

Front Line Assembly, Haloed

Peering through a window
Eyes open shit
Breath turns into crystals
Stuck in a rut

Out cast from the living
No place to crawl
Disturbing comfort
Surrender to all

Long lost of innocence
A sadness falls
Somber yet unforgiving
Endless walls

This fear of dissension
Won't bring me down
Words without meaning
Don't make a sound

A saint of pretension
Streaming with lies
This crooked halo
Gleams in his eye

Sliding through the screen
Fingers turning blue
Worn out shoes
Perverted view

A savior is there
The end is near