

Prologue

Jinjer

We do what we have been trained to
Hopeless beggars, dance to this beatific flute
If there's a Lord out there, he's just a guest
Under this dome of ignorance
Our boat is called Apocalypse
Who's in front of us we cut them deep
Yet untold, still unheard
We cherished lives to the underworld

King of everything
King of everything
King of everything
King of everything

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