

# Crisis, Exit Catacomb

I see shadows following me, Tripping on the edge of my dreams. Hanging on my fractured Reality. Suck Sucking me into cold death finality. I see vespers slither on my bed edge, waiting to dive into the darkness in my head. Seducing, but I'm not giving in. Fuck fucking me into raw lung dried capillary death. And all the while, my life passed before me. The angel of death stared at me laughing. I'll summon the fires within me, to fight to survive this tick tock time bomb of a body. This breath is a fresh breath, And i'll use it to fight the doctors of death, this breath is a fresh breath. I'd like to burn till I'm skeletonized.. starve off all these parasites... a missile for security, A chemical for longevity, i've got no air to breathe.