

Face yourself in
Burns with fortune.
Comes with the falling rain.
Peels down, racist game.

Death falls, blood pours.
Then we see lies pour, lies pour.
Come to the falling, life's near the end.
Life's end is guessing, for understand.

Feel that wetting, need to restrain.
Holding nothing, leather and string.
The killing comes first.
The killing comes first.

Letting the ending melt barren land
With that one thing can't understand.
Relive nothing waste my own time.
Accomplishing zero life passes by.

Face your fear.
Face it with blue skies, blue skies.
Living is misery, misery.