

O Pioneers!!!

"Division Of Man"

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Your head, scented of blood
It's blurring your eyes
As some strange light slowly sinks in.
And there he stood with teeth like knives
Your heartbeat racing

If I could
Scream to wake my mind
I'd still be alive.
Let me out of this stolen sleep.
I have fallen short of the peace I seek.

I'm slipping further away...

So sleep, sleep on the edge of the knife
Where you will wait to divide.
You'll leave your body where it lies
And wait to slip away.

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