

Darkness Falls

The The

Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who's the darkest of them all

There's a storm coming
To this old town

You are blessed, I am cursed
All across this universe
I see the spirits in the flesh
I hear the voices of the dead
Get down on your filthy knees
Watch them rise up from the seas

This [?] now revealed
The prophecy has been fulfilled

There's a storm coming
To this old town

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