

Am I Blood, Awake

Steal my trepidation, redress the balance
This cry of distress is a tripper into woebegone
You wreak vengeance on innocence to hold
This century is own impossibility
Forbidding anxiety walks through whole ending year
I saw my blood dying at the gate of insane heart
Forgery of your sense twisted vulgarism
That's exhausting me with untiring zeal
Think about all the dreams you had
Don't regress to the impassive time
Think about all the things you hate
Don't try to find excuses
Think about invoke yourself
No blood into voracity
Think about relive my pain
No war I can ignore more
Join into my circus travel into my head
A price for solitude the victims of massive death
Crawling lord in the reality of lies
I choose to go over and past my anger