

## In This We Dwell

Paradise Lost

We adapt to pain  
In the hour we'll fight until the grave

As darkness sets on dead cells  
Crawling rise, to which they fell  
The dead sing out for my soul  
Before they hide in their own hell

In this we dwell

We are trapped in blame, in a tower of spite  
Until the darkness strikes the death knell  
Paralysed bewitch the spell  
The dead sing out for my soul  
A torment thrives the dismal shell

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