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And the weak degenerated for centuries

To come without the strength to triumph

Over written prophecies,

For it is you who will die for the bastard's sins

(without a second coming).

His curse was the revelations he cast into their minds,

His light brings death, let them die for their belief.

Who is the liar? The deceiver

Who is the weaker? The believer

Faith lies in a God never to be seen, as I'm slashing your thr

oat,

Will you believe in me?
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