

The Accüsed

"Dying On The Vine"

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I've seen the dead
And they walk the streets
The same tired old faces
I meet at dawn
They rise from graves not six feet deep
But from underpasses
Doorways and the garbage heap
Man what happened to your teeth
Stopped at a red light
They've come creeping out of the bushes
Who's that shuffling towards me?
Sign in his hand asking for change
Tell tale sign of a life gone bad
Dying on the vine

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