

## **Am I Blood**

### **"Immaterial"**

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Does it really matter that nothing will live?  
Truth and lie now you're in their minds  
Creeping ahead in this narrow tube  
Violence encloses me against the whole system

Can't have a reason to believe them  
Dismount away my life deed  
How did my mother fly over me  
A chain tears apart her head

Creating shock with overload  
In forces to escape this sanity  
Abstaining from their oppression of pleasure  
This is all done in a minute

Fading faster to the immaterial  
Happy occasion at the modern time

Using this gone unconscious to save  
The manners of your memory  
All goes through obeying and bowing  
This organization's core is done

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