

Locust Furnace

Godflesh

The earth, Froze up
One dead, Pale world
And you'll swing, From the reaping hook
And you'll die, By a reaping hook
Locust, Locust
Furnace, Furnace
Corruption, In the goat herd
Flesh crumbles, In the real world
Silence
Barren
My furnace
Appealed
The locust furnace

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