Rose Falcon "The Well"

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Drowning at the bottom of a fucking well

Bodies Rising from this well Taken from their grave In this living hell

Ripping, tearing through the flesh You will be the first Victums of their thirst

Blood is spraying Flash is falling Dead are rising

Blood is gushing Start to converse Now your turning

Bodies, left for dead Will-be-rising Infesting The human race To serve their blood lust

Raise the dead Feast on the living

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