

Send More Paramedics, I Am Every Dead Thing

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 F**king 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 F**king 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