

To Conceive A Plan

Hemina

You ask me these questions
I've asked myself for years
After all this to find
This saviour of mine a peer
Down dangled cord of feather
As the bellows of Jacob sung
Bidded, I climb each tattered rung

Is this home?
Is this heaven's gift to man?
Make me a child, rid me a father
Rid me a man!

To emerge from this flesh, to be born
To violate law - to be unplanned
Why me?

Fresh faced, bright eyed; a believer
A follower of yours beaten to the ground
Her blouse fell to the floor
Before she could let out her roar
I stumbled upon this universe
It's catered and fit for me
Its beauty I'm yet to see

[Harmony Solo: Coull & Eltakchi]

Blood and puss coat these walls
And I'm ripped out with a glove

Was I plucked out by the one above?

Or just a product of this rape?

[Solo: Eltakchi]

What is this place you call my home?

You call this my home, what is this place?!

[Solo: Skene]

[Solo: Coull]