

# Hollow Human Husks

## Deeds of Flesh

The human race continues dwindling  
Victim's reduced to hollow human husks  
The obsessed juggernaut  
Growing ever so massive  
Enveloping by the hundreds  
The remaining survivors  
Into a labyrinth of dark tunnels  
Twisting, knotting, and clotting

Burrowing deeper and deeper  
Into the crust of the Earth  
Out of reach from the known threat  
The tribe descends farther and farther

Bestial vocals from above  
Resonate and crescendo  
Throughout the underground  
Eroded mazes

Vibrations feed off one another  
Growing in strength, size and power  
Quaking the Earth

An avalanche of rock rains down  
From the cavernous ceilings  
Blocking all potential paths  
Light morphs into darkness  
And darkness to madness

The strong move as one  
Relying on sound and touch  
To lead the subterranean expedition

A crusade through  
Through the stone labyrinth  
Becomes a journey  
Through the trenches of the brain  
The sound of  
Reverberated droplets  
Birthed from stalactites  
Mold into false commands

The psyche takes control of their bodies  
Solo missions of the weak end in certain death  
carcasses left to rot basking in decay  
Corpses of the insane are found along the path

Once settles  
Fallen comrades keep their tribe sustained  
Some perish by famine  
Their bodies are picked clean of flesh