

Year of the Cadaver Race

Bloodbath

A black and white moving cloud of wings in the sky
A flock of vultures approach while blotting out the sun
Their shrieks are deafening
To the human ears
Of those who died, all return...

Feel the hoofs - they're coming
Hear the growls - they're coming
Fallen prey now hunt their hunter
Vengeance of the animal beast

See their numbers - they're coming
Smell their stench - they're coming
Slaughtered victims now slay their master
Retaliation of the beast

Nations are trampled under four legged flesh
A pounding horde of hollow bodies in sight
They rear their skulls and cry out
Of all those who were killed, all return

Echoes of swine squeals distorting the silence
Reclaiming the loss of meat stolen from their bodies
Chewing and pissing on human remains
Of all those who were slain, all return

Moans and barks coming from the same direction
The human's pets no longer sit at their sides
Primitive instincts, animalistic dogma
Of all those in captivity, now in devious activity

Species without a language of words
Known only for their deeds
A call upon death, death answers quickly
Of all those who're alive, not an animal - not a man

Massive human emigration
Massive death inhabitation