

# Kinesis, Bloodstained Lips

(I believe your gonner be blessed)  
Senses go cold, Bright eyes fade  
Blame the hunter with the double edge blade,  
There will be no undying memory,  
But the memory of futility.  
Kiss your, kiss your, bloodstained lips,  
smile, smile, your fake fake smile  
Kiss your, kiss your, bloodstained lips,  
smile, smile, your fake fake  
Modern illusions cut to shreads  
Mourn the faceless mass on which dependent,  
There will be no undying memory  
but the memory of sterility.  
Kiss your, kiss your, bloodstained lips,  
smile, smile, your fake fake smile  
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