

Flat-Line

Dawn of Ashes

bounded this hate grows colder
sorrow eyes black with murder
erase the hope for mankind
damned in your broken lies
self reflect
the suffering bastard
self reflect
worthless disciple
you suffering bastard
self reflect

face me
your nothing to me
you'll damaged seed
face me
your nothing to me
in this hell your just a disease
face me
your nothing to me
youll damaged seed
face me
your nothing to me
in this hell your just a disease
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