

# Disassembled

Ihsahn

A shattered soul presented  
Like a disassembled gun  
Assassins rushing up the stairs  
All allies on the run

Grasping for the pieces  
With hands of swarming flies  
A sleeper agent set to face  
A death where no one dies

Cold sweat dripping  
Like hammers to the floor  
Panic eyes fixated  
On the light beneath the door

Shadows move like fire  
Hysteric seconds tick  
Until the zeros of the clockwork  
Applaud the final click

Finger on the trigger  
Back against the wall  
Counting rounds and voices  
Not enough to kill them all

So, you thought you could escape without a fight  
That we would lose the scent of your despair  
Like rabid hounds we'll hunt you through the night  
Along a crooked trail of blood and fear

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Engage the code to self destruct  
It cannot be undone  
The last of the resistance  
Outnumbered one to one