

## Wilderness Now

The Cult

I can't wake from this dream,  
Death walks right beside me,  
The light shines bright behind me.

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Raise your fist and soul to the sky  
Nights lead your cry forever and ever.

Through the terror and the hate,  
I see your blackest eyes,  
Criminal of all the men  
Dissolve, destroy the man.  
All waitress and the slaves  
Arrive at the protest line  
Sacrifice the fatty cuff, can it.

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