

My Dying Time

Black Label Society

Chosen thing, I have become
Broken stave, and overrun. In my dying time my wounds shall all be healed. Servant to, what's offering,
The poisoned ground, I've fallen in. In my dying time, you're all that is real.
In my dying time, my wounds shall all be healed. In my dying time, you're all that is real.
In my dying time, my wounds shall all be healed.

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