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Saint Vitus "Trail Of Pestilence"

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Hey there brothers the time is near you wouldn't listen now it's too clear power madmen screwed our world now we suffer for their thrills

They made our planet a bloody waste something sour is all we taste poison clouds in ruptured skies they enjoy progress while your children die We let it happen we sealed our fate we're thinking twice, now but it's too late burning bodies with eyes that glow distorted vision of a life we've known

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