

Touch me if you wanna touch my lord.
Then wring people's neck it's not my fault.
And then you're about to die.
With god's wings you will never fly, your fault.
Give it a pray.
So weak and so young as well as so bold.
Well trained for a place's it's so cold.
And then when you wanna die.
With god's bliss, artificial smile.

Tragedy only, tragical influence,
just a tragedy only, tragical influence.

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