

## Himsa

# "Rain To The Sound Of Panic"

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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

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