

I Am Every Dead Thing

Send More Paramedics

Feeling Your Cold Hand
Grip My Shoulder
Still I Won't Look Back
It's Not Over
Choking On Each Breath
Drawn With Terror
No Shred Of Hope Left
No SurrenderAgainst This Death I Rage
I Deny The Grave
I Hope They Find Me With
My Middle Fucking Finger RaisedFleeing From Your Face
Bloody Brother
Knowing We're The Same
Drags Me UnderThis Is The Way Of All FleshFleeing From Sure Fate
On I Stumble
Driven By This Pain
Ceaseless Struggle
Death Waits In Each Cell
Closest Rival
Blind Forces Compel
To SurvivalAgainst This Death I Rage
I Deny The Grave
I Hope They Find Me With
My Middle Fucking Finger RaisedFleeing From Your Face
Bloody Brother
Knowing We're The Same
Drags Me UnderThis Is The Way Of All FleshEnciphered In This Flesh
This Sentence Spells Your Certain Death

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