Severed Head Of State "Host Of Quadrille"

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Hot on the heels of '78 / The wailing dance of the cardiac rate

Break out lungs in ecstacy / the gross physique of devilry says,

"Oh! When they play the music too slow

My heart falls into the cold / and the ice has come again!"

Take my future, take my hand / Take a turn in the promised land

Host of quadrille, heel of fire / spirals down the steepest spire

The spiral of hope and the noose of the rope and the draw of the blade

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