

# The Parasites

## Brain Drill

Trailing the freeways like ants and roaches, headed towards the nest.

The earth is a rotting corpse, hesitate to infest. Parasites, killing the very air we breathe.

Parasites, too much rebirth of disease.

Like a disease on a dying body. Killing the air we breathe. A step away from the prophecy.

Consuming every resource until there's nothing left. Polluting the earth and killing each other.

We've almost reached certain doom.

Parasites (8x)