

Angry Mob Justice

The Acacia Strain

Beautiful day, you would hardly notice all the disease.
And we are all to become desperate, as desperation is grounds for
remorse.
And suddenly everything else bows down in comparison.
When the blast wave hit, the impact burned paint from the walls
onto their skin, inadvertently mixing new hues of green and blue
that would never be seen again.
Human ash fell like snow as winter began around the world.
Clouds covered every inch of the earth as the survivors came out
of whatever holes they found.
And the sun ceased its shine.
Radiation coupled with toxic fumes strangled whatever was left
alive.
And now the real horror begins.
This is when they begin to think.