

Where Strides the Behemoth

Mastodon

Condition tomorrow
With visions inlaid
The priest stands to our right
A princess is mineThe regress of some minds
Further chase the prize
Pretentious you follow
Religion is mineAnger precedes my footsteps
Haunting past comes into head
Horizon seems so far away
This life close to end of daysKill and I will be damned
Forgive and I will be free

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