

# This Place Is A Battlefield (and All Of Your Heads Are Landmines)

Rosaline

This place is a battlefield and all of your heads are landmines  
They're landmines  
If you look up you'll see heaven bleeds light  
We wake to the dead on the dawn of survival  
The circuits infinite, the dawn it too bright  
An empire that died is on the verge of revival  
A boundary, I can't define  
I'm finding out, that I'm fine  
Engraved in chemical signs  
I'm finding out what to say  
Wipe your hands clean, let her entrails bleed  
This plot is thickening like concrete in my veins  
It won't erase, my smile is going to burst into flames