

## 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]