

Front Line Assembly "Haloed"

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Peering through the window
eyes opened shut
breath turns to crystals
stuck in a rut
Out cast from living
no place to crawl
disturbing comfort
surrender to all
long lost of innocence
a sadness falls
somber yet unforgiven
endless walls
This fear of dissension

won't bring me down
words without meaning
don't make a sound
A saint of pretension
streaming with lies
this crooked halo
gleams in his eye
Sliding through the screen
fingers turning blue
worn out shoes
perverted view
A savior is there
the end is near

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