

# Am I Blood, War Of My Misery

The last wish will remain in their legacy  
Chosen for a dreamless gift  
The loss you were seeking from my misery  
Fading to asleep

Embrace the victim of your soul  
You hate it anyway  
So hate I

Capture of grace reveals my vanity  
Tired for this pressure  
Value of freedom it keeps on illusion  
Appears as my own

They hate myself and you  
Corruption of infernal  
They praise my war

War of my misery

Untiring legion concedes my confession  
It would serve no reason  
Uninvited, cold personality  
Reserved to be untrue for themselves

Embrace the victim...

They hate myself...