

Nostradameus

"Lab Of Their Will"

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Your soul is ready inseminated their thoughts their love
their hate broken muppet you must survive gaze inside
no more soul desperation altered in high performance
machines devastated like an afterwar field what you
lose of yourself try to triumph over this scum thrown in
this their reality lab of their will you have to share your
world with those snakes please don't stop your own
production of venom thrown in this their reality slave of
that your cupidity never no more never no more my
choices were yours my life was yours but will it change.

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