

Obsessed

"Ground Out"

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Rats they sit and contemplate
Amused and unafraid
Black sun setting through the ruins
A decade of silence
Thick black smoke is holding and choking
And there are those who have adapted
Their eye lights glow blood red
Nothing disrupts the empty
In the land of machineheads
On the plains of dry despair
The armies are charging
Corpses on angels
Golgotha is coming
The screeching din is piercing
The horror is started
A fact or a nightmare

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