

On The Last Day, Below One Hundred

The dead will take you in

Leave me alone, can't you see I'm dying here. I'll rip you, wide open. Just let me go, there's no more
So cold I'm shaking

Are you all dead? Dead and walking, corpses talking. Is your blood red and beating? Still screaming

I'm paralyzed, my arms rest at my side. Stop testing, I'm resting. Incessantly, you're making a mistake

leave me alone, can't you see I'm dying here. I'll rip you, wide open. Just let me go, there's no more
shaking

A pinprick glow, my heart rate is still falling let me go.

I'm lost, this shaking won't stop, there's no hope.

Close my eyes, take me before I
Realize, that there's still a
Chance to change, to live, and never fade away. I wake...
Don't wait. The dead will take you in.
Like too much insulin