

Morphine

Most Precious Blood

Rest easy foes for tonight my eyes will close I always held my tongue assuming tomorrow would always come
But another day has passed, I still cant see the end What wrong turn, led me to his end? Woke up, quenching
razors again These faces are not my friend Dodging trains in my sleep Days as long as years, beyond belief The
authors of the prophecies are dead and gone The authors of your epitaph have just been born Your deathbed is
not a wishing well

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