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The Outline "Death To Our Enemies"

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We fold, in cold, Lonely but never quite alone We're told, grow old The young, once flesh, now sculpt to stone

We sold our soul
The spring of life we've left and grown
In bold, script code
The choice is chalk
The path is known

Over and over you told her to die Why must it always be this way?

We fold, in cold, Lonely but never quite alone We're told, grow old The young, once flesh, now sculpt to

Over and over you told her to die Why must it always be this way?

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