

Pinhead Gunpowder, New Blood

Don't look back on your lost
Days of burning down the ground
From where you stand
Don't count out on your back
The ashes of your last
Destroyed heirloom

When you can't choose
Your own worst enemy
And the years prove
The chosen one is you

Don't look back on your lost
Years of tragedy you'd
Just assume forget

And through these scars
I pump new blood
(Alas... new blood) my life support systems are gone
(Alas... new blood) Alas...still standing
And I'm on my own
New Blood - Old Skin...