

# Himsa, Born To Conquer

Conceal or reveal, curiosity kills again  
Conversation stained and twisted  
I'm left suspended  
Held so high, hands bound so tight  
Impale me and bleed me bare  
(Throw my image in  
I'm the suspect and the target  
So let this duel begin)  
Crucifixion, annihilation  
Motives of idle hands  
To cut me down to size  
I stand defined, arisen and reborn  
Shallowless in every form  
I stand accused and victimized  
But mark my words  
Vengeance will be mine  
A martyr dethroned, left to suffer  
In a hell I can call my own  
Wide eyed assumption  
Makes prediction an everlasting scar  
Feel the fear I feel  
You scarred me for life  
Crucifixion annihilation  
And those idle hands  
I cut down to size  
Bitter sweet revenge