

Bounded Surface

Metal Inquisitor

I am looking for a headstone which is nicely for disguise
It seems like broken back bone while carrying tonight
My nicely little grave, I can see before my eyes
It seems a lovely place, to rest endless times

We can't deny it, oh no, we can't deny it
Down to the graveyard...!

Like an endless resurrection even I will go insane
A lifelong replication is getting through my brain
I feel hypnotized, the very last in line
Shadows lapse back, back into crime

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