

Grinding Of Internal Organs

Rings Of Saturn

From the bowels of the earth they will arise, I summon your dead to
work for me
to raise an army unlike one's ever seen, ancestral beings wipe out
this failed race, fertile earth and water for the starved true
creators, once extinguished but brought forth to kill another day
oppressive rule returns to transcend the weak foundations of man,
awakening the undead, immortal servants risen only to eliminate
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sinking rotting teeth, screams of the frail as they get devoured
carrion corpses running wild, there is no salvation
grinding of internal organs creates a pleasurable sound

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torn apart by the mutated deceased, ripping you apart as your stumps
bleed eternally
I live on even as your flesh deteriorates, spreading myself among the
oblivious populous, infecting everything around with my viral antigen