

Raised Fist, Tribute

To this point in life we've had no experience
And it feels like we're smashed beyond recognition
Bleak sections of thoughts a contrast to my hope
This is a form of tribute to the world you're digging in

I see my enemy, not a good community.

Separated by filthy worms we're getting smaller and smaller
And isolated as we're following the pilgrim path
Fields and narrow walleyes lays upon us with hate
You're the cream of my dream and nothing can come between.

I see my enemy, not a good community.

Only death can come between us and the heavenly earth.
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