

Himsa, Calling In Silent

Here in somber
A pale face of teenage waste
Shuns the young
And buries the exile six feet deep

Freewill finds fury
In ridicule
And instability

Force fed
Half said
This benevolent creation
Love and loathe
The fixation so endlessly

Strip the pride
Secured in egotism
Clings to lips
Spitting truth-absorbing agony

Hold out
Coercion will prolong the drama
Held inflictions
Beware of their return

Courage bestowed
In the stillness sits sedated
Concealed when calling in silent
Outshine

Voiceless deliverance

Don't come any closer
Patience are wearing

Left behind
Intrepid tone of a cutthroat youth
Left to find
Ways out of torment

Time passed
First with engaging eyes
Now scowled browed
With the closed fist of resistance

Grim days
Sweating hours of slowed misgivings
Spent cursed nights
Mending memories from the blood that's spilt

Voiceless people

Eye for an eye
Prelude to revenge

Eye for an eye
Prelude to revenge

My war
My way
My war

Boy mundane
Knows where intentions lay

Filtered infection
The brink of self-destruct

Unsung
Invasion of unruly tongue
Low stone cold
Bearer of reprisal

Eye for an eye
Prelude to revenge

Eye for an eye
Prelude to the fatalist
Outshine

Voiceless retaliation

Who is really the lesser of two evils?

My war
My way
My war

The kid still has his say