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

We are all born to die Material things have no value Everyone carries the mark of death In the abyss of decacy

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