

Am I Blood, Examination

Serious game all anger versus my fate
Leave me alone to sleep
The circle of waste
Psychiatric pistol has raped
Fingers of a lovely room
No matter how they regard
Mirror is silent and dark
Wasting their apologies
I'm spinning around on the floor
The flat seems to hold on my thoughts
Space full of sands that burns

Bring me a sanctuary
Wear it with the favorite dress
Open the faint lie
Brick has fallen down to ice

Living my days with pity feelings
Roam into me again
Head under fire's swallowed
You resist my belief
Can I hear your scared mind

Deception in this world
Colours the negative
I've been a lost part
Examination of hunt

Describe my liberty
Never ending warfare
Files are the guns that point
Against my trust

The resplandence of vanity
Tubes mysterious hunt
Sepulchral prints on my dignity
I'm the capture of their penalty

Over reactive are the roots of cancer
Mentally dead I am
The circle of waste
Psychiatric pistol has raped
Fingers of a lovely room

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