Dead Grid Incantation

Netherbird

Screaming souls across the dead grid
Blured faces and voices crystallized
Beneath the ground howling choirs weep
You shut down; to you it's no longer realWho are you, why did you come here child?
This is the realm of the dead grid, step inside
To the other place, where no one should ever go
Welcome in to learn the things you shouldn't
Know.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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