air
One false move
A blank stare is waiting for you
Try to piece it together
But you haven't a clue
A blank stare is waiting for you
It sends an impulse out
Desperately searching
Feeding off remains of it all
Another burning bridge
Another casualty paid in full
Just let it crumble down
And put to memory
Remains of the wasted years
It wouldn't be the first time
It's all come crashing down
The awful truth is finally out
It's worse than you thought
Feeding off remains of wasted years