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Spine Chilling Breeze ''Murder''

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Fed up with my life, Intimidated for no reason, All my dreams cut by knife, By memories of treason.

You never looked into my eyes, Only held a dagger in your hand, In vain were all my tries, Like building castles in sand.

A stabwound in my back, As cold sweat creased my forehead, At least I had the luck, To see your last tear being shed.

But memories give chase, They know you will surrender, Your breath upon my face, The last thing I remember.

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