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American Pie ''Withered''

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Withered be the flower Long past it's prime and bloom Forgotten on the stony bed This silent hillside tomb For coppered be the grip Of this wooded land A crude cold gauntlet Hides the boney hand

Tears once warmed the ground Torn out of eyes that could cry no more Compassion for the wind to take O doth pity the bastard poor A life of misery and hate Upon a chance a twist of fate The poison from the goblet ran Down the throat of her drunken man

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