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Autopilot Off "Walls Of The Coffin"

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I wipe the maggots from eyes As I wake from my deathlike sleep Surrounded by these black walls Lid closed tightly Bleeding from every pore In either reality or a shadow of madness My flesh as one with the rotted thoughts That pollute my skull

Through the haze of disturbing depths My veins flow black Sour and poisonous I feel the flesh separating From my desiccated face I am living death I am of darkest origin Screaming as I struggle to awake

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