

# 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