

# Am I Blood, Things You Hate

Darkness obeys my mind  
Fear is the one I lead  
To desecrate your life  
To be a god of time  
I have no friend, I use myself  
You hesitate my words  
Oncoming day will show  
I got more brains to think  
I am your lord to speak  
Drink me up well, lay down your head  
One fault to your praying sanity  
You want me to be what I want to  
Crying your black tears under  
The chaotic mass of mine  
Blackness arises from deep  
Hand on your mouth, too weak  
I nail my eyes on you  
Stone breaks knees to the floor  
Fit shot for me give me the last thought  
Picture moving bodies with dead souls  
Pathological ruthless vision  
Have to clean my hands before killing  
Awakening at the room I'm in a show  
You see a friend do you see a friend