

Calling in Silent

Himsa

Here in somber
A pale face of teenage waste
Shuns the young
And buries the exile six feet deep
Freewill finds fury
In ridicule
And instability
Force fed
Half said
This benevolent creation
Love and loathe
The fixation so endlessly
Strip the pride
Secured in egotism
Clings to lips
Spitting truth-absorbing agony
Hold out
Coercion will prolong the drama
Held inflictions
Beware of their return
Courage bestowed
In the stillness sits sedated
Concealed when calling in silent
Outshine
Voiceless deliverance
Don't come any closer
Patience are wearing
Left behind
Intrepid tone of a cutthroat youth
Left to find
Ways out of torment
Time passed
First with engaging eyes
Now scowled browed
With the closed fist of resistance
Grim days
Sweating hours of slowed misgivings
Spent cursed nights
Mending memories from the blood that's spilt
Voiceless people
Eye for an eye
Prelude to revenge
Eye for an eye
Prelude to revenge
My war
My way
My war
Boy mundane
Knows where intentions lay
Filtered infection
The brink of self-destruct
Unsung
Invasion of unruly tongue
Low stone cold
Bearer of reprisal
Eye for an eye

Prelude to revenge Eye for an eye
Prelude to the fatalist
Outshine Voiceless retaliation Who is really the lesser of two evils? My war
My way
My war The kid still has his say

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