

The Date Is Here

Himsa

Daunting colossus eve The door opens, expiration Hand fed cyclical rotation Package pretty invitation Appease
the retched spiral nation Glass reflecting Image pending What does this mean Hallowed be they name Spell this
out for the lights Blinding me the same thing you love Kills you Now we are all one One in the same Hole, we
fell For the home coming Now we look at ourselves Look at our ways Look at our waste ANd count down
theday Left to die in our shells We're gutted and cleaned Our hair is just perfect DNA in our cells The blood in
our veins is real Inhumane Slaves to ourselves The image we made Of God We gave it all power To make us
repent On our knees All bets and all theories are off No reprieve No double No nothing Nothing left And
nothing less Then all we've been Stripped for all we're worth Gambled on a pale horse And we lost Our image
of God is a dead one This can't be happening Right now the date is here We are not ready When the stars begin
to turn red We'll run and hide

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