

Comrade Spill My Blood

Editors

I don't wanna go quietly
I don't wanna tread softly
I'm a dog with a scent
I saw the stare head
Faces of the crowd
I did not see the event Sincerity and subtlety
Will I miss my son
Comrade spill my blood
Comrade spill my blood
We fight a war that can be won Soul, lives on, silence
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