

Beneath Dying Skies

Through the Eyes of the Dead

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Beautiful scars cover my broken temple no one tried to save this the sun's burnt out darkness is beginning the
sun's burnt out no more beauty no more life hate and cries lie in the hands of all awakened by horror and
screams of people kill themselves because they fear dying no need to try and stop this your time is up beneath
dying skies suffer for this no words can describe death's bliss slaughter of innocence the rain that cleanses the
scars of ages

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