

## The Combine

## The Acacia Strain

I thought I was dead.  
Nothing moves in the land of death.  
Nothing moves in the land of decay.  
This is something I have always wished for.  
Complete extermination.  
A bruised and beaten mongrel gasping for her dying breath.  
Ultimate extinction.  
No remorse for anything.  
No salvation for anyone.  
You want a war?  
Survival of the fittest was a bullshit lie.  
The stench of rot owns the earth.  
You want a war?  
I'll give you a fucking war.  
You wanted a war, so I gave you a fucking war.  
I thought I was dead.  
I'm the only one left...