

Final Prayer "Guilt Trip"

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We are your stepping stone,
The barrier right in your way.
We'll push ourselves over the edge.
We won't die in vain.

This fucking world's too cold.
There's nothing left to hold.

Rise above - in these times
Rise above - time to rise

We are your final prayer,
Your coffins' last nail.
We are the endless guilt-trip,
That will make you fail.

This fucking world's too cold.
There's nothing left to hold.

Rise above - in these times
Rise above - time to rise

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