

Wings of Death

Mystic Circle

We are all born to die
In this game called living
The ghost of death raises his claws
And tears apart your energy

The wings of deaths will take your soul
Your body is an empty shell
The wings of death erase your life
You will fly in the night
The wings of death a black bird
The wings of death is your last escort

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Material things have no value
Everyone carries the mark of death
In the abyss of decacy

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