

Am I Blood, Segregated Holocaust

Senile strained hand ascends over dawn
Trying to reach inanimate faces
And no one ever has felt misanthropy
Freezing ice like igniting pearl

Water flows a sorrow to emptiness
Deriding thoughts from a dead will to the distance
In the time from strenght to debility
Little child aligning dead hearts to appeasing air

Nothing's alive nothing stands anymore
There's left only silence and lowness
Everything that they could understand
They deny it over and over

In the state from weakness to perfection
It forces my shoulders harder and lower
If I could I would rise over anguished cries
Over my cry that no one has heard

For the first time the thoughts are escaping
Can you see I'm older and older
Want to leave this century's old day
If the world isn't the inner of myself

I've been sold
Segregated holocaust
Unaffected
Holocaust of segregation
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Holocaust of segregation
In my own peace

The blood of my heart is dry as a bleakness
Descending down to pieces and pieces
To the ground that encloses nothingness
A hand close to death won't feel the last strain

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