

Himsa, Born To Conquer

Conceal or reveal, curiosity kills again
Conversation stained and twisted
I'm left suspended
Held so high, hands bound so tight
Impale me and bleed me bare
(Throw my image in
I'm the suspect and the target
So let this duel begin)
Crucifixion, annihilation
Motives of idle hands
To cut me down to size
I stand defined, arisen and reborn
Shallowless in every form
I stand accused and victimized
But mark my words
Vengeance will be mine
A martyr dethroned, left to suffer
In a hell I can call my own
Wide eyed assumption
Makes prediction an everlasting scar
Feel the fear I feel
You scarred me for life
Crucifixion annihilation
And those idle hands
I cut down to size
Bitter sweet revenge