

Am I Blood, Immaterial

Does it really matter that nothing will live?
Truth and lie now you're in their minds
Creeping ahead in this narrow tube
Violence encloses me against the whole system
Can't have a reason to believe them
Dismount away my life deed
How did my mother fly over me
A chain tears apart her head
Creating shock with overload
In forces to escape this sanity
Abstaining from their oppression of pleasure
This is all done in a minute
Fading faster to the immaterial
Happy occasion at the modern time
Using this gone unconscious to save
The manners of your memory
All goes through obeying and bowing
This organization's core is done