

Himsa, Exhale

Focus on dead color
New found glory made blasphemy
Force fed till we're blue in the face
Father in vain
Keep watchful eye on we The "young and useless"
For our blood boils with rage
(Expressed in violent cries of mutiny)
Overkill All is lost Angel, angel Down we will go
Stepping stones and split wrists
A revolving door of opportunity
Vital for our survival
Hold your breath
Anchored to all that is sacred and holy
And it makes me fucking sick
To see how well behaved
You all can be
Kill the worth, kill all feeling
A facade to conquer and sell your fear
Kill the heart
An unconscious death is the fate and fall
Of all living mortals
Because we are doomed
The faith won't set you free