

Am I Blood, War Of My Misery

The last wish will remain in their legacy
Chosen for a dreamless gift
The loss you were seeking from my misery
Fading to asleep

Embrace the victim of your soul
You hate it anyway
So hate I

Capture of grace reveals my vanity
Tired for this pressure
Value of freedom it keeps on illusion
Appears as my own

They hate myself and you
Corruption of infernal
They praise my war

War of my misery

Untiring legion concedes my confession
It would serve no reason
Uninvited, cold personality
Reserved to be untrue for themselves

Embrace the victim...

They hate myself...