

# The Last of the Monuments

Darkest Hour

Enter the endless time  
Enter the never mind  
The sit and wait it will change  
This is the paradigm  
On the mend on the descent  
On a pilgrimage to the last of the monuments

This is the end  
I see the sun go down for one final time  
This desert is alive  
And all the engines have died

I see no reason to hide  
Though we should cease to speak  
My vision has blurred  
Legs have gone weak  
I fear I'm starting to repeat

But we've come too far  
Too far to retreat  
Beyond the point of no return  
The point of defeat

On bloody feet  
From here on out  
The thorns and the scorn of the earth unforgiving  
This is the sound of it breaking you down  
With a vengeance  
The stench of regression

And in the end the flora reconquered  
Order restored a world reborn  
I've seen the blood  
I've smelled the rot of their self destruction  
We are the subjects  
We are the sword  
We are the last of the invading hordes