

Himsa, Scars In The Landscapes

Long live the eerie strange of lie soaked beauty
Synthetic impression fills the gash of imposing danger
Satire feeds the flame to awake hostility
Full blown premonition gun down to solid ground
Free will can starve prestige
Disassemble mental structure and drops the weight to hide prosperity

And when the lights go out
We're stripped down reckless
And when the lights go out
We're stripped down to nothing

Say it isn't so easy

Caved in controversy withstands the test of time
Enlists salvation's anthem - pinpoints the enemy
Open fire penetration drags the scene of substance
Relieves coded acceptance to yield any temptation

The call of strangers in self deception
Makes attraction so much harder to swallow
Repairs a bitter bleeding conscience

Crown the tender keepsake that fathoms
The beating of prediction sells the heat
To fill the air with accident
Limits pursuance
Long lost but not forgotten
Manipulation's sudden crush
Sugar coats the compliment

And those scars in the landscape
They're all dressed to kill

An infamous victim of shocking truth
Crafts the skill of never saying you're sorry

For what I've done