

Native Nod "Crossings"

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Crammed in a space
Less than six feet by two feet
Like veal ready for slaughter
He lies there
Unable to move
The walls binding him in his place
Are the flesh of the men around him
No room to even sit up
Iron clamps bind him to his partner
No bathroom in sight
He's forced to relieve himself
Right where he lies
Contributing to the unbearable stench
So foul that any man unaccustomed to it
Would surely pass out
No mats
No sheets

He lies there on the splintering wood
And on a stormy night
His flesh would be she'd down
To the bare bone
Oozing puss and blood
Onto the already excrement filled floor
Any thoughts of mutiny
That may have crossed his brain quickly fade
As he views a fellow uncooperative slave
Flogged to near death with a cat of nine tails

Steel tips glistening with blood
In the hot equatorial sun
He falls

Down

Hopeless

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