

Himsa, Rain To The Sound Of Panic

Tune out the noise of swan songs
That savior the passing of scarlets
Red and black on chemical romance
Rush the danger in a silhouette
Carve away the image possession
Private portal to each unnamed
Radiant - suspicious irony drowned deep in territorial pissings
My eyes are fixed on the grace of innocence
Disdained hunger tastes the gift of fatal pleasure
Just a cynic in a downpour of sentimental
Shedding these vows to the flesh of
Sweat soaked monuments
That just fall apart
Joyless devotionals spreading truth through the lips of liars
Faith and its' lore twine to mark their sacrifice
Seizing answers through the echoes of conversation
Sewn shut to replace myself in harms way

Land slides of life times smother each perfect likeness
Those sterling makeovers dance their mystery to blend
Each repulse and flourish persuading with flawless savagery
That only the lonely can understand

Panic - let it rain on me
Each so irresistible and deadly
They are the muses of existence

Swelling outcry pricks the crest of moral judgement
Infection taunts the heat of appetite
Intoxicating her thin veil of elegance
Separates the distance to tranquility
But never lets you in

Such a sight for deserted eyes and they'll never let you in