

Dead Emotion

Paradise Lost

Struggle with emotion
Fell the pain burn deep
Within our nerves
The mourning of lost life
Commands our action night and dayThe foul realism is unleashed
Upon the Earth we'll bleedBanish all fond memories
As the Lord Beckons us to judgement
Degeneration is close at hand
The mortality coil is weaker
The pain is close to heart
Now leave the real world to your GodThe kindness of deaths grasp
Relieves us from the pain

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