

Hit

"Best Days Of Our Afterlife"

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I was born in hell
Was raised in heaven
Grew my wings and horns
When I turned eleven
Something is wrong with me
I just cannot feel it
Everytime I earn my pride
I just rip and peel it

This is because...

My father was the evil
My mother was a saint
Everyonce comes up to me
And then they just pry and faint

These are the problems
Of an angel-devil child
These are the problems
Of an angel-devil child

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