

# Am I Blood, No Friend

One more of your hollow screams  
Counting on the fingertips of the soundless  
Climb with pretence to a wall  
The step covered into a wrong morphine  
Walk with a porno lash with a whip  
The sweeping fence of solved remorse  
Surrounded by space icons  
At least several clicks away  
Cheap gallons for empty fairness  
Mordant milk strives out and boils over  
Glance over morbid enemy  
Scurrying to a visible day  
They assuring you vitality  
Arrival from an ash to give  
At once the doles of prayer  
Throw away dust from granite heels  
Switch off a power battery  
Disclose the vanishing beat of head  
Machine dies without surgery  
Searching - Frayed Chime - Requiem  
Tearing new head off  
Taste the blood of sugarmeat  
The lashing breath of dead bell's dream  
Cold sense lurking dying harder  
Mind covered into leprosy