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Démon Noir

Sleeplessly I lied in that dark, cold space
Working through what was left of me
Bit by bit
Theme after theme
Of my so called life
The soulless bodies
My only company
Their heads were detached
And put under their feet
While creaking sounds echoed through the antechamber
And screams of pain, sorrow, angst and fear
....This is my remuneration
For the filth I've produced
....This is my remuneration

Watching myself burn

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