

Himsa, Wolfchild

Downside to dismantle
Is the conflict
Alike you and me
This doom to gloom obsession
The sovereign state of humanity

No renaissance
To gaze upon
To renovate
A feeling for chaos
No remedy or alibi
Through immanent reversal

Divineless intervention
This life is sacrifice

Divineless interjection
The nature of its providence

Pessimistic whirlwind
Donned in sheep's clothing

A war in the head
I wander by mistake
Dowsing
The inner demons that ambush in dismal tyranny
Enfold in nightmares
Secrets in circumstance
Like black light
To the senses
But there's healing in this dark

And if I am
In its true form
Then let me be

Divineless intervention
This life is sacrifice

Divineless interjection
The nature of its providence

Ill fated on the cuff of formality
With esoteric belonging
Noted in its medium

Passed down and dealt
The hand of its discipline
Well worn execution
Evoked in volumes of revelry

Divineless intervention

Divineless interjection