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Cemetary 1213 "Union Of The Rats"

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It's always finders keepers This moves too slow Down with the crawly creepers What you borrow you owe

- now here we go -

Set the pace / set the tone The stangest thing You've ever known Nothing left to die for Bitter seed / sour grapes

The point from where There's no escape Nothing left to die for

Undead & unfamiliar
They trim the fat
Unlocked & unpeculiar
We're the union of the rats

- we're the union of the rats -

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