

Urkraft

"Paint The City Black"

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Going out to paint the city black
to seek the poets of the grave
The truth is for fools
Receive the blow of the morning star

Drink up the bottle
like so many men did before you
to reveal the horrors of the lonely world
to end the tyranny of hope
Gone out to paint the city black
to let it know death
I'll pay with my friendships and pride
for this wisdom of the grave

Gone out to paint the city red
to join the slaughter
There is no innocent blood
and the nightmare is real

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