

## **Himsa**

# **"The Date Is Here"**

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Daunting colossus eve The door opens, expiration  
Hand fed cyclical rotation Package pretty invitation  
Appease the retched spiral nation Glass reflecting  
Image pending What does this mean Hallowed be they  
name Spell this out for the lights Blinding me the same  
thing you love Kills you Now we are all one One in the  
same Hole, we fell For the home coming Now we look  
at ourselves Look at our ways Look at our waste AND  
count down the days Left to die in our shells We're  
gutted and cleaned Our hair is just perfect DNA in our  
cells The blood in our veins is real Inhumane Slaves to  
ourselves The image we made Of God We gave it all  
power To make us repent On our knees All bets and all  
theories are off No reprieve No double No nothing  
Nothing left And nothing less Then all we've been  
Stripped for all we're worth Gambled on a pale horse  
And we lost Our image of God is a dead one This can't  
be happening Right now the date is here We are not  
ready When the stars begin to turn red We'll run and  
hide

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