

Nights Like These "Electric Winds"

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The only difference between the deceased and the
dying
is that of the context in which it is said
i am a giant, i walk among mountains
resting for miles after im fed
the glutton, the beast, the inner deceased
i am the dying, i am the dead
electric winds will sway the bodies
i can count them miles high
how lonely is the sound
of this wreckage coming down
i can feel it coming
the cold winds blowing
frozen tundra inside my head
bodies piled high
burn them to the ground

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