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