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Ruins Of Beverast "The Mine"

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Until these tunnels Shall become our grave We dwell with the poets The eerie echoes Of shameful choirs Howl deep within here Sounds of harm From where the stillborn graze Standing armed without a strategy In a war That never should have been declared Eyes adapted to perpetual dawn The trembling march of the offensive pack With the bark of the hounds Our final rhyme shall be composed We await this, our time When the foul screams of agony Will sound through the mine.

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