

# 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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