

Himsa, A Girl In Glass

It's what she meant with open ends
The scaled cracks our numbered and counting down
There is no contact - so shrive away
She cannot save it from herself

Rather be somewhere else
Rather be someone else
Her judgement from the mirror meets
With shut reaction
Its conviction is cause to her decline

The quiet touch of addicted glamour
Dates the tyrant child unsatisfied a portrait's trash
Attempts corruption to marvel the ovations of thoughtlessness

White knuckled substance - no self-control
Ghost faced smiles - cut ear to ear
Strung out reprisal -dated and covered in
Dope sick afternoon simplicity

Hedonistic escape to shroud her symptoms decrements the ordinary

She can shatter
She can break - forever young
The girl in the glass is one of us
Hurt it more to make her yours
The girl is interrupted

Immense illusion can end transmission till death will she part

Kill it and put it to rest
She's never coming back