

The Weakest Limb

Exumer

Burning inside barely alive disease spreads wide and I am
growing tiered.
Blood will flow this leg must go the cut won't show the
blade will slice.

TAKE THIS KNIFE END ALL STRIFE
FEEL ALIVE WHEN LIMBS DIE

The day has come nowhere to run this arm of mine used to
be fine.
Pressures collide wound's gaping wide one last look and I
be off the hook.

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Since I won't feel it hack 'til it's gone. Slice I don't
need it hack isn't wrong.
Tear I won't leave it burn the pain subsides. Rip it's
settled freeze it tear let the blade ride.
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