

Haloed

Front Line Assembly

Peering through a window, eyes open shut
Breath turns to crystals, stuck in a rut
This fear of dissension won't bring me down
Words without meaning don't make a sound
Out cast from the living, no place to crawl
Disturbing comfort, surrender to all
Lost of innocence, a sadness falls
Somber yet unforgiving, endless walls
This fear of dissension won't bring me down
Words without meaning don't make a sound
A saint of pretension, streaming with lies
This crooked halo gleams in his eye
Sliding through the screen, fingers turning blue
Worn out shoes, perverted view
Out cast from the living, no place to crawl
Disturbing comfort, surrender to all
This fear of dissension won't bring me down
Words without meaning don't make a sound
A saint of pretension, streaming with lies
This crooked halo gleams in his eye
Out cast, out cast

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