

Metakix

"AfterLife"

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Wipe the dust off my brow
Prepare myself
For what lies beyond
The Ancient One told me,
"Don't look back, and walk the way."
But how will I face the lives
That I put away...
My Knife is stained
By the curse I called upon
All those I called my friends
Are now long gone
I think, I'll lay myself to rest
Here by these gates
And wait in submission
To the hands of hate
... the grinds of fate.

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