Blood Stain Child, Artificial Mind

As usual mornings lead me
Im born into the white light
With the same light flowing and aroma full
I go on a trip to the Everlasting

People show the same look
It keeps up
The fear to things varied from the world

The present condition will be unchanged
Even if I cause something alone
I dont care a hang about silly looks flowing into me
Im just myself whatever people may say

Its not too late now to reflect on ourselfs again

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