

Circle Of Dead Children

"Oak And Iron"

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Forced to scorch at the stake of humanity
Our heavy skulls and cumbersome bodies
fastened by straps of fear and mediocrity
Anchored and confused
Confused and naive
We bled upon the oak and iron and sang songs
of revolution and tyranny
The spitting cracks of ember
harmonized our singing voices
as the scent of servitude left our presence
and scaled through the syrupy air
of a new morning
Together forever
Married to illusion
Together forever
The end

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