

Anathema

Himsa

Come close to the unfamiliar warmth,
Coy gesture to paralyze
Beloved, covetous stuns the brute with uninvited praise
The troubled times, the tear always-
disconnected but forever demanding
Cataclysm, the state is clean
Anathema, the rapture endearing
Occupied opposition,
Modern mayhem in its place
Trust your fear that deception will come in the shape of chivalry
Antidote to this apathy

Initial longing like needles to nerves
Converts into conquered
Kiss it goodbye the beauty's conceit
In this house of suffering
What's been denied is now desired-bound and branded
Deprivation provokes frustration, the copy kill preconceived
Impelled to convert amends from this solitude, recoil victims from travesty
Bound and branded by the crestfallen mark