

Woh the pyros of dark, you can never crawl too far  
Weighed down for all, sneaks the dawn

Run!

Drained from who, you know who you are  
And don't you lie to me, that's right... I'm not your downed st  
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Hara-kiri, missionary, vampires own the night  
Accept defeat and run

Pained, what purpose to take me the fool  
And slip the courage to leave you and move on

Run!

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