

This Place Is A Battlefield (and All Of Your Heads Are Landmines)

Rosaline

This place is a battlefield and all of your heads are landmines
They're landmines
If you look up you'll see heaven bleeds light
We wake to the dead on the dawn of survival
The circuits infinite, the dawn it too bright
An empire that died is on the verge of revival
A boundary, I can't define
I'm finding out, that I'm fine
Engraved in chemical signs
I'm finding out what to say
Wipe your hands clean, let her entrails bleed
This plot is thickening like concrete in my veins
It won't erase, my smile is going to burst into flames