Everyone Is Robbing The Dead

Fuck the Facts

Everything has just shut off. I try to call someone. Why bother? Silence. I know it has begun. The world has just drifted. And I will survive it. In the pitch black dark, all I can hear is the sound of panic. Standing out with the rest of them. Everyone is grabbing an escape for themselves. Everyone is robbing the dead. It could be me No way to see where I'm going. It is not coming back on. How can I stay here? I will eventually die. Leave, do what you can The only thing that's left to me is the choice of how I will be dying. Tomorrow