

Gratitude

"and Here I Die... Satisfied"

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Hanging, hanging here crying
Slowly I'm dying with tears in my eyes
My worlds is turning black
And here I die crucified

What kind of father are you who betray

Are you my father creator of Earth
Did you give me birth
Do you exist? Where do you hide?
Now as I die

There is no god to be son to
There is no son to be god to
Why did you betray me? Why didn't you save me!

My world is turning black
And here I die... Crucified, satisfied

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