

With Passion

"The Last Scripture"

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Black burns
The sky forced to the
allegiance of the darkest soul
The wound from the crimson sword

I am my God, a theory,
a scripture you come to me
For everything your blood
Thickens from your suicide
I see your shadow everywhere
I can see your eyes, so dark,

Start crying your blood
Red tears turn to demons your voice,
The sound of secrecy
I feel my soul bleed through your veins your words turn
frail, then silence the black burns the sky.

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