Haloed

Front Line Assembly

Peering through a window Eyes open shit Breath turns into crystals Stuck in a rut

Out cast from the living No place to crawl Disturbing comfort Surrender to all

Long lost of innocence A sadness falls Somber yet unforgiving Endless walls

This fear of dissension Won't bring me down Words without meaning Don't make a sound

A saint of pretension Streaming with lies This crooked halo Gleams in his eye

Sliding through the screen Fingers turning blue Worn out shoes Perverted view

A savior is there The end is near