

# I Am Every Dead Thing

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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 Surrender Against This Death I Rage  
I Deny The Grave  
I Hope They Find Me With  
My Middle Fucking Finger Raised Fleeing From Your Face  
Bloody Brother  
Knowing We're The Same  
Drags Me Under This Is The Way Of All Flesh Fleeing From Sure Fate  
On I Stumble  
Driven By This Pain  
Ceaseless Struggle  
Death Waits In Each Cell  
Closest Rival  
Blind Forces Compel  
To Survival Against This Death I Rage  
I Deny The Grave  
I Hope They Find Me With  
My Middle Fucking Finger Raised Fleeing From Your Face  
Bloody Brother  
Knowing We're The Same  
Drags Me Under This Is The Way Of All Flesh Enciphered In This Flesh  
This Sentence Spells Your Certain Death

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