

Serving Him

Messa

Three steps of fire, the feel of night
Blue spitting shadow becoming
Through present and past, the joy of fight
Invisible trait and he left

He really wants you
He really wants you to
Knowing who dares to
Breed pestilence

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Erase your footsteps, command you to
No thorns, no petals, fake roses
Embracing forces, shed skin outside
Morbid, nice torment forecoming

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