

Himsa

"Scars In The Landscape"

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Long live the eerie strange of lie soaked beauty
Synthetic impression fills the gash of imposing danger
Satire feeds the flame to awake hostility
Full blown premonition gun down to solid ground
Free will can starve prestige
Disassemble mental structure and drops the weight to
hide prosperity
And when the lights go out
We're stripped down reckless
And when the lights go out
We're stripped down to nothing
Say it isn't so easy
Caved in controversy withstands the test of time
Enlists salvation's anthem - pinpoints the enemy
Open fire penetration drags the scene of substance
Relieves coded acceptance to yield any temptation
The call of strangers in self deception
Makes attraction so much harder to swallow
Repairs a bitter bleeding conscience
Crown the tender keepsake that fathoms
The beating of prediction sells the heat
To fill the air with accident
Limits pursuance
Long lost but not forgotten
Manipulation's sudden crush
Sugar coats the compliment
And those scars in the landscape
They're all dressed to kill
An infamous victim of shocking truth
Crafts the skill of never saying you're sorry
For what I've done

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