Magica - Reprise

Dio

And the games still go on
With a warning to the bishop from the pawn
No one sees an angel till it smashes to the ground
And then you run somewhere, and leave it lying there
Then on we sail
Never thinking that the wind could ever fail
No one gets to heaven till they've lived awhile in hell
And even then it's rare that you'll be going there

Now we understand
All traces of Magica must be eliminated
Infection, infection
Delete
Delete
Delete
...

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