

# Front Line Assembly, Haloed

Peering through a window  
Eyes open shit  
Breath turns into crystals  
Stuck in a rut

Out cast from the living  
No place to crawl  
Disturbing comfort  
Surrender to all

Long 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

A savior is there  
The end is near