

# 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