

Afterimage

Mechina

Given a gun, become God for a day
On my way to carry all out
Take on, blowing the bitterness away
Contribute my share of griefFrom being trapped in life
Become a prisoner's death
If there was something else worth dying for
I'd give myselfA promise of blood in the air
Blow it up, burn it down, for all I careAfterimage
AfterimageBring on the ultimate human hunt
Rid the world of filth
Killing time of my life
Drowning in self created guiltRevenge is not a deadly sin
It's an obligated call
There is no regretting, there is no doubt
Religion is nothing, betrayal is lawFaith slipping, essence of crime
Rule the rest of my borrowed timeAfterimage
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Bridges burning fast
Can't clench the fire
Of a fury so vastAfterimage
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