

# Am I Blood, Lies Wrote Mysteries

They're tearing the pieces of my mind  
They fake and surely can't leave us  
Technology understands  
Who pulls the strings of sinking Earth  
My pride cannot stand another fail  
Nomore mistakes to complain  
Quite face looking down

Once we dreamed of something new  
Now this all is wasting us  
Shattered figures roaming on  
The innerself of the system

Scared to belive existance  
You cannot choose what will remain  
Can't keep these thoughts  
They took away  
You need a tool for apathy

Somewhere you hear the ancient whisper  
When they Lies Wrote Mysteries  
Somewhere you hear the ancient whisper  
When they Lies Wrote Mysteries

They're assuring to make all this better  
How much to take only empty promises  
Within-Whitout  
They're pulling fast  
Not much to forsee

Scared to belive...