

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