

Circle Takes The Square, Our Need To Bleed

Flesh was to sever, a palette to harness the pain. With stainless steel, we took back control of our t
Have you ever heard a scream this for real? Have you ever shattered silence...
Perpetuate the unpredicted, dying for these scars we wear. Scars are tokens of the present. Refus
Scars are forever, a testimony to our needs, undaunted by our shallow lives, our need to bleed. Fle
Undaunted by our fragile lives. Our flesh was severed to the bone.