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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

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

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