

There is an aftertaste to celebrate  
In the Swings of my suicide or the line I will draw by myself  
Within the grasp, fictitious pasts and all my doubts

How can you see through the shadows  
With the blinding light burning in your eyes  
So where will all of you be  
When the killing fields are cleared and the world divides  
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The loss of the heart becomes unbearable  
And a vanishing point becomes intact  
So when a six foot drop is my best  
I will expect nothing less than a soldiers death

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With the blinding light burning in your eyes  
So where will all of you be  
When the killing fields are cleared and the world divides

There is an aftertaste to celebrate  
In the swings of suicide or the lines I've drawn  
At last for redemption  
And finally for my forgiveness  
In the end this bitterness bends  
Simply incased in my withered hands

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With the blinding light burning in your eyes  
So where will all of you be  
When the killing fields are cleared and the world divides