

Crushing Point

Exumer

Blackened souls come thrust their way out of the fire
hell to pay.
Fornicating creatures last thing I see, final signs of
life they're out for me.
Room to breathe not in sight final gasps death arrives.
(My) Flames burns out lines are flat. Bones are crushed
now you're dead.
Crawling in pain insanity sets pools of blood uneasy we
rest.
Shedding my skin it's a new form of life addiction grows
strong every time I die.
In the end we say good bye lines are drawn fear abides.
Bless my soul sold it cheap. Punctured skin venom seeps.

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