

Undead

Tad Morose

Empty shelves, hollow corridors A daunting smell, never felt before
Compassion breaking down In time we lose ourselves, anyway A strange emotion fill the air The second seal,
cracked up, unfair I force
the needle through my spine No savior burning, hammer on... Still chained to the world Oh, our circle still turns
It's not fair, it's not fair undead

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