

## 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.

FEEL MY CRUSHING POINT

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