

Am I Blood, Lies Wrote Mysteries

They're tearing the pieces of my mind
They fake and surely can't leave us
Technology understands
Who pulls the strings of sinking Earth
My pride cannot stand another fail
Nomore mistakes to complain
Quite face looking down

Once we dreamed of something new
Now this all is wasting us
Shattered figures roaming on
The innerself of the system

Scared to belive existance
You cannot choose what will remain
Can't keep these thoughts
They took away
You need a tool for apathy

Somewhere you hear the ancient whisper
When they Lies Wrote Mysteries
Somewhere you hear the ancient whisper
When they Lies Wrote Mysteries

They're assuring to make all this better
How much to take only empty promises
Within-Whitout
They're pulling fast
Not much to forsee

Scared to belive...