

Am I Blood, Collapse Of Ritual Belief

From now on Im an executive dynasty
When your eyes begun to blind
Infinite desire
Deed of charity
satiated For occupation of Queenly mystery
Through the flames back to fantasies
Ill obtain my faith

How long will last the spirit in my blood
A Second of conspiracy
Naked under a world of rage

To become stigmatized as a Saviour
And a yielding besets the flight
An imposing termination
Ill convert your thoughts
Insincerely I come across the doors
Loss beyond return with a proud of my arise
Nearly occupied

How long will last the spirit in my blood
A Second of conspiracy
Naked under a world of rage
Wicked for destinys embrace

I forsee when hatred becomes my
Collapse Of Ritual Belief
I forsee devotion turns against
Collapse Of Ritual Belief

From now on I instigate for nullity
Prosperity declines
Finite submission
Instigation-Defeat
Castigated by replaced misery
Broken endurance
Through the pain back to suffering
Ill obtain my faith

How long will...
I forsee...