

Thrice, To Awake And Avenge The Dead

old friend they told me you were dead
the news broadcast the funeral
500 channels focus in
your love was
ravished drawn and quartered,
the soil was swift to drink her blood.
this violence in the name of love!

but i still feel you,
despite your tombstone,
but i still feel you,
despite your tombstone,
so friend you must still walk among us,
in places we don't dare to glance
i saw you killing Aristotle
but i know it's all part of the plan.
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