

With Eyes Ever Turned Inward

Through the Eyes of the Dead

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An image of me beneath my grave what's gone wrong this time just a step away from the dead silence bleeding
in my head I found the corpse of my conscience locked away I'm speaking in static and pain but the faces do
not respond to the se things I saw as I was crawling through the broken glass of my thoughts I realized that I
hate most everything I stand beneath my grave

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