

Dead Silence

Obituary

Not the one.
The souls are gonna burn.
You're the one.
Coming down the dead.

Through the darkness skies are gonna show.
Pray for lies, but who's the one to go.
The streams of blood flow into the streets.
Feeds the need, of the decayed rotting means.

The fires breeds upon, the weary young.
Evil tales, sold his only son.
Life no longer fills the need.
Dead silence in which to feed.

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Life no longer, fills the need.
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