

## Prologue

Jinjer

We do what we have been trained to  
Hopeless beggars, dance to this beatific flute  
If there's a Lord out there, he's just a guest  
Under this dome of ignorance  
Our boat is called Apocalypse  
Who's in front of us we cut them deep  
Yet untold, still unheard  
We cherished lives to the underworld

King of everything  
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