

Exumer

"The Weakest Limb"

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Burning inside barely alive disease spreads wide and I
am growing tired.

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.

TAKE THIS KNIFE END ALL STRIFE
FEEL ALIVE WHEN LIMBS DIE

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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am growing tired.

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blade will slice.

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FEEL ALIVE WHEN LIMBS DIE

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