

Am I Blood, Negative

We're never seeking for youth
Believing there's something we need
Respect the honour
Splashing the torment of loss

Christ our servant obeys
I'm flattered
He killed my only belief
The negative youth

We build up a chaos
Asylum is not made from grace
Withdraw, we're never
Giving the pleasure of winning

The brains are damaged flesh
I'm staring
Deep down to massive crowd
They're sinking

Now mind's an open time
Drifting out of sight
Trusting in servitude
How come these souls are moved
Now time's an open mind
Negative youth
Our side
Now time's an open mind
Negative youth
Our side

Refuse, we dissent
Insisting our justice is freedom
Remorse - injury
Is not what we're going to own