

## 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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