

Joy Electric, May All Saints

For years doom grows in our bleak chambers yeilding not For
centuries of old deem risen impale my soul

CHORUS

May All Saints sing of your name
May the wicked be slain by you
May All Saints sing of your name
Blessings come in the day of our Lord

My grievance pleads alone from maelstrom to burial Beguiled by
slumberers grave sojourn rook and dirge dwarfs us

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