

Endstille

"Mute Their Ways"

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We are of one
From the ugliest exile we rise
Received to lance our enemies
Sadistic rapture

We crack the whips of god
And carrying the dead gene
Into the world of light
Remaining the emptiness

Mute their ways
Carrying their faith

The faithful and their death
Now untitled (forever)

We are the summoned
In request for darkness
Let us be gods
Since the creator failed

Locked in a spiral of time
We lost our lives
Now summoned
The undead force

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