

# Raise Thee, Great Wall, Bloody and Terrible

## Full of Hell

here is then, an experience carried on within itself.

Quite aloof from the joyous companionship of life.

Not for lack of time and space through social interchange, but from want of the personal material and conditions. This the solitude of a heartless and wicked breast.

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

Lyrics provided by

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