

Salem

"Feed On Your Grief"

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I see the pain
I smell fear in your breath
I feed on grief
I get pleasure from sin

You are the weak
Your reality is me
My presence is near to seal your fate

Why we live blinded
To end her fear, is to end your life

Breaking the golden rule before you are dead
Battered head makes better decisions

I see your pain
I smell fear in your breath
I feed on grief
I get pleasure from sin

Why we live blinded
To end her fear is to end your life

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