

Death Arcana

Crypta

The messenger of death marches on
Steady across the field
13 cycles of the moon
Now the omen is here

Death will surely come
Death will spare no one
Death will surely come
Death will spare no one

Bearing a scythe that reaps the end
Its macabre armor heralds change

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Through destruction you'll purge
As you transcend your inner cage
Shed old skin like a serpent
Resistance will only bring pain

Harvests old beliefs
Inner Metamorphosis
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Inner Metamorphosis

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