

In the Graveyard

Cancerslug

in the dead of your eyes
we will hold each other tight
in the graveyard at night as we die
all alone in the cold
where no one else will go
we will sing of a life less defined
and any thoughts of preservation are left there to bleed
torn asunder from creation
nothing left but our deeds

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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