

# Leeches

## Gallows

Forget yourselves.  
You're all going to burn in hell.  
You have no redeeming features.  
Cold Blooded.  
Love Leeches.

If your hands could talk,  
They'd choke themselves to death  
Before they were caught  
They have seen the horror.

I don't drink the wine  
And I can't stomach the lies.  
A million Hail Mary's won't save you now  
We're burning all your churches down.

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