

## Welcome To Camp Nightmare

Dr. Acula

Run, run, run for your life my friend. Obvious this is wrong on all ends. It's getting worse they've been dispersed. It's a nightmare. This is not my idea of a getaway. Oh no! It's full blown. This is a battle zone, what once was home. So, as regret starts to overflow and the doubt grows, it all goes to show. I regret this decision completely. Somehow we've all been separated. I get the feeling I'm not out here alone. I get the feeling, that there's no place left to go. I can't see, running blindly. Starting to accept my unavoidable end. Cabin fever puts that gleam, in my eye. Slit your throat, watch you curl up and die. Saw your bones at your shoulders and thighs. Just getting started as I remove the eyes. Pull these teeth out for this necklace of mine. Inside the chest, rip the heart from inside. Cut out the rest so my hunger can die. Skin your bones in a box by the riverside. This is now how it's supposed to end. This is now how it's supposed to end. This is now how it's supposed to end. This is now how it's supposed to end. All, that's inside yourself is now coming out. You'll never go home again. So, don't regret what you did this year. Just concentrate what you do right now, very well could be your first and very last move. This is not how its supposed to end.