

# Calling In Silent

Himsa

Here in somber  
A pale face of teenage waste  
Shuns the young  
And buries the exile six feet deep

Freewill finds fury  
In ridicule  
And instability

Force fed  
Half said  
This benevolent creation  
Love and loathe  
The fixation so endlessly

Strip the pride  
Secured in egotism  
Clings to lips  
Spitting truth-absorbing agony

Hold out  
Coercion will prolong the drama  
Held inflictions  
Beware of their return

Courage bestowed  
In the stillness sits sedated  
Concealed when calling in silent  
Outshine

Voiceless deliverance

Don't come any closer  
Patience are wearing

Left behind  
Intrepid tone of a cutthroat youth  
Left to find  
Ways out of torment

Time passed  
First with engaging eyes  
Now scowled browed  
With the closed fist of resistance

Grim days  
Sweating hours of slowed misgivings  
Spent cursed nights  
Mending memories from the blood that's spilt

Voiceless people

Eye for an eye  
Prelude to revenge

Eye for an eye  
Prelude to revenge

My war  
My way  
My war

Boy mundane  
Knows where intentions lay  
Filtered infection  
The brink of self-destruct

Unsung  
Invasion of unruly tongue  
Low stone cold  
Bearer of reprisal

Eye for an eye  
Prelude to revenge

Eye for an eye  
Prelude to the fatalist  
Outshine

Voiceless retaliation

Who is really the lesser of two evils?

My war  
My way  
My war

The kid still has his say