

# Infected

## Obituary

Rot beneath below  
Killing the chance to die  
The rising of the dead  
The pain denies the soul Even after the killing gently  
Dissection of the light  
The rotting of the soul  
The pain realize the wounds, lives You light the soul  
Killing ones they save  
The rotting of the soul  
Dying of the pain Killing the soul  
Killing send you to your grave  
Dying soon the one they save  
Tearing rid you of your limbs

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