

Savior, my savior
Pouring out over desert sands
Through parched skin
And madness.

On chamber after chamber
'Till it's all run out
But oh, my savior
My Savior.

You said: remember
You said: remember, remember,
When you're all dried out
That which was sacred
That which was sacred
Remember...

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Through parched skin and madness
On chamber after chamber
Parched skin and madness