

Thirdmoon

"Grotesque Chapter II"

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Cold the dawn made of morning dew
Relic pictures covered with dust
Black tears flow from cloned eyes
The fall of grace

GROTESQUE ASTRAL BLOOD HURTS MY LIVING
I NEED TO PUNISH MY MIND
MY SALVATION

Tearstained snow embraced in summer
Cosmic utopia arrives
Perrenial odium
The blood on my hands dissolves but

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I NEED TO PUNISH MY MIND
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