Most Precious Blood "The Last Climb"

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Heavenly times, the world at your fingertips Light purple dawn on a shadowless sky;

In a place where the heroes swing hammers and axes An old man moves graciously for the last time.

On a great frozen waterfall, smashing and kicking The old man is tired, an old man is tired.

Woman, I miss you, I'd like to come home But there's nothing inside and I'm very alone.

This body won't take it, I know I won't make it.

But I'll hold on Dream of me then

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