Still They Pray

Cough

Sky turns to a deeper gray
The sun fades by the moon
Howls come from the distant hills
Tortured screams of the doomedAnd they pray
Yet they pray
And they pray
Still they prayCries sound from weeper wells
Demonic echoes entune
To those assailing their dying breath
A [?] rattles the tune
And they pray
Yet they pray
And they pray
Still they pray
And they pray
Still they pray

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