

A Suburb to Hell

Therion

Death is near
Need the drugs
Poisoned blood
Transfuse death
Toxaemia
Transfix the veins
Overdose
By a shot
Makes you dead
A funeral
When no one cries
You're left alone
Land of the dead
Has taken your soul
Eradiates
Your moribund fate
Exonerate your head
Start to live a life
Erroneus erudition
Is left behind
Purgatorial blood in the chest
The epitaph describes a natural death
The trepidation stopped long ago
Got a real job forgot the past
Drugs can change a life
To an inner devastation
Drugs can make you high
But also make you dead
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