Volbeat, Becoming

Every morning is a new day Where we're born again And becoming the center of the bliss

Laughing at the past The skin is shredded in the back And becoming the pieces of a mask

And with the devil's exit
Oh baby, the flames went higher and higher
Now finding peace and in Zen
And watching the flames go higher and higher

Silence is the best Reply to a fool, remember that And you're not falling But just the better man

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