

Am I Blood, Scar In The Head

I dreamed the coward of injustice is my call
Luck is the future to save a little savage
No pitiable cries to feel obsession
Of the war, I jar with myself

Screaming pain
Screaming pain of hate
Within me
On this hollow sand

The net of a creeping life has done the damage
Figures on my sight have fallen down
I use the power to suffocate the minds
No beaten ends till I cut off the light

Screaming pain
Screaming pain of hate
Within me
On this hollow sand

Scar in the head
Is too deep to whip away
Scar in the head
Is too deep to whip away

Blowing wind the blood of my justness
Blind sorrow has my honoured fate
Behind that locks of complicated cell
Bodies float and circulate my moves

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Screaming pain of hate
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