

The Date Is Here

Himsa

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 reprove
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