

Himsa, Anathema

Come close to the unfamiliar warmth
Coy gesture
To paralyze

Beloved
Covetous
Stuns the brute with uninvited praise

The troubled times
The tear aways
Disconnected
But forever demanding

Cataclysm
The slate is clean

Anathema
It's rapture endearing

Occupied opposition
Modern day mayhem in its place
Trust your fears that deception will come
In the shape of chivalry

Antidote
To this apathy

Initial longing like needles to nerves
Converts into conquered
Kiss it goodbye
The beauty's conceit
In this house of suffering

What's been denied
Is now desired

Bound and branded

Deprivation provokes frustration
The copy kill preconceived
Impelled to convert
Amends from this solitude
Recoil victims from travesty

Cataclysm
The slate is clean

Anathema
It's rapture endearing

Bound and branded
By the crestfallen mark